

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

August

25
Cents

Beginning
FLAME
of the
DESERT

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



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The very daintiest of women should not be ignorant of scientific physical facts



GONE is the old idea that the most intimate concern of a woman's life should be shrouded in secrecy. And a franker, cleaner, more wholesome life is the result. Women are now requiring to be told the *truth* about feminine hygiene, rather than such parts of the facts as old-fashioned prejudice judged proper for them to know. "Tell us the scientific truth, the whole truth", they now ask, "and let us decide for ourselves how much of this information we shall use".

No wonder women live in constant dread

It is no secret that married women especially have lived in constant fear and dread of the results when using poisonous antiseptics for the purpose of feminine hygiene. Yet what else could they do? Physicians recommend the principle of feminine hygiene as a healthful practice, but when it comes to the selection of a suitable antiseptic, the fastidious woman has been faced with a dilemma. Because *until recently* the only effective antiseptics, the only antiseptics that could give a surgical cleanliness, were the poisonous compounds such as bichloride of mercury and the various forms of carbolic acid. Non-poisonous preparations like peroxide of hydrogen could not possibly serve. For, while able to arrest germ-growth temporarily, they lacked germicidal power.



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Three dangers women are now avoiding

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The subject of feminine hygiene is often misunderstood. Many women dislike to inquire concerning it. For these we have prepared a special booklet, daintily printed and illustrated, which contains probably the most complete statement ever published on this vital subject. Frank, concise and scientific—a booklet every married woman should read. Just sign the coupon below, before the present edition is exhausted. *Zonite Products Company*, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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VOLUME 80
NO. 6

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

AUGUST
1927

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Assistance in the production of photographic settings was extended through the courtesy of First National, pages 10 and 11.

Next Month



Beginning:

*The Thrilling Life Story of a Girl Who Was Caught
in the Trap of*

HUSH MONEY

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Don't You Think---

that SMART SET makes you think—or *don't you think?* Did you ever pick up a single issue that didn't bristle with question marks that called your attention to some phase of modern life that needed to be thought about? Isn't life all a business of questions and answers anyway? The wrong answer means tragedy; the right answer—happiness. To find the right answer you've got to think straight. Can you? It requires practice—such practice as every issue of SMART SET provides. For instance:

Do you think it would save hundreds of girls from being hurt and disillusioned if every married man were labelled so that no good girl would take his love-making seriously? Or—

Do you think that married men make the best and safest playmates for a single girl who wants the companionship of men but who isn't yet ready to give up her freedom for any one man?

Think it out—then see
**Are Married Men
A Menace?**

in September SMART SET

Do you think a woman ever really forgets an old sweetheart? Is she wise to accept him as a friend if he happens to be a friend of her husband's too? Do you think she can remain content if the other man turns up after several years with more money than her husband is ever likely to have?

Think it out—then see

Hush Money

in September SMART SET



What's the big idea? Read "Hot Apple Pie" in September SMART SET

Do you think it is possible for the average woman to remake her entire life after she is thirty? Could she come out of her home and tackle a job successfully? Could you? Do you think a mature woman entering business for the first time has more or less handicaps than a young girl? *Think it out—then see*

How I Built My Life Over Again

By PHOEBE COLE

in September SMART SET

Do you think polo is a game of skill or a game of luck? *Do you think* it's more fun when it's played for big stakes? Would you stake your heart on a pony and its rider? If you loved the loser would you still be sport enough to marry the winner?

Think it out—then see

Love Rides to Conquer

in September SMART SET

Do you think a girl ought to tell tales on her boy friend's mother? What *do you think* a man ought to do when he finds his own father trying to make love to his girl? Is the real problem today the younger or the older generation?

Think it out—then see

The Big Lonely Kid

in September SMART SET

Do you think a boy of nineteen is capable of making wise decisions about things that will affect his whole life? Would you let your son marry a woman years older than he without protest, especially if that woman seemed to be trying to vamp your husband at the same time? Could you be courteous to such a person because she was a guest in your home—regardless of your real feelings?

Think it out—then see

The Cradle Snatcher

in September SMART SET

Do you think jealousy is a sign of real love? Do you believe that a physician could cure a man who wrought havoc with his marriage by refusing to be jealous? *Do you think* that lack of jealousy could bring a woman to the point of death? Is a little cruelty justified if it enables a doctor to save two lives?

Think it out—then see

**The Man Who
Couldn't Be Jealous**

The second case from A Family
Doctor's Note Book

in September SMART SET

And these are only a few of the many vivid, swift-moving stories from life you'll find in September SMART SET—out August 1st. Be sure to get your copy and see how nearly right your answers are.

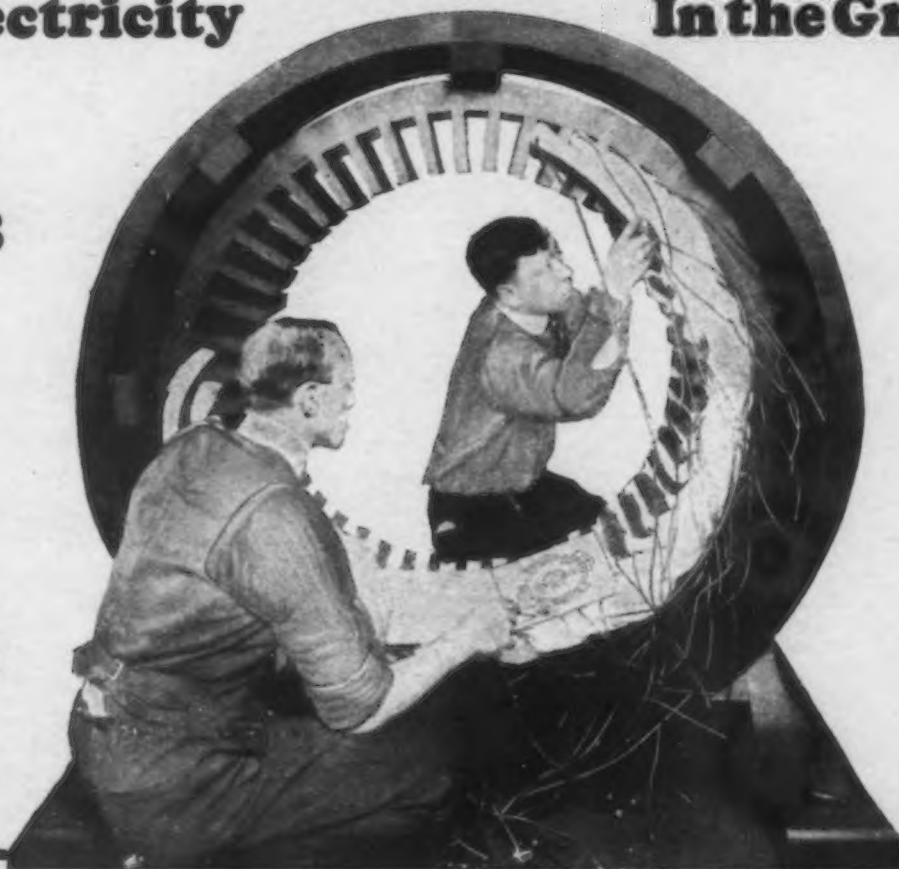
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Heart Throbs

Money

IF I ONLY had the money! This thought is continually ringing in my ears and flashing through my mind.

To begin with, I am married; a housewife with three children. One six years, one four years and one, one year old today. Quite a family isn't it? And when I tell you I am only twenty-three years old, I can almost hear you gasp.

Yes, I am only twenty-three years old. When I married I was sixteen. I might call myself the girl of the blighted youth. If one would call the past seven years youth.

It would be better I think to explain the first love madness that came my way.

It came in the form of a very romantic young man. Dark dreamy eyes, wavy hair white teeth that a well shaped smiling mouth often revealed. To a girl of sixteen what do you imagine this meant? Everything. Yes, he was my first and only sweetheart—my husband. A man of the world, in spite of his scant twenty-two years. A man buffeting the world from the age of thirteen. A man with twenty-six months of army service who had tasted of the evils of the world and was anxious to turn to cleanliness and purity.

It was love at first sight—that madness of ours. Romance and love on my part and love minus romance on his. I saw in him what every girl of sixteen dreams of as her ideal, and he saw in me what men expect and wish for in the girl they choose for their life mate.

Consequently, with all these glamorous features standing out to cover up from our view the years of toil, strife, sickness and responsibility we failed to see the danger signal.

If ever there is a time people should stop and consider it is at this critical time—the time before entering matrimony.

Stop, look, listen should be printed in large letters on every marriage license sheet. Love comes first and if one has the honest-to-goodness kind, consideration will follow on its heels. They go hand in hand. But these are not enough to insure perfect happiness and harmony. Money is also necessary.

By money I don't mean a million or one-half million or one-fourth million. By money, I mean enough to provide a comfortable home, comfortably furnished, a car and a few hundred dollars in the bank to off-stand a crisis. That is what I mean by money. If one has more—all the better, but if one has less—woe be to him.

"Woe be to you," has stung us in the face for seven years. Why? Because our marriage had but two pillars when it should have had three. We had the two first but the third and strongest, we lacked.

We married without it and it has never

been able to catch up with us or we with it. First we saved for our furniture, before that was paid our first baby came. Then we had the furniture bills plus the expense of a child to meet. When we had nearly paid these bills a second child arrived and immediately I became ill and was practically an invalid for eighteen months. This necessitated the care of a physician and finally a specialist. Our bill ran not up into dollars, but hundreds of dollars. But we did not weaken; we set a stiff upper lip and continued to grind away.

Everything went on smoothly until work became dull and before we realized it, we found ourselves minus an income and right when we were expecting another baby. Well do I remember the night the blow fell

Tell Your Life Story in a Letter

INTO this office each month come some of the most remarkable human documents it has ever been an editor's privilege to read. These documents are not typewritten, they are not studied efforts at composition, they are not ordinary confessions. They are the simple and sincere outpourings of human hearts in letters to the editor of this magazine. These letters tell stories of life, pointed, poignant, often tragic. Problems that go to the very bottom of life itself.

The editors have long wanted to give these letters from *SOME* of our readers to *ALL* of our readers. So on this page we are printing some of the most interesting we have received in the last month. We will continue to publish letters of this kind each month on the page under the heading "Heart Throbs." For the best letter we will pay ten dollars and for each other letter published, we will pay five dollars.

The letters will be printed with very little editing so that the readers of this magazine will get the frank and unstudied stories of troubled—and let us hope—happy souls.

upon us. Only two weeks before Christmas. How sad we were at the thought of our babies' meager holiday to which they had looked forward with high expectation doomed now to bitter disappointment.

FINALLY the cloud lifted. Enough at least to meet the burden of another child if not that of our debts. Now another year has past and we find ourselves hemmed in on all sides by bills, bills, bills!

Will this life ever hold anything better for us? I wonder?

When the hours are the darkest and our wedded life seems to totter on its two pillars, I think what it could have been with the third brace, called money!

—D. A. T.

I Blame the Wife

I HAVE been both a discarded wife and the "other woman".

My first husband became infatuated with a cabaret singer and before he could recover I had made her a present of him, all tied up in tissue paper and pink ribbons.

The judge was stunned when I told him I did not want alimony! All I wanted was the absolute custody of my baby.

I left that court-room with my head high, proud to know that I had the respect of every one there and of all my friends.

How I despised the woman that can only hold her husband because she has the law on her side! Where is her pride? She's just too darned lazy to get out and work!

I worked for two years and took care of my baby all by myself. I remarried, but soon left, because my husband was not good to my little girl. Again I did not ask for alimony. I went back to work, and am now in love with my employer, and he loves both me and my daughter.

He has been married for twelve years but I have no conscience whatever about breaking up his home. Any woman deserves to lose her husband when she feeds him out of tin cans, and allows him to pin his underwear together with safety pins.

That's my answer, plainly and to the point.

However, were he a father, I should check out, but she has refused him that pleasure. So I feel perfectly justified in what I am doing.

Nine times out of ten, it is a woman's own fault if she loses her husband, and this thing of blaming some other woman makes me laugh.—L. M.

Girls Don't Love Me

I AM a young man of this so-called useless generation. I was born and raised in a prominent city in Texas. My family was of the average type, just fairly well-to-do. I was fortunate enough to get part of a college education. Education and the era in which I live have caused me to view the world with all the cynicism of disillusioned youth.

From birth I have been as homely as a mud fence. Ears that stick out at an angle of forty-five degrees, a big florid nose and lean, sallow cheeks have all had their part in contributing to my attitude. I am six feet two inches tall and so painfully thin that I am transparent. I have been complimented on only two redeeming things, the arch of my eye brows and an ability to wield a wicked Charleston.

When I reached an eligible age the handicap of looks was forcibly brought home to

True Stories Told in Letters from Smart Set Readers

me. Immediately I set out to overcome it. I reasoned this way: "If I can develop a winning personality I can make the girls forget my looks." That was another error of mine! Yes, I developed a personality, but look what happened!

I immediately found that I could secure them as friends. That was encouraging. I said to myself, "Brother, you're sitting pretty." It should have been "pretty bum." I didn't want them as friends. I had a perfectly normal interest in the opposite sex. It was too late for the dirty work had been done.

I found myself deluged with girl friends in the proper meaning of the word. My association with girls became rather extraordinary. At the age of nineteen I became a sort of "father confessor." Girls came to me for advice. They would tell me things that they would not tell their mothers! I was looked upon as a creature to whom all troubles and woes could be confided with a

surety of sympathy and advice. Stories I have heard would read like certain true magazines.

But I digress. Girls seemed to like me because I talked to them instead of eternally trying to make love. They said I was different. I was in that I never made meaningless love and wasn't quite as silly as the average boy. I tried to appeal to them mentally. The few times I fell in love I was invariably met with, "Why, Ed, I like you more as a friend." The funny part was that they actually meant it. Since then I have given up in disgust.

My homeliness may have been a blessing to me in that I have been able to know girls as few men have. Until some miracle changes my features or some girl goes crazy and falls in love with me I shall adopt the old motto, "Nobody loves a homely man."

I wish I were handsome so the girls would be girls instead of friends to me!—E. D.

Does This Modern Girl Tell the Truth?

I AM a modern girl and I want to tell you what I know about us—what Ann and I both know now. Ann, who is just twenty-one and ambitious to be known as a good fellow, had been talking to me about the people who have criticized the modern girl. She said:

"What gets my goat is that these folks who are talking about us are either old maids who have never been kissed, or they're men who have toppled over the ragged edge of fifty with a grouch against women. Now, if someone our age would take the subject and treat it with a little first hand information, instead of leaving it to a lot of old fogies, it might make some impression." She laughed. "Why," said she, "don't you do it?"

Our discussion had dealt with our moderns and their modernities. It had started over an article written by a woman who has never married and who, to all appearances, has the idea that a woman who has "stepped out," has lost practically everything worth while.

"You would know what you were talking about," Ann continued, rising and tucking a stray lock beneath her hat with a pretty little gesture. "Bye, darling. I'm off for tea with Teddy. He has a new copy of 'Here's How' and all the ingredients. If I fall in the door tonight would you mind guiding me to bed?"

When the door closed behind her, I sat and looked at it, pondering her last remark. Ann seldom says anything that is worth pondering, but there was a grain of sense in what she said.

I was born in 1905. I am an only child and I have loudly claimed all the privileges of an only child. I have been painstakingly and quite thoroughly spoiled by parents who realized, even in the spoiling process, that I would be a problem when I reached the problematical age. I fulfilled their expectations with a vengeance.

I was at the right age to be swept into the post war whirlpool of gaiety. I have been properly blotto, binged, or whatever your pet name for it may be on every known variety of cocktail.

I have reached home many times with my knees raw and sore from kneeling on

the gravel path in front of a roadhouse, shooting craps.

I have been arrested many times for speeding. I have been arrested twice with young men who were speeding and for driving when under the influence of liquor—once with the complication of being without a driver's license.

I have smoked as many cigarettes as the average young man of my age.

I have danced until it was necessary for my escort to carry me from his roadster into my house because I could not walk.

I have been at roadhouses and supper clubs and tumbled in an undignified manner out the side window, minus my wrap, to escape the arm of blue coated raiders.

I have been at parties that lasted through the night and into the middle of the next day.

I am not yet twenty-two years old.

I am qualified to discuss the problems of modern girls, because I know them. Am I standing up and shouting loudly that the modern girl is on the road to a free, new and better understanding? I am not.

I turn traitor.

I am a frightened Judas!

We are cutting our own throats! Men are accepting us as we ask them to: As equals. There is no story that they hear in the privacy of their gymnasium locker rooms that they do not feel free to pass on to us!

Last week, I accompanied a gentleman somewhat older than I am to call on a well-known New York newspaper woman. She has a son about my age. Bill, my companion, rang the bell of the apartment. We waited about five minutes and the door was opened approximately an eighth of an inch. The tip of a young man's nose appeared in the aperture.

"Where is Mrs. —?" said Bill.

"She went to Atlantic City last night," said the tip of the nose. "What did you want? Was it important?"

Bill is a genial soul. He just grinned and said that the sole import of his visit was the hope of wringing a cocktail from the shaker of Mrs. —

It was a magic word. The door was flung wide and the young man admitted us with a genuflection.

"Just in time," said he. "I was just mixing one." He was a friend of Mrs. —'s son.

I walked into the living room to confront one of the prettiest young women I had seen since the last time I feasted my eyes at the cinema. She was blonde, her hair cropped close and nicely waved. Her eyes were long and very blue. Her lips were carmined heavily but effectively. She wore a gold blouse and an abbreviated accordion plaited skirt that was short enough to show a lovely pair of legs clad in sheerest silk. She looked as though she might have stepped out of one of Park Avenue's nicest homes as a debutante of this season.

Three days before, he had met the lovely blonde vision beside me at ten in the morning and married her at five that afternoon. He proceeded to detail the occurrences of their bridal night with relish. I felt that she was under a strain of embarrassment. All at once, I saw her set her teeth, deliberately change her state of mind and play up to him. Her more discreet emotions were buried under the necessity of being a good fellow. For a solid half hour, they threw commonplaces about the most sacred night of their lives back and forth in the faces of two total strangers.

He said to Bill, "I don't know what the hell I'm going to do with her now that I've got her. I haven't a dime nor a job."

"Oh—hon," she said, softly.

"Well, I haven't," he said bluntly. "She hasn't eaten since breakfast—and—" He grinned and pulled out a solitary dollar bill. "This is my bank roll."

"You'd better take her to your father," said Bill.

"My old man would throw her out the window if I took her up to his office," the boy said. Then he grinned again. "It's on the eighth floor."

I felt a sudden sick surprise when she looked at him tenderly and said, "Oh—never mind, hon. This is our honeymoon. We'll forget it for tonight. We'll manage somehow."

He had honored her with his name, a gold band and some drunken, unthinking vows! That was the secret.

"Yes," said Hon. "I'll get you a good job." He turned to Bill again. "I was out all night last night," he said.

The tears started to the girl's eyes. "He didn't call me or tell me where he was," she said to me. "Only the second night we were married!"

That is where our modernity is leading us, although maybe this is an unusual case. It is not exaggerated. It is even softened, because some of his conversation would not bear printing—but he had married her.

We have to call a halt. Nothing on earth can save us but our own weapons. We cannot compete with these males in brutality and frankness. Femininity must again become feminine, at least mentally. If it does not, we are going to find ourselves sitting in a night club with the air foul with smoke and whiskey fumes.

We will wonder then what it is all about; why the world has changed so radically and left us stranded. Men are still much the same. If they have changed, it is we who have changed them. We will be forced to educate them back again, because even modernity will see a time on the shady side of the twenties when a home and babies are the most desirable things of all the desirable things in the world.—H. W., New York City.



Good news for the man supporting a family

If you are supporting a large family, here's good news for you. Listerine Tooth Paste, the finest achievement of dental science, costs but 25c for a large tube.

Those who have paid up to 50c for other dentifrices can now have whiter teeth and save \$3 per year per person by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Think how that mounts up in a large family with everybody using tooth

paste every day. Worth considering, isn't it?

In Listerine Tooth Paste is a marvelous new polishing agent that gets teeth gleaming white in quicker time than ever before.

Also included are fifteen other ingredients to keep gums firm and healthy and the mouth sweet and refreshed. You will be delighted the minute you try it. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



Fate Gives Mr. McIntyre a Peep into the Life of a Broadway Cinderella

Photo by Blank & Scollers

Poor Butterfly

IT WAS during that placid period of the late nineties when young bloods sat high in shiny gigs and drove spanking bays up and down Fifth Avenue.

The Four Hundred had not become the Five Thousand. Red-fronted five-and-ten-cent stores and other commercial abracadabra had not begun to peep through the sullen splendor of the most aristocratic thoroughfare in the world.

In the barber shop of the Holland House were three manicure girls. Two were of a nondescript type and have nothing to do with this story. The third was one of those fragile and beautiful Corsican girls often found in an East Side tenement.

Day after day the Corsican beauty sat at her spindly glass-topped table polishing aristocratic nails.

Up in the mirrored bar one afternoon a group of silk stockinged young blue-bloods were discussing a smart ball to be given in one of the most exclusive avenue homes the following evening. There dropped in suddenly a member of their set—a personable youth unexpectedly home from a protracted shooting trip in Africa. A rich and handsome young aristocrat.

The host of the ball clapped him on the shoulder and insisted he should be present. He explained all of the girls he knew were supplied with escorts and he would come alone.

"No," vehemently insisted the host, "you must bring a lady."

A half hour later by chance, he was sitting at the beauty's manicure table downstairs. The obvious idea struck him—a prankish idea that appealed to him as a lark. He explained his dilemma, sought her aid and she half accepted. Her hesitancy was natural. She had no clothes with which to mingle with the swells.

He routed that suggestion in a jiffy and when she left her work that evening she met him at the salon of the most fashionable dressmaker of the day on lower Fifth Avenue. The dressmaker, an artist, saw the possibilities in his customer and caught the idea. He arrayed her in a breath-taking ensemble.

So the next evening in a handsome carriage, like Cinderella she was taken to one of those turreted mansions glowing with lights where the most magnificent ball of the day was held.

SHE was beautiful. She had a fetching European manner—and she was dressed with exquisite artistry. Necks craned, murmurs swung from lip to lip and scions of great wealth sought introductions. She was presented as Princess Soandso. She was the belle of the ball.

In the gathering was a strikingly handsome youth—then in his early twenties and heir to one of America's biggest fortunes. He fell head over heels in love. But that night Cinderella went back to her room—five flights up and all the way back. And the next morning she was at her manicure table. In a month the young man found her.

I should like to end this tale with a touch of happiness. But this is a true story and the truth is often ugly. Cinderella did not become his wife. She became something else—only to be discarded and pensioned when her youth and beauty faded. Thousands who go to Monte Carlo know her. I saw her only recently. She is one of those skinny, old, grasping creatures at the roulette table—cackling over a few francs won or drenching despair with brandy at a few francs lost.



BURKE O'NEAL
Known as Flame of the Desert

EVE MARLEY
Whose Beauty Fired Two Wild Hearts

Beginning:
An American Girl's
OWN STORY
of Her
Love and Adventure in
OLD ALGIERS

THE desert sweltered in the heat of the late afternoon sun, as I cantered up the trail to my father's low-roofed home.

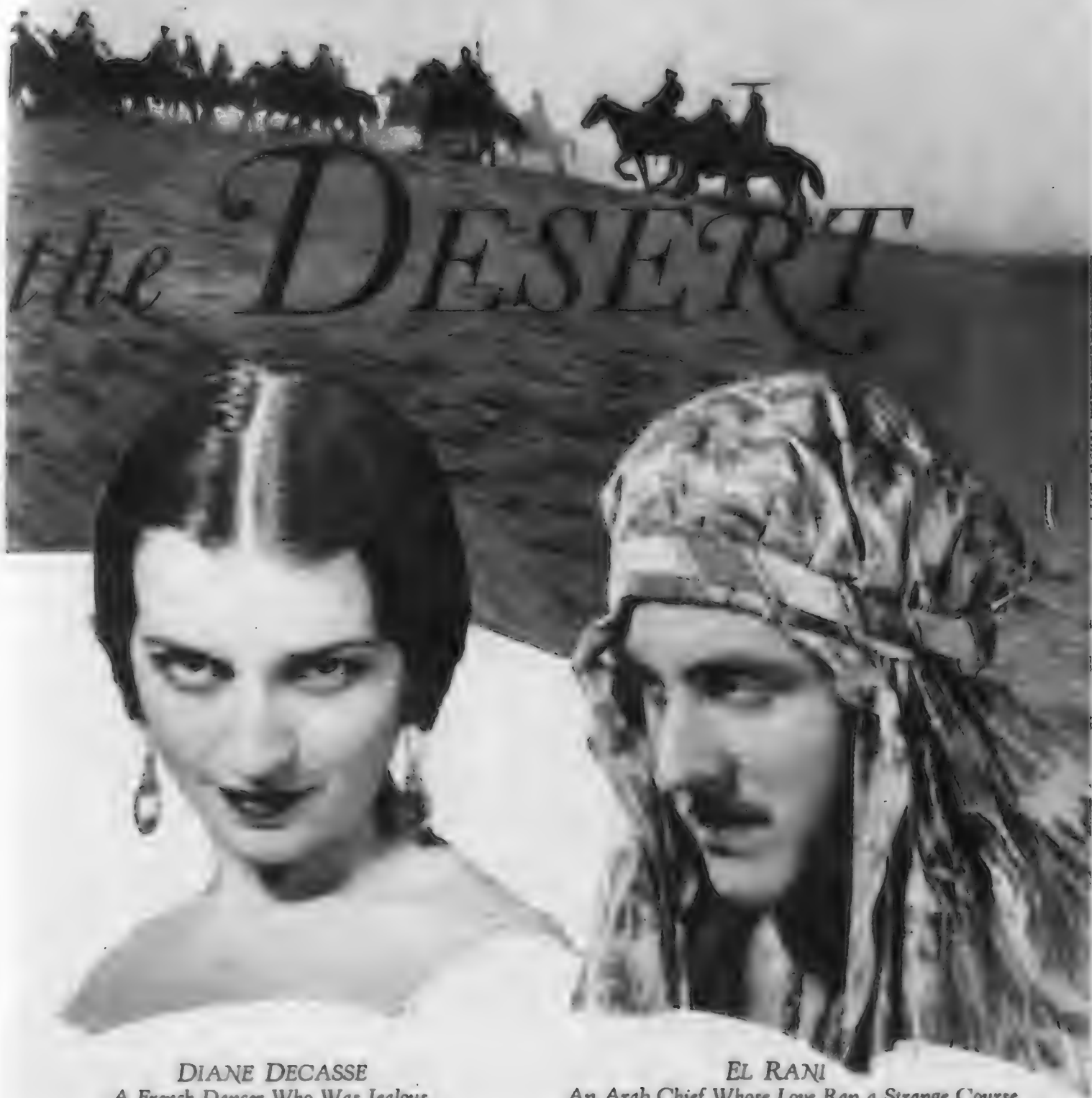
As far as I could see, the sands stretched to the distant hazy horizon; the sky seemed to brood over a vast desolation.

I pushed on through the dry, sparse grass, the tafasa, and came in sight of the house.

It was difficult even after six months in Algeria, to realize that this was really my home—this house with the turrets of green and amber tiles, and the low, flat roof, parched to snowy whiteness under the sun's endless blaze.

Years ago, a powerful and wealthy Arab from the hills had built this house by the sea. There he had installed his girls with their henna-tipped fingers, their dark eyes made darker with kohl, and here with his wealth piled up around him, among beautiful hammered brasses and soft rich rugs, he had passed his days in peace and meditation.

That had been long ago. My father, then a young consul at Algiers, had secured the place for very little. He had given up his diplomatic career and settled down as a pearl fisherman



DIANE DECASSE
A French Dancer Who Was Jealous

EL RANI
An Arab Chief Whose Love Ran a Strange Course

of the blue waters between the mainland and Bahrein Island. The sea, the pearl-fishermen's huts and the lateen-rigged fishing boats, were before our doors, and behind us the impenetrable desert with its heat, its cruelty and its fascination.

My mother had died of the coast fever when I was quite a small girl and my father had sent me to America to live with his relatives and be educated there. But the mysterious spell of the desert had drawn him, and now he could not leave.

I grew up, and made friends, and had my share of school-girl experiences. The exotic land in which I had been born seemed very dim to me, so that when I received word from my father to come and join him out there it was with a strange feeling of excitement.

HAD I known what was to happen to me in that old and weary land, my excitement would have been mixed with terror. Perhaps it is well for all of us that we cannot read the future.

Algiers with its bazaars, its tortuous streets, where all the races of the world seemed to mingle for barter, fierce Tuaregs,

Bedouins in enormous head-dresses, gandurahs or brilliantly red chechias, Berbers and blacks and Moroccan chiefs. This market place was the last scene of noise and activity I was to recall when I journeyed to my father's home.

I WAS shocked to find how old and gray he had become. He was even frail, and his mild eyes with their faintly worried look told me he was probably the prey of the shrewd Orientals among whom he lived.

Everything was going to wrack and ruin. Only Ali, the major-domo, seemed concerned or anxious to help. The bearded foreman of the pearl divers was openly insolent, and cheated and lied with contemptuous ease, knowing my father was powerless to master him.

Perhaps it was well for me that I could throw myself into these problems, for otherwise the days of monotony and sultry heat would have almost driven me mad.

As it was, I set myself to learn the difficult dialects, and tried to see that my father was cheated as little as possible.

In three months' time, by some miracle, I had actually suc-



There I saw two figures—Captain O'Neal and Diane Decasse. The Frenchwoman was in the Irishman's arms and he was holding her close

ceeded in putting things into better working order.

But tonight as I rode home through the still air, a strange feeling of sadness was in my heart. Surely I couldn't go on living out here all my life. I wanted something—romance, life, friends, and it seemed to me these were the last things that the desert offered.

I imagined the quiet evening before me. The breeze would sweep across the land and rustle the hangings at my bedroom window. I would smell that strange heavy, indescribable odor which seemed to belong to the desert alone.

I WOULD look out of my window at skies thick with stars and see the dark Mediterranean water that washes the northern coast of Africa.

But I was lonely and impatient, and felt as if I were buried alive out here. I kicked at my horse's flanks and struck into a sharper pace. I was nearly at the gates now. What was the matter with me? Why was I so discontented?

I looked down ruefully at my costume and wondered whether any of my friends in far-off America would have recognized me. I looked more like a boy than a girl in my linen riding-clothes. I was brown and wiry from these months of hard exercise in the open. It seemed to me I wasn't really Eve Marley, but some new, strange girl who had lived in this desolate place all her life.

As I turned my horse over to a servant, and sauntered towards the house, my father came out to meet me.

"Eve," he said nervously, "I have some news. Mohammed El Rani is coming here tomorrow with a great caravan."

"Mohammed El Rani!" I repeated. I had heard often of the governor of the province who was reported to be in constant touch with the warlike Sultan of Mascar.

"But what's he coming here for, father?" I asked.

"I don't know. The man who brought the news says he's on his way into the interior. El Rani never lets his business get about, but they say that Flame of the Desert is with him."

"Flame of the Desert?" I said. I was still unused to some of the flourishing and symbolic names of the Oriental chieftains. "Who's he?"

"He's a white man, but no one knows much about him. The desert is a place where many men come to hide their secrets. This man's a great fighter I've heard. I know nothing else about him."

That evening I saw my father was worried more than he cared to show. It was plain he looked on this forthcoming visit with anything but ease. I tried to tell him that nothing would happen, and there was no need to worry. Certainly El Rani would not bother us, beyond using us for a night's hospitality.

In the morning I had something else to think about besides the probable visit of El Rani. Ali brought me word that the men had refused to work that day, because of an evil omen.

I SUSPECTED laziness was probably the real reason. And as soon as I had had coffee, I ordered my pony saddled, put on the light cork helmet that screened my entire face, and set off at a gallop.

No use telling my father anything, at least not until it was over. I gritted my teeth as I thought of that foreman with his lies and his perpetual, sweet smile I'd just show him.

My pony dashed down the sand trail, past the last hummocks, to the fishermen's huts. It was a blue, burning day. In front of me were the little rows of huts, then the small estuary with the sailing boats riding at anchor.

My eye lighted immediately on a great black, whose skin gleamed like polished ebony.

"What do you mean, Felshazzar," I said, "by not going to work? Why aren't all the boats out?"

He scowled. "Shark water," he said. "I no go

here, shark water today. Last night the moon ring crimson. It is evil."

I argued and stormed as if he were a small child, but it was useless. I knew if I give in on this one point, I might have to give way on many others. From the doorways of the huts the men had appeared, watching us in twos and threes, shading the sunlight from their eyes.

Felshazzar stubbornly insisted that the first diver who went down today would certainly be devoured by a shark. Then I had what I thought was a brilliant inspiration.

I mustered my few words of Arabic and with these and gestures tried to make him understand.

"Very well," I said. "I will break this evil charm. I myself will go down first and return with a handful of shell. When you have seen for yourself that the shark will not touch me, you will acknowledge your folly, and begin your work."

His eyeballs rolled in his head. He made an imploring gesture, but I would not listen. Fortunately in one of the huts which I used myself, I had a bathing suit. I hurriedly donned this and rowed out to the nearest of the fishing boats.

The natives had gathered to watch, muttering among themselves, startled and curious and tense. I paused, then dived from the sloop into the blue, transparent waters. My hands struck the weeds of the bottom. I clutched a handful of sand, and found my fingers had closed around a single oyster shell.

But it would be enough to show I had reached the bottom. My eardrums already seemed bursting and I knew I could not stay under many seconds longer. As I allowed myself to come towards the surface, a great grey shape seemed to come suddenly out of nowhere.

TERROR froze my blood. It was a man-eater, a monster whose cruel eyes surveyed me for a moment of hesitation as if trying to determine whether or not I was defenseless. By a strange chance the superstition of the natives was justified. I had not even reached the surface yet. I closed my eyes. I think I tried to pray.

Then suddenly my head was above the surface and I drew in a breath of air gratefully, yet with the fear in my heart that it might be my last.

I had come up almost forty feet from the sloop. At that moment a cry rose on the air. Turning my head as I struggled to swim to the boat, I saw that the great shark had risen with me, and his dorsal fin cut a swift path past me; then he turned and came back. Twice he seemed to circle, before making an attack, while I desperately used every ounce of my strength in the hope of reaching the boat.

Then at last the fin shot directly towards me as if the monster had made up its mind. I knew instinctively that in another instant this tiger of the sea would have me between its ferocious jaws. I could do nothing!

A sharp report rang out, then two more in quick succession. The shark half rose from the water, rolled over and over, and slowly sank while a dull crimson mingled like oil with the calm water. In three more strokes I had reached the sloop, and the natives had drawn me on board.

Almost fainting, I sank down. In my hand I was still carrying the shell I had brought up from the sea-bed. A native took it from me. My eyes went to the shore, and I saw to whom I owed my escape from a terrible death.

A man was sitting on a black horse, a white man wearing a dusty, campaign uniform. A still smoking rifle rested on his saddle bow.

I was still sick from the shock and fear I had passed through as the native boy rowed me ashore, but even then my eyes went wonderingly to the stranger who had saved my life.

He was lean and weather- [Continued on page 76]



The figures blurred before my eyes and a sick sensation came over me. I was bitterly jealous and the light of the sun had gone out

A BRIBE

for Love

Drawings from Life

By RAY SISLEY

I ROSE indignantly and left Henry Storm's office when I at last understood what he was trying to say.

He had been so quiet, so composed as he began that he was well along in his preposterous announcement before I realized that this middle-aged, rather fat, slightly bald man with whom I, as president of the Community Music Club, had worked for six weeks, was making love to me.

He began on our usual note—the opera season on which the club had set its heart and which he had helped us to plan.

"I'll be leaving here in a day or two now, Mrs. Cramer—getting back to New York. You ladies have everything you want, haven't you? Your open-air theater, your contract signed with my best company?"

"Thanks to you, Mr. Storm," I said gratefully. "We could never have done it without your help. Of course you must be getting back to New York. Mr. Cramer has wondered at our good fortune in having the president of the Orpheus Company handle this matter himself. He says you have a staff of employees whose business it is to attend to these affairs for you."

Storm's heavy-lidded eyes lifted slightly and I saw again the odd dilation of pupil which I had occasionally noticed before.

"Why does your husband think—what reason does he suggest for my handling it myself?"

"Well—" I hesitated. It is so difficult to know just what annoys a man about business. "Those gas fields north of the city—perhaps you are interested in them?"

My rising inflection was not so much a question as an apology. I knew that rumor credited Storm with rather unscrupulous methods of adding to his millions. Perhaps he would think I was hinting at something like that. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. He had been so kind and generous to us all.



*The great man was saying mad, unbelievable things.
"Sally, I love you. Say you love me a little bit. I'll
give you everything you want, little Sally."*

*The Great Man Always Got What He Wanted
and He Dazzled My Husband With Dreams of Riches*



He regarded me silently from under heavy, half-closed lids. A faint flicker of a smile seemed to indicate his recognition of the contrast between us. I am as slight as he is paunchy. His chestnut-colored eyes looked into my gray ones. The heavy bulk of his face confronted the slenderness of mine. He was like a huge boulder on the edge of a waterfall.

"YOUR husband thinks I've made your theater and opera season here an excuse to cover my real interest? Well, he's right, I have. I've done just that. I've had an interest here from the first day I came that made me glad to use the opera for an excuse to stay on. But it isn't the gas fields."

I waited politely to see if he wished to tell me about it. I owed him at least a simulated interest in his own concerns in return for the warm sympathy he had given the affairs of the Music Club. Gas fields, or coal fields—it didn't matter to me what kept the famous producer in Charlesville until its open-air theater was assured.

I knew it was chance which brought him there in the beginning. He had come to Warren, a little town near Charlesville, to help his mother celebrate her ninetieth birthday. He had told me about that mother who had "raised eleven brats to be millionaires. Every one of them rolling in money."

I had been greatly amused at this naive statement. I could picture to myself the sleek, overdressed men and women who with their sleek hus-

bands and wives had come from all parts of the country to do honor to this tiny, wrinkled woman who had "raised them to be millionaires." It placed Henry Storm so accurately for me—crude, kindly, elemental. Sentimental, too, for the tears had come into those curious eyes of his as he described to me this "wonderful mother, God bless her!"

On his way back to New York he had four hours to wait in Charlesville and the busy brain that never forgot anything connected with business reminded him that the city was contemplating a season of outdoor opera. It had been many years since he had "landed" a contract for himself. He felt a sudden impulse to discover whether or not the old technique was effective. He called the Chamber of Commerce, learned the name of the woman who headed the Music Club and so came about our first meeting.

HE WENT on to New York that night, but two weeks later he returned and established himself in a suite of offices in Charlesville. He threw himself into the work of securing the theater with as much ardor as did I, myself. The city council had tacitly promised an appropriation for its construction, but the mayor, who objected on principle to anything the council proposed, spoke with heavy patriotism of the added burden to the taxpayer. In the frenzy of discussion which followed, the original issue would have been lost sight of and the building of the theater postponed had it not been for Henry Storm and his check-book.

It was the first time I had glimpsed the enormous power of money. No matter what difficulties were encountered, Storm swept them carelessly from his path. A telegram, a long distance call—"Henry Storm speaking"—a brief interview, and

the obstacle vanished completely.

The councilman who held out against resurfacing the road leading to the park reconsidered the matter when Storm conferred with the directors of his company. The pillar of the church who made public protest against the Sunday production of the opera had a change of heart after Storm had presented the matter in a "new light" and incidentally given his firm the contract for printing the opera programs. No, certainly Charlesville would not have had its open-air theater this year if Storm hadn't taken charge of the matter.

SO I WAITED politely for the president of the Orpheus Company to explain wherein lay his real interest in my city.

I'm forty-eight and I've never loved a woman before. You'll think that's bunk I'm handing you, but it's the honest-to-God truth, Mrs. Cramer. I don't mean there haven't been women in my life. I was a ticket taker in a circus and manager of a street carnival and owner of a vaudeville circuit before I climbed up to where I am now. I've lived a rough life and I've seen and heard and done a lot of things I wouldn't like to have you know about.

Even then I didn't understand. I thought he had fallen in love with some Charlesville girl and was asking my help in his wooing. Who could it be? Toni Harris? Mary Clark? Mimi Martin? It must be Mimi. She had been with us in the office more often than the other girls of the Music Club. But good heavens! Mimi and a former carnival owner! I suppressed an inclination to laugh. It wasn't going to be funny for this poor, desperately-in-earnest man.

"How do I impress a woman of your sort, Mrs. Cramer? Tell me frankly, please," the great man demanded.

I surveyed him thoughtfully, interested in regarding him in this new light. How would he impress a woman—an exquisite, carefully reared woman like Mimi? He was always incredibly, miraculously clean. That was one thing in his favor. I had marvelled at the manner in which he went through the day, busy at the office; driving out to the park, interviewing the workmen, and remaining as immaculate through it all as though dust and dirt were not.

IT WAS an odd thing for which to praise a man, his personal cleanliness; but his was a special, fastidious cleanliness to which the best of tailored suits and the freshest of ties and lavish patronage of barber shop and boot-shining stands contributed. I had thought several times lately that Jim looked mussy by contrast when he came home at night.



My voice stopped the rich man on his way to the door. Wait a with you? I mean me—the

Jim would not shave except on alternate days, unless I made him. He said it made his face sore. Jim clung lovingly to some old rag of a tie until I took it from him forcibly. As for keeping his clothes pressed, not once in the twelve years of our married life had he thought to send out a suit. It was always I who forestalled the baggy trousers and dust-streaked coats. But then, poor Jim! Spruceness like Henry Storm's costs money.

"Why, I don't believe I can answer such a question, Mr. Storm. A man impresses women so differently, you know. You've been so awfully kind to us here in Charlesville, I hope you know we're grateful. Our good wishes will go with you in whatever you undertake."



moment," I commanded. "Aren't you going to take your property woman you've just bought."

There! I had managed that very tactfully, I thought. I couldn't tell him that the idea of his being in love with Mimi was too absurd for words. I stood up, drawing my loose gloves on, turning to pick up my purse and account books.

AND suddenly he was beside me, his arms about me, his heart bumping against my shoulder as he held me so close I could hardly breathe. He was saying mad, unbelievable things in a hurrying rush of speech.

"What I've undertaken—and by God, I'll carry it through—is to make you love me, you wonderful, you perfect woman! I went crazy about you the minute I saw you. I came back here just to be near you. Do you think I care whether this fool

town gets a theater? All I wanted was to be where I could see you every day. Sally! I love you so, Sally! Say you love me a little bit! Say you'll leave Jim Cramer and marry me! I'll give you everything you want, little Sally! Anything—cars, pearls, furs—"

I tore myself from his arms and went through the door without a backward look. I heard it slam behind me but I did not remember closing it. Just one thought beat through my brain—the need to get out of this building as quickly as possible.

I found my car, the shabby veteran of a dozen collisions with its fender still crumpled from Jim's latest bump, and got in and drove hastily home.

I WAS mad clear through. Mad at Henry Storm and at myself, at my silly innocence that had made such a scene possible. I might have known that a man of his sort didn't spend six weeks of his busiest season catering to the whims of a group of women without a reason. Those hours in his expensive roadster, bought for use in Charlesville; those other hours in his office, I absorbed in the details of our work, he—Heaven only knew what he had been thinking of when he sat across the table from me. I had been an idiot not to have seen through the matter before. But a fat, bald-headed circus man! How could I have dreamed that he would dare?

Jim Cramer would have something to say about this. Jim Cramer would tell this impudent millionaire that there were a few things in this world that his money couldn't buy!

My foot had pressed more and more heavily on the accelerator and the car was darting forward at an illegal speed. At the thought of Jim I slackened both my mental and physical tension. Twelve years of disappointment had not cured me of a wife's instinctive leap of thought toward her husband in a crisis.

I had never consciously acknowledged to myself before that Jim was weak. The conscious part of my mind went right on keeping up the fiction of Jim's forcefulness and ambition and strength long after the subconscious had made its clear-eyed judgment and dictated its consequent reactions. I said that Jim was a wonderful husband, kind and considerate and protective, but I knew that in every emergency of our married life he had failed me and that he would fail me now.

What had fooled me in the beginning was Jim's charm. His comradely grin which seemed to take it for granted that I felt as he did on all subjects; the pleasant little laughing wrinkles about his eyes; the thick mop of his hair, crisp and wavy and with that eager turbulence [Continued on page 120]

*Marriages Are Made
in HEAVEN*

*Here You Learn How the Planets
Guide the Way to HAPPINESS*

THEY come to me in the mail, from far places of the earth, from a few streets away from my own studio, in many tongues and many handwritings: questions, unhappy or harrowed, questions, hopeful or trivial.

In person I see many men and women highly placed in the world, who consult me upon issues of great importance, and many more, less fortunate, defeated and puzzled, seeking a way out of the complexities that build high walls of worry around them.

It would be someone very blind indeed who, after such contacts, was not able to form a very definite opinion of what most of us seek in life, of the hungers and yearnings that are the pulse beat of humanity.

What sort of questions do these men and women ask me?

At first glance one would say it is impossible to answer that briefly, so varied are the individual longings and anxieties.

Yet looking more closely, it becomes apparent that the questions can be more or less arranged in certain categories, or classes, and that the desires which actuate men and women of widely different characters and environments are not so very different after all!

Foremost among them all comes perhaps the quest which underlies most human aspiration, the quest for love. If anyone doubted that it is love we all seek, he would merely need to turn astrologer to set his doubts at rest.

In this, and other articles, I mean to try as far as it can be done in general terms, to answer these group questions from the viewpoint of the astrologer.

But one word of warning! Astrology, that old science, whose beginnings stretch far back into the dimmest corners of history and which makes its bow on the first page of recorded time, is not sufficient of itself.

ASTROLOGY guides and teaches. But a knowledge of shades and contradictions, and an understanding of psychology must accompany the conclusions of the astrologer.

Sometimes temperaments attract because of their opposite qualities, and a man and woman born under widely different zodiacal signs may possess the traits which insure lasting love. Again, a slight variation may cause conflict and friction instead of harmony. A woman and man may be perfect business partners when as a wife and husband they would be a total failure. The stars reveal the existence of such conditions.

It is the business of the astrologer to chart the planetary influences which enable the use of understanding; the business of the psychologist or astrologist is to offer common sense advice based on that understanding.

For example: There came into my studio not so long ago a girl of twenty-two. She was plainly nervous and unhappy.



FIND A MATE

By Belle Bart

The cause of her brooding did not prove difficult to discover.

She told me her birthday was July 5th. (I shall not mention the year as I do not wish to betray any confidences.) Apart from the special planetary influences connected with the year of her birth, she shared the characteristics and limitations of all those born under the sign of Cancer, regardless of the year. The sign of Cancer governs those whose



*The First of a Series of Articles
on ASTROLOGY
Written So That You Can
UNDERSTAND Them*

Allied to anyone with the least sympathy or aims in common, the natives of Cancer are not likely to fail in marriage. And they are tenacious and do not give up what they have once made their own.

The girl before me certainly embodied these traits. What was troubling her? Why was her case an exception? I saw at once that Saturn was influencing her chart.

FOUR months before she had made an impulsive marriage, and was now haunted by the fear that she had made a bitter mistake.

I asked for her husband's birth date. It was May 28. The year was also given me. This would bring in the period that is in the province of Gemini and is ruled by Mercury.

Then I asked the husband's occupation.

"He works in a bank."

The girl hurried on, anxious to tell me everything, once she had offered her first confidence. He was strangely irritable, and unforgiving. He had hinted that he regretted his marriage and found her dull. He was looking forward to his two weeks' vacation with feverish anxiety. He spoke often of the good times he had had when he was younger, and seemed thoroughly discontented with his present life.

"How did he happen to take a bank position with a chart like his?" I asked.

"Oh, I made him do that. It's so settled and nice. And I had an uncle who knew somebody in this bank. So Ted got the job."

I nodded. Then I began to explain, as carefully as I could that their disagreement was not Ted's fault any more than it was hers. It was the result only of a lack of scientific understanding.

The husband, whose sign was Gemini, like all Gemini people was in need of constant diversion, constant change. Stability to those born under this sign is only a kind of stagnation. They soon regard the familiar with lassitude, even with contempt, but once they are active, and in a state of coming and

going, of breaking contacts and making others, they are freshened and fortified. Their love nature is fickle. They like many people for different things and no one for very long at a time.

Such a person would possess the loyalty that would cause him constantly to return to someone whom he loved.

But his temperament would almost demand frequent separations simply to get a change.

Not perhaps the best of husbands, but essentially a charming person, brilliant, witty, vivid with life, but superficial.

I told this girl the correct method for procedure, if her love was important enough to her to retain. Immediately her husband must resign from his bank, from confining and monotonous

IN THE STARS

Astrologer

birth date occurs between June 21 and July 20, a period ruled or affected by the moon.

And of all planetary influences this is the most beneficent in the matter of mating. The natives of Cancer are almost invariably lovers of home and of an orderly routine existence. Under this sign, for instance, President Coolidge was born, and his harmonious, domestic life was to be expected

onous lack of variation. If he could only obtain a position say on a ship—

But," she interrupted, "he was in the navy during the World War. He could easily get an officer's position on a passenger or merchant ship. And it's about his days in the navy that he always talks!"

"Then your problem is a simple one."

"Of course he will not earn as much money."

"You will not be able to hold him very long as he is situated today, no matter how much money he makes."

She went away thoughtfully. I had a letter from her five months later. Ted was third officer on a boat sailing from New York to Liverpool. She was often lonely, but she was getting used to it. Perhaps she did not mind because Ted seemed to love her now far more than he ever had before. The Gemini characteristic was operating "Out of sight" — "In Mind."

This, you will see, is what I mean by applying the principles of psychology to a knowledge of planetary influences. I have no doubt but that this young couple are destined for the happiest of marriages, and if the girl is, as she says, sometimes lonely, that is the price she must pay for her love. And even love demands a price—although I do not believe in sacrifice. I advised her to take up a course of study suited to her ability to keep her occupied.

There is another and perhaps stranger case in point I should like to tell here. I have never heard from this source, but I still feel that I advised the right course of procedure. It was a strange and almost ironic meeting of psychological blendings, a case that would not occur very often, in which two inharmonious traits created a harmonious existence.

A man wrote to me making an appointment. I never know what to expect in a client, whether he will be elderly and sedate, or a boy scarcely in his twenties, and it is not necessary that I should know.

This particular caller was about twenty-five. He informed me promptly that he was engaged to be married, and from his chart it was plain enough he was deeply in love. His birthday was November 2. I shall again omit the year.

This brings him under the sign Scorpio, the influence which directs and

controls those born between October 21 and November 20.

These Scorpio people are directly affected by Mars, the planet of force and activity. Besides being determined and keen, they are ambitious and magnetic and have a strong possessive sense. Their egotism while not objectionable is ever present, and they almost seem to require a sustaining flattery.

An example of a Scorpio person is Theodore Roosevelt. He embodied to a high degree the characteristics I have mentioned. Theodore Roosevelt, whose planetary influences were splendid, was happily guided in his choice of a mate in both his early marriage and his second one.

In each case he married a woman whose sign indicated that she was gentle, submissive, understanding, and well equipped to marry a man of a direct, ambitious temperament, with a nature easily inclined to jealousy, a trait that lies latent in most Scorpio people.

Roosevelt's son-in-law, Nicholas Longworth, was also born under Scorpio, his birth-date being November 5.

Mr. Longworth's long and successful political career has been coupled in the public eye with his happy marriage with Alice Roosevelt. Of her I shall speak later in this article.

Mr. Longworth, himself, has all of the interesting traits of the definite individualist, which Scorpio grants to her natives. It would have been easy for him to have made a mistake in marriage, but the stars guided him to a true union of happiness and understanding with the native of a sign compatible in every way to his own.

In a word the people of Scorpio are fiercely possessive, even, as I have said, to the point of an almost destructive jealousy. And in talking of such a client as Mr. Longworth, I must not forget the case of the young man whose story I have begun to tell here. In his case, his love-life seemed to present every sign of a furious and long-continued jealousy. And unlike Roosevelt and Longworth his ambition was not sufficient to engross him completely. It seemed to me that there was danger ahead of him.

Better far for him to love
[Continued on page 108]



Charlie Chaplin



Pola Negri



Alice Roosevelt Longworth



Joseph Caillaux



Nicholas Longworth



Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and her children

In this article you will learn how Charlie Chaplin's stars predicted the failure of his marriage with Lita Grey, and you will see how Pola Negri will go contrary to her stars if she attempts to combine marriage and a career. Because Nicholas Longworth and Alice Roosevelt, perhaps unconsciously, followed the dictates of their stars, their marriage has been most successful. And, in the case of M. Caillaux the great French statesman, the stars show why the woman he married has stood by him loyally through his tempestuous career. Have you found your perfect mate yet? If not consult the stars!

Gypsy Heart to Gypsy Heart Ever the Wide World Over'



Is it any wonder that the strong man of the circus should fall for the lovely gypsy? Norman Kerry is the handsome supplicant and Joan Crawford the reluctant lady. The scene is from "The Unknown," the new M-G-M production.

Some



It's a bear! Joan Crawford, like every other mother of a large doll family has a favorite child.



Aileen Pringle's only doll doesn't lead a dog's life. Even his complexion is cared for



Mollie O'Day's little coal black rose doesn't seem to mind being lectured by a beautiful doll like Mollie



Claire Windsor looks as if she thought the members of her doll family the prettiest dolls in the world.

Dolls



Is this Gwen Lee's own family or is she just playing Lady Bountiful to a lot of orphan dolls?



Marion Davies looks more like the big sister of this attractive blonde doll than its mother.



There's one black sheep in every flock but Mae Busch seems a bit worried about her queer black cat doll.



How can a lovely live doll like Edna Conway bear to converse in sign language with an Egyptian mummy?

Under Cover



Bearsk-De Milk

Knowing such beauty as Josephine Norman's should not be concealed, the camera man coaxed her from the shade of the old parasol to pose for him



Bearsk-De Milk

Perhaps you could find both your "fortune" and your "fate" under Jocelyn Lee's umbrella



Warner Brothers

Patsy Ruth Miller didn't go to the beach to flirt with the sandman nor did she take her parasol just to shade her eyes

An Answer to the Question Every Woman Asks Herself



These are the penetrating eyes of Elinor Glyn. Would you say her eyes gave her "IT"?

Have You Got IT?

*By MADAME
ELINOR GLYN*

I COINED "IT" about twenty years ago to mean a certain thing, and now since my moving picture came out, the word is in constant use. I want to explain more fully what I mean by "IT" and then we can go on to discuss whether or not it is possible to attain it and why people lose it.

"IT" is that strange, magnetic something which emanates from certain personalities, rendering them tremendously attractive, not only to the opposite sex but to their own.

It has sometimes been erroneously described as mere "sex appeal" but there are millions of human beings with strong sex appeal who have not a touch of "IT." All sorts of beautiful stage favorites, both male and female, have great sex appeal but not more than one or two have "IT."

TO HAVE this weird something you must first of all have absolute self confidence. It may be of the quietest sort, utterly inaggressive, but it must be true and not bluff. Then you must be quite unselfconscious and indifferent to the effect you are producing.

The moment you think that you have "IT" and are trying to put it over, the thing vanishes. It does not depend upon beauty or physical charm, although these are effective adjuncts to the magnetism. The person with "IT" always gives the impression that he or she is untameable, that there is some wild quality in the background which cannot be influenced or controlled, and must dominate.

You feel that under certain conditions a fearless disregard of laws imposed by fate or personages would show, and yet that for the ordinary traffic of life, there would be a stern self control. Unbalanced people very seldom have "IT" because lack of balance is a mute confession of weakness of will and weakness of any sort destroys "IT."

A MAN with "IT" is never a slave to women. He will not fetch and carry for them. He is quite unbiddable and only caresses them when he, himself, desires to do so. He is always master of the situation, no matter how much in love he may be.

Women are never unfaithful to a man with "IT." Indeed they are so drawn to him that they are only too glad to hold him on any terms that he may impose.

There is the quiet, silent, powerful type of "IT" man, and

there is the gallant, dashing, adventurous type.

The perfect example of male "IT" which I can quote was my hero, Prince Gritzko in "His Hour."

The women with "IT" are also very magnetic. They are mysterious, unknown quantities. No man can be sure of their staying pat! With complete unselfconsciousness they act just as they are impelled to act, totally indifferent to the effect that they are producing. This eternally keeps alight the hunting instinct in man and assures his continued interest.

But by reading casually what I have written you might get the idea that any girl desirous of developing "IT" has but to become stubborn and self-willed, and cultivate indifference. This, of course, is not so. She would be drawing disaster and lose whatever charm she already possessed, because detachment of mind has to be real, not assumed, to render it magnetic.

Watch a tiger in a cage, it is the physical personification of "IT!" It lies there, quite indifferent to the crowd, apparently thinking its own thoughts! Every inch of its lithe body suggests power, pride and fascination. It suggests also the untameable, and so sets up a desire to tame it, a desire to touch it. Some people even feel a desire to caress it, in spite of fear.

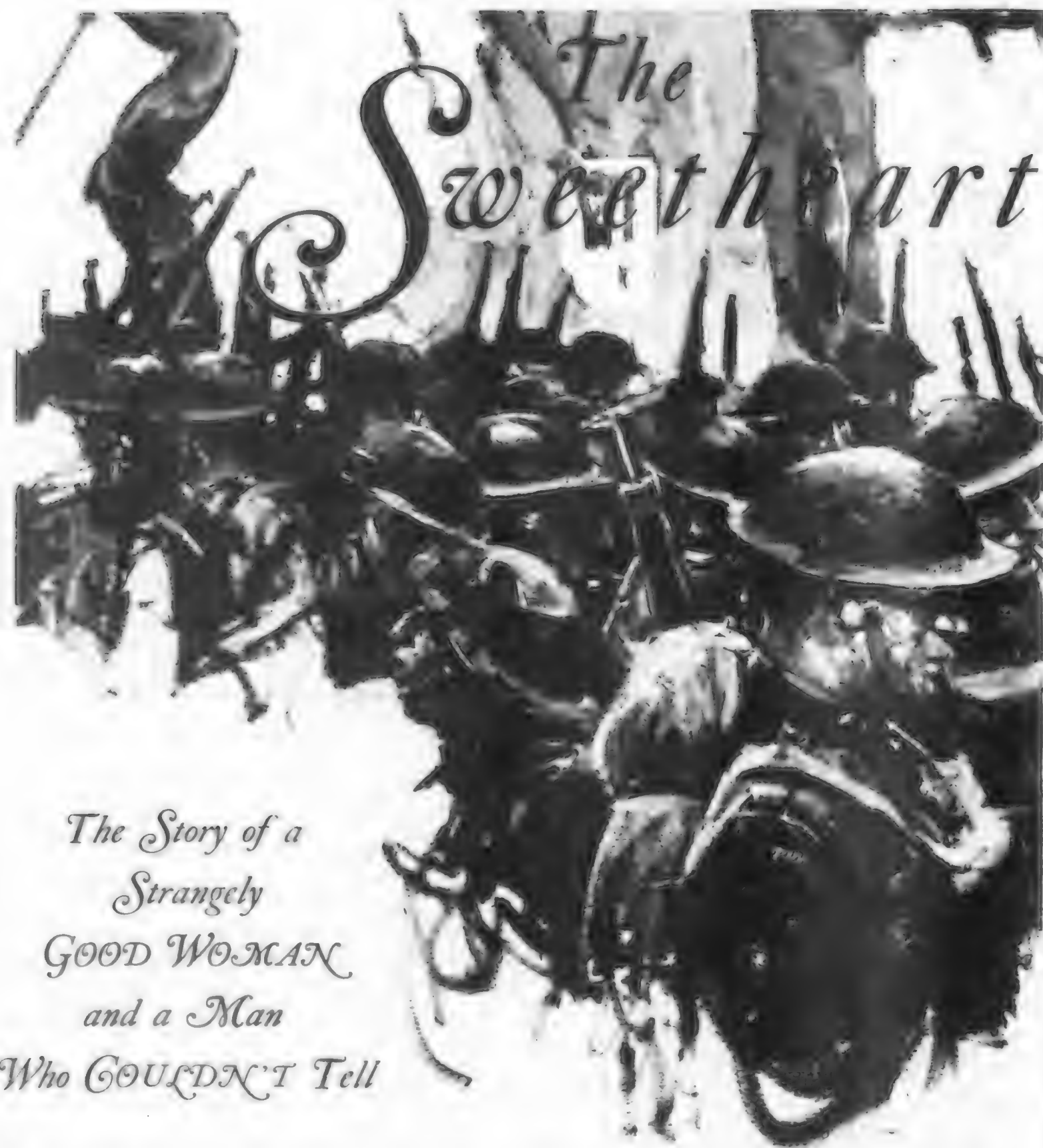
THEN walk on to a bear's cage. It has no fascination; it does not express indifference, but restless ineffectiveness.

Bears are easily tamed!

The possessors of "IT" are always at ease; there is no restlessness in them. Life has taught them that they have the power to obtain what they desire.

You may pick up a newspaper or periodical with pictures in it and perhaps see the photograph of a fireman, his steady eyes gazing at you from under his helmet, and you know that he has "IT."

Business men seldom have "IT" [Continued on page 87]



The Sweetheart

*The Story of a
Strangely
GOOD WOMAN
and a Man
Who COULDN'T Tell*

WHAT would you do if you suddenly discovered that the buddy who had saved your life ten years ago in No Man's Land was engaged to marry a girl who had been known as the "Sweetheart of the Regiment" during those dark days of war? What does friendship demand of a man? And what does a man owe to a woman like Germaine—Germaine "Toot Sweet," they called her.

While Todd Jethro and I came from the same New England township and had lived practically all our lives within walking distance of each other, we were never steadfast friends until the days of '17, '18. Todd's people were farmers and worked early and late to make ends meet, while I, John Prescott Woods, was the only son of the richest family in the county.

As if to even things up, when we arrived in France Todd was Sergeant Jethro and I just John Woods. Refusing to make capital of my father's wealth and position, I preferred

to take my chances with the rest of the fellows from our town. Todd was a better soldier than I, that's all; and probably he was the better man, too.

We of rock-ribbed New England are born to the soil and while I had knocked around the world, enjoying life's good things, after the death of my parents, I finally came home to Coningsby. I hadn't been back in eight years and having turned thirty-five, decided it was time to settle down. After the Riviera, Paris, Rome, Egypt, I was keen about the austere beauty of my native state, loved the frost that came with the September twilights.

SHORTLY after I arrived in Coningsby I drove over to see Todd Jethro, without waiting for him to come to me. Todd was still the long, lean, strong-as-an-ox fellow who had carried me to safety behind the Saint Cyr lines. If he hadn't I

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*With Drawings
from Life
By J. W. SCHLAIKER*

*Probably there were a dozen men from Con-
ingsby in the division that held Chateau
Thierry where Germaine had lived and
loved and laughed*

wouldn't be here today. True, I walk with a stick and there's almost as much silver-plate as bone in my left knee, but in other respects I'm as right as rain. Though Todd was one of those deep, grave, slow-speaking men, he was a thoroughbred, and I knew he was glad to see me again after our trials together in France.

I went indoors and shook hands with his father and mother, willowy old people, bearing the rigors of the New England winters in their gray faces and crooked backs. When we walked out in the fields again, Todd keeping close to my side, he admitted that his parents had earned a rest.

"I'm getting married, John," he said. "They'll turn the farm over to me and take it easy the rest of their lives. In their seventies, they are, and that's a ripe old age."

They looked ninety, like the burnt-out peasants of France. Thinking of France I said: "Recall that wheat about Chateau Thierry?"

He smiled that slow smile of his. "This ain't France," he

reminded me. "But," he added quickly, "it's not bad; there's a living in it and it's home. You've got to keep that always in your mind to get through the cold months. Now, it must be years since you've been snowbound."

"Frost in the air feels good to me," I told him, laughing. "Now that I'm home once more I'm going to try to be a good neighbor and a real friend. I haven't forgotten."

"What?" he demanded.

"THE wheat fields above Chateau Thierry," I said, and gripped his hand.

I felt my clasp returned, but his expression never changed. He refused absolutely to acknowledge that I was in any way his debtor.

"Come over soon," I said at parting. "We can talk over old times at least. By the way, who is the lady who's won my hard-boiled sergeant over to matrimony?"

His grave face brightened as he answered, "Bert Humphrey's widow." Well, I had known Bert if I didn't know Todd's

*If she hadn't loved
him dearly before Ger-
maine would have
adored Todd now, as
he fought in defense
of her name*

fiancée. Plenty of time for that I thought as I said good-by and started back in my roadster to the old manse of the Woods' clan.

I took a roundabout way home, chiefly because I was in love with my New England, like a lover made fonder by absence. Autumn had descended upon our valley with a vengeance, but after years of the flower-scented South I fairly reveled in the stimulating air. On the outskirts of Coningsby is the county orphanage and in my expansive mood it occurred to me that I couldn't do better than make a healthy donation to this worthy institution. It was not yet dark and I slowed down by the side of the road to watch a group of children come up from the milking-shed with a handsome, capable young woman who carried a pail in either hand. She breathed the very spirit of New England, I thought, and stopped my engine, waiting for her and her brood to cross the roadway.

SHE looked up to thank me and as our eyes met I recognized—Germaine! I don't remember her other name if I ever heard it; to the men she was Germaine "Toot Sweet" and as generous with her affections as she was deep of chest and broad of hip. My "very spirit of New England womanhood" was—Germaine. I couldn't believe it. After all these years, here in this dull little corner of the world of all places! And surrounded by children who plainly adored her!

"It is——?"

The same,—Germaine, M'sieu Woods," she admitted, as I paused, embarrassed.

She was as white as our snows but otherwise she showed no emotion and her eyes and voice were strangely calm.

"I don't understand," I said, after a brief silence. "Of course it is Germaine, but——"

"But what?" she asked gently, with only a trace of accent. "I have lived here many years. I work up there" and she pointed to the Orphanage. "Here I have found peace and happiness and service."

Germaine set down her milk pails and the children crowded around her, clinging to her ample skirts, wondering, frightened.



Many things have been blamed on war and undoubtedly there are few of us who went through that holocaust and escaped without scars, either hidden or visible to the naked eye. Saints have turned sinners and sinners saints. But to my mind there was no greater miracle than finding the "Sweetheart of the Regiment" here in a New England village, bringing milk for motherless children's supper.

"THAT'S fine! I'm glad you're well and happy, Germaine," I said a bit awkwardly, after a moment. It was like the uncovering of an old wound. Not that there was a skeleton in my closet whose bones rattled at Germaine's appearance. It was simply that I knew about her and she knew that I knew.

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Fighting mad I started toward Paul with uplifted cane, but Todd stepped between us saying, "This is my affair"

boys brought Germaine home with him? What was the answer?

I thought of asking Todd Jethro and walked to the telephone, when suddenly I felt ashamed of myself. I was behaving for all the world like a gossiping old spinster! Germaine was here, a penitent, and that ended it for me.

A WEEK slipped by. I tried to keep Germaine out of my thoughts and certainly I succeeded in avoiding her name when meeting any of the neighbors. Coningsby is a typical small town, I suppose, but Germaine was never mentioned in idle conversation at the post office or general store. When I thought of her there in the road, with her pails of warm milk and the happy, admiring orphans, I was glad of this, for New England consciences can be very hard and unforgiving toward a woman such as the old Germaine.

On Sunday I expected friends from Boston who didn't show up, and bored and lonesome I drove out in my roadster that afternoon to look up Todd Jethro once more. He had never been to see me, but I didn't stand on ceremony with my old buddy. I chose the direct road to the farm and arrived in less than half an hour. The family were still lingering at the table after a one o'clock dinner. In my long absence abroad I had forgotten

that Coningsby dined in the middle of the day, but Todd came out on the porch, followed by his father, and I just had to stay. It was decided we should sit outdoors.

"**S**ORRY to break in on you this way, Jethro," I said. "No one here but Germaine," Todd spoke up, "and I want you to meet her, John. Glad you came."

Germaine! Surely there was only one Germaine in Coningsby. Todd had said he was going to marry Bert Humphrey's widow and like a flash I knew the answer to the riddle. Humphrey was one of the boys from our village who had gone to France along with Todd and me and several others. Of course it was Bert who had [Continued on page 111]

Yet her secret was safe with me and I think, without words passing between us, that she realized this was true. I raised my hat and she and the children passed across the road in front of my car. Then I started homeward, a little sorry I had chosen that route. Yet it was rather glorious to think that Germaine of the fiery kisses had become Germaine of the tender heart.

How had she drifted to Coningsby? Sitting home alone after dinner the subject kept cropping up between me and my book. Probably there were a dozen men from Coningsby in that division holding Chateau Thierry, where Germaine had lived and laughed and loved. Alas, you could count those who came back on the fingers of one hand! But had one of these

8 YEARS

in a Steel Jacket

Taught Me How to Live

By DOROTHEA ANTEL

THEY call me "The Sunshine Girl". They call my apartment "The Sunshine Apartment". They call my gift shop "Dorothea Antel's Sunshine Shoppe". Rainy days, snowy days and cloudy days are my busiest ones because people feel that they're sure to find a bit of sunshine where I am.

But it wasn't always so.

Once there were days and days when I was so blue and discouraged I didn't know or care what the sun was doing or whether the rest of the world was happy or not. Days when I lay suffering on my bed of pain, fighting to live, wondering why God didn't let me die. And then one day I found out why.

There was work for me to do in this sad and funny world. A place for me in the scheme of things. A name to make and a fortune, perhaps. Now I've got the name, "The Sunshine Girl," and although I may never make the fortune I've got a thriving little business in one of the largest cities in the world. I have friends in every state in the union; yes, and in Europe, too. And I still have the suffering!

For eight years I have had to sit up in bed day and night, my body encased in a steel jacket. For eight years my world has been bounded by four walls. For eight years I have not known a moment free from pain. The only parts of my body I can move are my hands and arms and I move them only when it is necessary. To turn my head even a little causes me excruciating pain.

The dreams I once had of becoming a famous actress will never come true. My stage career was ruthlessly cut short. All the joys of normal girlhood, beaux, dancing, a home, marriage, babies, are denied me. And I am forced to watch the suffering of the man who loves me and still hopes that some miracle will cure me so that I can become his wife. But doctors and surgeons from all over the world have tried to help me and I am still a cripple.

I suppose you're thinking, "My goodness, I should think she'd want to

die. I am sure I would if I had to live my life that way!"

Want to die? Perhaps I did at first. But I don't now! Not because I'm afraid of death, I've suffered too much for that, but because I love life. I really mean that. I love life deeply, hungrily, fiercely! Life, to me is sweet, full, rich, beautiful! I believe I love life more than most of you people who have your health and your jobs and your families and your future and can depend on your legs to take you wherever you want to go.

IN SPITE of my affliction I have been able to organize and conduct a little business of my own. I have two shops. One down the street from where I live and the other in my room. I sell everything in the way of accessories for men and women, from lingerie to smoking sets, although my biggest feature is greeting cards for all occasions. In the busy season I have to employ extra help in the packing and shipping of my cards and gifts. So you see, life hasn't rushed past my bedside and left me lying there, bitter and hopeless.

My stage career began when I was four years old. At the time of my accident I had been on the stage practically all of my life. Eight years ago I joined "The Night Boat" company and the play was a hit. But, best of all, I had just become engaged to a man who was in perfect sympathy with my ambitions and was in a position to help me. I had known him ever since I was ten years old and we had been sweethearts all through the years.

And then the thing happened that sent all my hopes and dreams crashing to earth and narrowed the great big beautiful world down to the four walls of a hospital room.

We were playing at the Palace Theater in Hartford. The dressing rooms were all above the stage and were reached by a narrow iron staircase. I was going down these stairs one night during the performance to wait for my cue when my foot suddenly slipped and I



The home of the business built up by the independent invalid known as "The Sunshine Girl."



Dorothea Antel, the girl who refused to be beaten by Fate. Injured eight years ago, an invalid for life, she simply doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit"

Mueller

went plunging down the stairway. It was a long flight and as I fell my back struck on every step all the way down.

THE leading man who had seen me fall rushed over to me, lifted me to my feet and helped me to a chair.

"I've got to go on!" I gasped, "There's my cue!" He tried to hold me but I pushed him away and rushed on to the stage. I don't know how I ever spoke my lines or why I didn't faint because the pain in my back was unbearable. "The show's got to go on," I kept saying to myself. The show did go on and I am certain that no one in the audience knew what torture I was going through, but when it was all over and the curtain had gone down I staggered out into the wings and collapsed. The next morning I woke up in the Hartford Hospital in a plaster cast.

It didn't seem so terrible at first because I thought I'd be all right in a few weeks, but when the weeks grew into months I knew I was in for a siege. There I was, in a strange city; the company had moved on and my life was just one round

of doctors and nurses and operations and continual pain.

I missed my mother too, terribly. She had died a little less than a year before and I am glad now that she did, for although I have been able to stand the suffering, she never could have stood it.

They were all very wonderful to me at the hospital, of course, but all I could think was:

"Will I be a cripple? Will I never get well? Will I always be just a troublesome burden to someone?"

OH, YES, I had those thoughts for a long time, and when I knew it was doubtful that I'd ever get well, I sent for my fiancé and told him I wanted to release him from our engagement. But he wouldn't have it that way; he wouldn't take the ring I held out to him.

"I'll wait forever, if necessary, Dorothea," he said. "That's the way I love you."

When he said that I felt that I could go through anything. Then I began to want to live.

Are You as Brave as This Girl?



Look at that SMILE! Would you think that this girl was confined to her bed, her body encased in a steel jacket? Look at that SMILE! Do you know that she is in such constant pain that if anyone should as much as touch her bed clothing it would cause her agony? When she was told that she would never act again, that her career, her hopes for marriage and a family, would never come true, did she give up? Look at that SMILE! She has built up a business from her bedside, all through her own pluck and courage. Again, Look at that SMILE! Are there more Dorothea Antels in this world? SMART SET wants to tell the world about them. We will pay \$5.00 each for the best letters telling of women you know—or men—who have refused to stay down when knocked down by Fate. But once more, Look at that SMILE!

Of course I had never thought such a terrible thing could happen to me and at the time of my accident I wasn't in the least prepared for the hospital and doctor bills, and the cost of so many operations. I guess I worried more about that than about my injury. I was terribly proud and I knew my friends needed their money, and at night, when the hospital was dark and still and the pain so bad I couldn't sleep, I'd lie there and try to think of some way of making money so that I wouldn't be a burden to anybody or dependent on charity. But it all seemed so hopeless.

AND then I read in a magazine how someone made a nice little income from selling magazine subscriptions. That was something I could do! My friends all read magazines and I knew they would be glad to buy them from me. So I sent out a lot of letters and it wasn't long before I was paying part of the expenses incurred by my illness.

Well, when two years had gone by and I didn't get any better and the doctors had done all they could for me, they brought me back to Broadway, to die, I guess. But when I found I wasn't going to die, at least not right away, I decided to go either to a charity hospital or support myself. Although the money from the magazine subscriptions was very little I thought I could manage.

Of course, I never would have attempted it if it hadn't been for a very dear friend, who said she'd help me get started. For nine months she took care of me and fed me and cheered me and helped me bear the pain and worry. We lived up on 178 Street, in New York City, in one small room at the back of a house. The sun never got into that room nor the fresh air, either, because it was on a dark inside court. But I was happy because I was helping myself.

The magazine business was good, but it wasn't nearly enough to pay for the doctors and the operations I still had every so often, and one day when I was so discouraged I was almost ready to give up. Mildred Holland, an old friend and an actress I guess you all know, came in and asked me how I'd like to have the agency for the Gotham Hosiery.

A few days later I received my first supply of hosiery. It wasn't much, only six boxes, but my head buzzed with plans for selling them to people I knew. [Continued on page 101]



Brunell

When she dreamed of a career on the stage



In the upper right is Dorothea Antel in the days when she first won the name of "The Sunshine Girl." That was before her accident. But she is still "The Sunshine Girl." Below is an interior view of the shop that she has built up from a bedside business

Love Lasts Longest

TOO Beautiful!

I understand at last why my father used to say that of me, shaking his head in the glowering Scottish fashion that drove me wild. He never seemed like a father to me, for he was grouchy and unsympathetic and commanding.

In his stern way he saw my beauty as a family calamity even in the beginning, when I first recall visitors exclaiming over me, and begging to be allowed to kiss me and twining my fair hair over their fingers. When a little child in mother's arms I remember strange women in the street cars or on the street crying, "Oh, isn't she beautiful!"

Above the echo of these voices that charmed me once I can hear my father's irate answer:

"Too beautiful to live!"

Now I can look back, pityingly, upon father and understand his distrust of everything young and lovely. Father knew that much of the world, but he didn't know enough to point out to me less self-centered, healthier ways.

Our neighborhood theater held a Charleston contest. The contestants were to dance behind a curtain lifted to their knees only, the vote would be given by the audience and expert judges. The curtain would fall upon dancers whose faces had not been seen. The secrecy of the contest was its charm.

"Your folks will never find out. Yvonne, and there's the fifty dollar grand prize," my chum, Gertrude, said.

I was named Yvonne for mother's grandmother of southern France, another innocent fact father held against me! Mother had insisted upon the name for it reminded her of a caress.

I went to the theater that night with Gertrude solely to please her. When we went into the cluttered stage entrance and saw dozens of other girls waiting, I wanted to go home. But Gertrude always had her way and she pulled me by the arm right up to the stage manager.

The manager and one of the judges was selecting girls for the contest. I felt my face burning when my turn came, then I found myself looking into the judge's eyes. They held the saddest look I have ever seen, as if the man never had been happy, nor knew how to be happy. But they showed a faint interest when he selected me.

Gertrude's cheeks were red as poinsettias under her straight midnight hair. Her eyes were like long, narrow black opals. But they told me afterward my face was angelic, with my



Suddenly a terrible thing happened. The curtain staring at us. I simply stood there terrified, my hands

wh
cau

*The Story
of a Girl
Who Wonders
What
Happens When
Beauty Passes*

yellow hair about it like a halo and my eyes like shadows dreaming.

Oh, I might as well admit I was youth at its worst! They gave us bathing suits to wear, mine a little golden yellow affair that matched my hair and shamed me for its scantiness. But I didn't mind so much after we were lined up and the music began. The curtain lifted, just to our knees. I forgot everything as I always do when I can dance.

The sad faced judge was watching me from the wings and I wished he wouldn't. On the stage, a man's voice shouted our numbers. Gertrude was number four. I was number three. The applause from an audience we could not see seemed to follow loudest after my number.

"Yvonne, you've won!" gasped Gertrude over the orchestra notes and then the terrible thing happened.

It may or may not have been an accident, we never knew. But suddenly the curtain hiding us jerked up, past our heads, into the air. There were the lights glaring into our eyes, the musicians smiling, and beyond them, every neighbor in our district who had come to see the dancing contest that night!

Twenty girls stood paralyzed on the stage in different postures, then turned and ran behind the scenes like frightened animals looking for a place to hide. I was the last to go. I simply stood there terrified, my hands caught together across my breast, in the little yellow bathing suit that matched my hair.

Before I reached home that night

which had hidden us, jerked up and there was every neighbor in our district caught together across my breast, in the little bathing suit that matched my hair.

father had heard the entire story garbled by a dozen lips. The next morning I left home, before the milkman came or anyone was up. My lids were swollen with crying but on my way downtown in the street car I folded and unfolded the stiff fifty dollar bill the sad faced judge had given me. That helped a little. And I said to myself:

Now I mustn't cry any more because that will spoil my looks, and they are all I have to depend upon.

Gertrude joined me downtown in the cheap hotel where I found a room and promised to cast in her luck with mine. Her family had made trouble, too, over our dancing in the contest. Of course her family blamed it on me, while mine blamed it on Gertrude.

So as we unpacked our things in that ugly little room with the horrible wall-paper we planned to fight life with the only weapon we had—beauty.

Now don't let anything get your goat, Yvonne," Gertrude advised me with a hard little smile on her startlingly red lips. "Girls like you and me can have everything!"

"I don't know how," I said, curling up on the pillow and feeling suddenly homesick and exhausted. "I don't know where to get work."

I was from a home unusually sheltered and stern, for this modern age. Gertrude was wiser in worldly ways and her amused scoffing startled me.

"Why work?" she said.

I couldn't answer. Gertrude and I had gone through the first two years of high school together. We had been chums for years, but I felt as if I'd never seen her before.

Gertrude read the horror in my eyes.

"Don't be a sill, Yvonne. Only a girl without sense is cheap. I've learned a lot from Mrs. Helman, that dizzy blonde who used to be dad's stenographer and married a South American worth millions—remember? She took him away from his wife."

I lay there shaking with anger, hating Gertrude, just as now, remembering, I hate myself!

In fact it's going to be hard to tell all the rest about myself. Somehow truth is nearly as hard to tell on paper as in words. Anyway, two months later Gertrude and I were in a downtown apartment with Spanish fixtures and lots of silk cushions with sachet in them scattered about.

How did we manage? I let Gertrude do the managing. I walked behind her like a silly lamb. What must people have thought of us, our neighbors in the apartment house, or the friends we made? Would they have believed the truth?

"I should punch a time clock and lose my complexion!" Gertrude would say sleepily and turn over on the pillow mornings when I left at seven-thirty for work. She thought seven-thirty a humorous hour and the alarm clock I had purchased a delicious joke. She tied a pink satin bow on it to tease me. And long after midnight, when I was sleeping, she would awaken me by whirling into the room in a cloud of perfume and laughter to sit on the bed and tell me boisterous nonsense of "the party."

It was parties with Gertrude, forever and ever. These parties were not only her amusement but her livelihood. I didn't know it in the beginning, but I learned later, that at them she met the men whose hearts she softened with her tale of being out of a job." These were the friends who gave Gertrude the presents on which she lived and paid her share of our expenses. She was a gay little scamp who repaid with the pleasure of her companionship, and no more.

"Your life is harder than mine," I told her. "If I get up early, you're not in bed until late. I get my freshest sleep while you're dancing and besides I think your life is silly. I

won't flatter men in order to live. I'm working for myself."

I was talking bravely to cheer myself. In reality I came home every night exhausted and ready for tears. I was working for a young artist with an advertising firm and he painted as long as there was a glimpse of daylight left.

I posed for ads of every conceivable variety. Sitting at the table rapturously eating a famous soup! Using a celebrated



lip stick. Luxuriating in folds of silk or trying on slippers or fancy dress models. Some of the work was fun, but all of it was tiring, for the posing was long and severe.

Les Darnell was an artist who left the posing time to his model and I was never one to complain although sometimes I held a position until my muscles weakened and I nearly fell.

Only then, Les would give me one of his rare glances of human recognition.

Sometimes I overstayed the pose on purpose, to make him come to me anxiously and scold me.

Les Darnell reminded me at times of my father, for his mouth was long and like a slash across his face and always sarcastic. I could imagine he was heartless toward women, although he was always impersonally kind to me.

"You're all right as a model, but you have no brains," he informed me politely one day. "Otherwise I suppose I'd have to fall in love with you."

I was posing at the time with one slim leg crossed over my knee, in a new cobweb stocking just on the market. I laughed at Les, relaxing and tossing my fingers through my fluff of glinting hair. I knew my eyes were flashing like black flames under its radiance and that even this critical artist knew I was beautiful. Les paid me a dollar an hour, a price he could little afford for he was saving all his money to study again in France.

"What do I want with brains?" I said, although I was hurt. "I'm getting by!"

Les looked over his easel, meeting my eyes. It was the first time he had ever looked at me as a feminine being. Usually

it was through narrowed eyes, exactly as he would look at a piece of merchandise he was drawing for his firm.

"You'll get by," he said, almost gently, "until beauty passes."

I sat perfectly still, blinking at the dimples showing through the sheer moonlight gauze on my knee. Les, painting hurriedly to make the most of the daylight, didn't know tears were scalding my eyes. I was fighting them down, as I did so often. I couldn't afford to cry, for tears are the thief of loveliness and that was all I had in the world.

Les seemed callous and cruel, to paint on after thrusting the hot iron of terror into my soul. I had always been a little afraid of him, probably because he'd never made love to me or even flattered me. I might have been one of the cans of soup he hated having to introduce into his beautiful, brilliant advertising posters.

I was always trying to please Les in little ways, but he never noticed. He wasn't the noticing kind when it came to little things. He just painted madly, day after day, and at noon we'd open up one of the cans of soup his firm gave him to sketch and we'd eat it together and relax for an hour. Then Les would be nice to me and talk about his work. He'd studied in Europe and he wanted to go back again to southern France, where my grandmother had been born, and paint better things than posters.

In the meantime he had to live.

When Les talked about the real things he wanted to paint he would scowl and grow gloomy, glaring at the tomato ad. My fear of him would melt to pity. I never talked of my troubles though I often wanted to tell him of Gertrude and her plans for me.

Gertrude was gay and foolish as she was beautiful, but not bad. Toward men she was ruthless, taking all they had to give and giving nothing in return, but she was tender with me.

"Yvonne, the chance of your life is waiting for you in a dress suit," she said one afternoon when I came in from Les's studio. "We're having dinner with him tonight. Name's Bostwick. Rotten rich."

"Bostwick?" I asked. I had read of him in the Sunday scandal sheets. "You mean that mining man from Alaska who's trying to buy out Broadway?"

"He's the lamb!" giggled Gertrude. "Darling, we'll lead him to the slaughter together. He's fresh from Alaska and mak-

ing an ass of himself among the bright lights. He knows it, and it makes him miserable. I'd grab him myself but he's been made a fool of so often a sophisticated type like myself can't get near him. But with that baby face you can wed him in a walk."

"Marry him!" I exclaimed, only [Continued on page 124]

"Don't you think I'm pretty?" I asked Les. He looked at me critically and said, "Yes, pretty but not beautiful. Your soul, though, is beautiful"

What She Says About Fifty-Fifty Wives Will Startle You



Illustration by Harry

Thyra Samter Winslow is not only an author of repute; she is in the forefront of those women who believe that marriage need not be a ball-and-chain affair. When you know that Mrs. Winslow has supported herself since she was sixteen years old and knows from her own personal experience of the fallacy of fifty-fifty marriages, you may well be startled by her statement in this article that "a married woman who wants to be economically independent is the biggest fool in the world."

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Do You Support Your Husband?

By Thyra Samter Winslow

Author of "People Round the Corner"

WE HAVE all listened to a lot of discussions during the past years about the economic independence of women. Should a woman work? Shouldn't she work? Should she stop working at marriage? Should she continue to work, after marriage, at artistic, part-time employment? Should she work, after marriage, if her job has regular hours and takes her outside the home? Should she, if self-supporting after marriage, "go fifty-fifty" on the household expenses? These and a dozen similar problems are still being discussed.

Personally, I believe that every unmarried woman should be able to support herself, and should actually support herself unless family conditions are such that this is absolutely unnecessary. When it comes to a married woman being independent, I actually believe that the married woman who earns her own money is the biggest fool in the world. And I ought to know.

Economic problems bring about difficult situations, these days. I know that well enough. A young man and a girl meet and fall in love. They want to get married, and they want to get married as quickly as possible. If they are both working, it is quite likely, under modern conditions, that their respective salaries are just large enough to enable them to get along.

By going without sufficiently nourishing lunches, the girl is able to buy the sort of plumage that attracts the young man. By cutting down on his own meager luxuries, the young man is able to supply the almost necessary lavishness of the courting stage. They have gay times together. There are theaters where they sit any place from speculator-bought orchestra seats to the last row in the gallery, according to their permanent or temporary financial state. There are intimate little dinners, drives, and perhaps even night club dances once in a great while.

This takes up all the available money. The most farsighted of the young couples will save a little against coming household expenditures. If neither one does they probably enter

matrimony with no money at all. Certainly by the time they have furnished a home, there is little left.

The young man usually wants his wife to stop working. He throws back his shoulders and says that he will make enough money for both of them. Sometimes he means it. Sometimes, indeed, the couple marry with the understanding that the wife isn't to work at all, and find themselves trying to get along on a little more than half of what they spent before. Then the wife goes back to work.

In other cases the wife has decided before marriage that she won't give up her job and there isn't even a feeble gesture of staying at home.

The thing that happens is inevitable. The husband is always slightly resentful at a curious fate that forces his wife into working, resentful because he can't afford to give her the things he wants to give her by his own efforts, resentful because she can't fit into his picture of home life.

Usually the wife who works is a fine, independent, valiant person. She wants to do her duty, doesn't want to be "kept" by anyone, wants to feel that her soul is her own. This very feeling of independence is where she makes her first error. Under existing marriage conditions a married woman shouldn't want to feel free.

Today, if a woman wants freedom, she should stay unmarried. The little couple doesn't know this. The wife keeps on working. She may, and quite possibly does, love her work. Married life starts in, then, with the wife getting up and making a hurried breakfast and coming home after a busy day at the office to cook dinner.

Even with both working there never seems to be enough money for an adequate maid. For some reason, it never occurs to the husband that although his wife works as hard as he does in business, that

she must, of necessity, perform all of the household duties besides. In other words, the wife has two jobs to the husband's one.

If she is at all versatile, in a couple [Continued on page 99]

Can a Married Woman Hold Two Jobs?

Prize Letter Contest

Q Are men helped or hindered by wives who work outside the home?

Q Is it true that the real man wants to bear all the responsibility of being the head of his own house.

Q Can a wife who works in an office or store be a wife and a helpmate as well?

Q Does it make a man lazy and selfish to have a wife who is economically independent?

Q SMART SET wants to know! You wives who hold down two jobs—does it pay? You husbands whose wives have jobs—is your home all you thought it would be?

Q Write SMART SET a three hundred word letter out of your experience in answer to the question:

Can a Married Woman Hold Two Jobs?

Q SMART SET will give a prize of ten dollars for the best letter, seven dollars for the second best, five dollars for the third, and one dollar each for the eight next best. SMART SET Editors will be judges. Contest closes July 31.

IF My Wife Had Only Loved Me

I WISH I could assemble before me all the women in the world who think they should stop making a fuss over their husbands after the honeymoon is over. I wish I could tell them how starved I have been for affection all my life and what a difference it has made to me. I wish I could make them realize how bleak my married life was without those seemingly unimportant demonstrations of sentiment which really have so much to do with marital happiness.

They say it is the little things which count with women. How about men? They say a woman will overlook a multitude of sins if you remember her birthday or bring home a bunch of violets or a box of candy once in a while. I found out how much little things count when my wife failed to bid me good-by in the morning. I would see other men's wives walk out to the gate with them and give them a farewell kiss or stand on the porch and wave at them until they were out of sight, while I had to get in my car and drive off to business as if I were driving away from a hotel. My wife would get up from the breakfast table and disappear into the kitchen to begin her household tasks and most of the time I felt, "Well, nobody gives a whoop what I do today."

I wish I could impress upon all women how necessary it is to men of my nature and general make-up to receive the love, sympathy, co-operation, encouragement of a woman. I wish I could convey to them an understanding that most men are only boys grown up, that they need to be coddled and comforted by a woman they know is for them and who shows it. The farewell embrace in the morning and the warm welcome when he comes home in the evening are the birthday remembrances and the bunches of violets for a man. I could put up with the lack of many other things if I had these to stimulate my daily activities and to look forward to when my toil is ended.

I married the other sort of a woman but the purpose of this article is not to throw stones at her. After fifteen years she is another man's wife. We found out that we are not for each other. It is a pity we didn't find it out sooner. She has my best wishes for her future success and happiness. I would be perfectly willing for her to tell the world her side of the story. Her side deserves telling probably more than my own. She found me sadly lacking in many respects, no doubt. I found her lacking in only one. She was a good looking girl, an honest girl, courageous and true. She was a splendid house-

keeper and a good mother. But her nature lacked that warmth, that ability to display emotion and affection,

that capacity for boosting me when I needed boosting, which was absolutely necessary to me. It made all the difference in the world to me. It nullified all her good qualities.

During the twelve years that we were married there was never a man more in need of a wife than I, but this is no reflection on my wife. She couldn't help it. She was born that way. And she was not a good enough actress to simulate what she couldn't feel. I lacked the power, whatever it was, to inspire that quality or desire in her.

Some of my ideas of women were formed during my first and only marriage. Not all of them, by any means, but enough to give me a definite impression of what I do not want my next wife to be, if I ever marry again. My wife married the second time almost before the ink on our divorce papers was dry, so she couldn't have loved me very much.

During those twelve years that we were together I can remember only once that she ever called me by an endearing name. That was when I stood by her side and watched our son come into the world. With that look of motherhood in her eyes which is hard for men to understand, she asked me the sex of the child. When I told her it was a boy she said, "Oh, darling, I am so happy," and went to sleep.

How baffled I felt when I was forced to realize later that term of endearment was not meant for me. I was merely the medium of transmission of expression from the mother to that little life which had just begun. I was not jealous of my boy. How proud of him I was then and how proud I am today! But I had hoped for years that this miracle of motherhood might create for me a real wife. The realization had come to me six months after I married this girl that she should have been my sister. For seven years I had awaited this hour which when it came was so filled with disappointment. For five years after this hour I hoped against hope. Then I quit. Enough is enough! But you can't say I

didn't give marriage a fair trial.

I never got over that starved feeling. I never could get over it. Just as some women say they can't be entirely satisfied with a man who gives them merely a good home and plenty of clothes, I couldn't be satisfied with well cooked meals and

Wives as Sweethearts

How much is a kiss worth in marriage?

Of what value is the caress of a wife, in affectionate greeting to her husband?

Is it true that many marriages, which seem to have a happy future, fail because a woman having "got her man" loses interest in the rôle of companion and sweetheart?

Mr. Woodside, who wrote this remarkably frank and courageous account of his own marriage, says he wishes he could assemble all women who fail to understand the need of a husband for affection and encouragement—and tell them his story.

What do you wives and brides-to-be, who read SMART SET, think of Mr. Woodside's point-of-view?

Write to the Editor of SMART SET on this very important subject.

By
Jesse Bell
Woodside

a spotless house. I was miserable without those little love touches and caresses which make the picture complete.

I wonder how many women realize that the greatest service they can perform for their husbands is to encourage them, have faith in their undertakings? What if they do fail sometimes, so long as they are trying to do something a little above the mediocre? Women ought to show their faith by the same manifestations of confidence that spur a boy to supreme effort when his mother pats him on the back and tells him he has done well. I wonder how many women realize how badly men need encouragement and inspiration from the feminine side of their family rather than what most of them get, complaints and expressions of dissatisfaction? I wonder how many women realize to what ends men would go to show their appreciation if they could get that whole-souled support and cooperation from their womenfolk which most of them need?

I wonder how many women realize what I went [Continued on page 115]



"My heart is full of romance and sentiment," admits J. B. Woodside, newspaper and magazine writer and father of the boy at the left. He lost his son because, as he says, "In my house when I wanted a caress, my wife had household duties to attend to. I wanted affection and encouragement and I couldn't get them."

*A Girl
and a Boy in
REAL LIFE
Live a Story of
VACATION LOVE*



ROMANCE

*Drawings from Life
By T. D. SKIDMORE*

for TWO

OH, HOW I had dreamed of a real summer vacation at a beautiful place where rich people go. I used to look longingly at the pictures in the Sunday papers of pretty society debutantes and their aristocratic mothers and the stunning young men who seemed so attentive, and I'd get sick with envy. To them it was just everyday living. To me, pretty dresses, dancing, picnics, swimming, hikes and nice boys meant real luxury. A blessed escape from the deadliness of a job! And perhaps a bit of romance.

But summer vacations were not for me, except in dreams. The best I could do was an occasional Sunday at Brighton Beach or a picnic over on the palisades in Jersey or an excursion up the Hudson, if some boy invited me. We were poor, you see, and the twenty dollars a week I made as a telephone operator I had to hand over to my mother to help pay expenses. Out of that she gave me carfare and I took my lunch from home.

I pictured myself slaving away year after year at a nerve-racking switchboard with never a bit of fun. Why, I'd be a crabby old maid by the time I was twenty-five! And then, last December, I got another job at thirty dollars a week at the new Alhambra Hotel, and for the first time hope stirred in my heart.

I said nothing at home about my change in jobs and kept

on giving my mother twenty dollars a week. With the remaining ten dollars I started a savings account. By the first of July I had two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank and one sizzling afternoon I decided to blow it all in on a vacation. A real one, at Lake George where I'd always wanted to go.

The hotel gave me a week off with pay and I took another week without pay. From the travel bureau in the Alhambra I got some elaborate pamphlets about summer places and after long and serious deliberation I had decided on the Grand View Hotel at Lake George. There was a picture of it that showed a wide veranda with big chairs and tea tables and young people sitting about in white flannels and pretty organdie dresses. There was a view of the lake, too, with people canoeing on it, and a diving float where everybody seemed to be having a good time. I had seen those things a thousand times in the movies; imagined myself there but I'd never believed I'd get to go. And now I was going!

I GUESS I'll never have another thrill like the one when I stood before the paying-teller's window at the bank and put two hundred and fifty dollars in my purse. I'd never seen so much money before!

The first thing I did was to give forty dollars to my mother for the two weeks I'd be away. A hundred and ten dollars

WHEN I had finished wading and both feet were dry Everett picked me up and carried me to a rock. His face was close to mine as he said, "Did anybody ever tell you you're a very pretty kid?"



I set aside for railroad fare and my hotel bill and spending money, and the remaining hundred I spent on clothes. Hats, shoes, evening dresses, sport clothes, and a huge black suitcase that actually bulged when they were all packed away in it. But not until I climbed on the train did I really believe I was going at last.

I was terribly excited and that night on the sleeper I don't think I closed my eyes more than an hour or two. We had to take a big bus from the station up to the hotel and it was quite crowded. I guess everybody wants to go away in July. Ordinarily I should have felt terribly uncomfortable with so many well dressed people, but when I looked down at my shiny new suitcase and my pretty gray kid slippers I felt awfully proud.

I had a beautiful story all ready, too, for anybody who got curious. I was an orphan, a rich orphan, of course! I just traveled around wherever I felt like going, and in the winter

lived at the Alhambra Hotel. It had to be the Alhambra because it was the only big hotel I knew anything about. At first I was going to say that I lived with my family but they were in Europe, and then I decided that was too dangerous. People might ask questions and I couldn't make up lies about a family that didn't exist.

There were only a few young people in the bus—two quite nice looking boys and another girl and they sort of half smiled whenever our eyes met, like people do who know they're going to live a while at the same place. And when the bus pulled up in front of the hotel one of the young men picked up my bag.

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*ROMANCE
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He was waiting for me on the veranda when I came down. He looked as handsome as a movie actor

"May I?" he asked and I smiled and said, "Why, yes, of course."

We didn't say anything more because there was so much excitement; porters running out for the bags and everybody wanting to register at once. When we got to the desk the young man set my bag down beside me:

"Is your room engaged?" he asked.

"Why, no," I said. "I didn't think it was necessary."

"In July?" he laughed.

I got panicky then because I pictured myself camping out

on the veranda all night and having to go back to the city.

"Don't worry," he said. "I guess they can fix you up."

Just then the clerk held out his pen to me.

"Reservation?" he asked.

"I haven't any," I said. "I didn't think of it."

"We're full up. Every room taken. Maybe they can accommodate you over at the Three Elms."

"But I don't want to go there!" I cried. "I want to stay here. I wouldn't like it any other place."

It looked as if all my plans were going on the rocks and I



and I got an awful thrill out of pretending that he was my husband and we were on our honeymoon.

was ready to cry because I was so awfully disappointed.

"I'll give the lady my room," the young man said, "if you'll put a cot up for me some place."

"Won't have a room for you till after Monday, sir," the clerk said, "unless you'd be willing to double up with someone. I might be able to fix that."

He did, and a little later I was comfortably installed in the room that belonged to the nice young man and we'd made a date to meet at lunch. "You're a fast worker, Betty," I told myself. But just wait! So' was he!

I spent the morning unpacking my suitcase and hanging my pretty clothes up in the closet. I was distressed to find that they were quite wrinkled so I borrowed an electric iron from the maid to press a few of them off and it was noon before I knew it. I debated for some minutes as to what I should wear for lunch. The Grand View was a dressy hotel but I didn't want to wear my best things the very first day, so I put on a simple little apple green sport costume. It really did look lovely with my yellow hair and I hoped the young man who had given me his room would think so. [Continued on page 104]

Some More of The *Real Diary* of a *Real Girl*

WELL, there's nothing to be gained by putting down all the things I said to him. I said plenty and I said it loud. Jimmy was the only one who could stop me and he did it with six words. "I didn't know you were married," was all he said, and five seconds later he was out of the flat.

I've lost him. And losing him is going to be a pretty bad thing for the next man that I go after, and the next and the next. I'll take this out on all of them.

The way that fool Laurence cried and carried on after Jimmy left made me so crazy I clawed his face with my finger nails. I'm leaving this flat to-night. I'm going to a hotel. After that, I don't know where I'm going but you can bet I'll be on my way to a real bank-roll. Watch my speed!

July 29—Book, you and I are back on the main road. There'll be no more detours like that one for Jimmy. So help me! I'm sure glad I had sense enough not to cut my newest evening frock to pieces like I was going to do just because I'd put it on for the first time that night thinking Jimmy'd like it. I don't think he even looked at it. It's black velvet made in straight lines with long sleeves and the bottom is heavy crystal fringe. I'm beginning to think I look best in black and white. I've got another with a rather full white blouse effect and the tightest, tightest black skirt.

If Laurence had only had witnesses with him and those witnesses were private detectives, New York might be reading now about a prize-fighter breaking up a happy home. Wonder if I could have got Jimmy to marry me then? But what do I want to get married again for? I don't. I'd rather live a la carte.

The old dodo that owns this hotel just left. He came up to see whether I'm satisfied with this suite. That's what he said. He was lying. He came up to see if there was a chance of him doing himself any good. His name is G. Mortimer G—— and he looks like a scared rabbit, but he's the kind that'll frolic if he gets a chance. Chappie must know whether he's a spender or whether he's got fishhooks in his pockets. I'll ask him.

August 5—The very worst thing in this whole world is a bad old man. Page G. Mortimer G—— He doesn't only

own this hotel. He owns a string or a chain of hotels and he's got money to burn. I've got the match. I guess I'll have to use it too. Things are not breaking any too good.

Book, did you ever know it to fail when one thing goes wrong everything goes wrong? Right now, I got only one consolation. My luck has simply got to change. It can't change for the worse because there can't be any worse. It's got to change for the better. And I bet I'm going to do everything short of murder to make it change.

I'm out of the revue. Got my notice last night when I dragged myself down to the show-shop for the first time since that terrible thing happened. Imagine Emil having the nerve to leave a written two weeks' notice for me in the letter rack? I bet that snaky little go-between Chappie had a finger in that pie. Probably wants to promote Jimmy into something himself and was afraid if I stayed in the show he couldn't keep bringing Jimmy around there to set Emil in with him without having me to handle. Wheels within wheels.

But a bunch of men will kick a woman out of their way any time. She don't even have to be in their way. All they got to think is that she may be. I've noticed that when the average man, like Emil or Chappie for instance, is trying to make money, he's awfully impatient with women. When he's made it, he expects one hundred per cent patience from women.

Well, they'll get from me just what they pay for and they won't get all of that.

Jake is another specimen. A couple of weeks ago he was so sore on Chappie that he almost choked whenever he mentioned his name. Chappie had trimmed Jake out of more than a thousand dollars by selling him some junk he called pre-war booze. Now they're friendly again and I bet they spend most of their time panning me. And Chappie has dug up a new girl for Jake, one of those dizzy blondes that's just blah

when it comes to brains, and the three of them had the nerve to come right into the restaurant in this hotel to-night for dinner.

I bet Jake wishes he had me back. I was dining with G. Mortimer and every captain and waiter and bus boy in the joint was breaking his neck to see we got service.

Chappie, whom a woman can't insult any more than a man

A Book Not Written for Publication

To what does a woman reveal the secret places of her heart? To whom can she tell the things no man understands and with which no woman can be trusted? This girl told them to her diary. SMART SET offers this diary to its readers because it gives the inmost thoughts of a beautiful girl who sets down frankly her ambitions and her successes. On her seventeenth birthday Fanny O'B—— began keeping her diary. It was just at the time that she became a salesgirl. Later she was a model and then she married a brother of a wealthy and aristocratic customer. Leaving her husband she starred in a popular revue, met the usual number of men and to her own amazement fell in love with Jimmy H——, a prize-fighter, to whom Laurence E——, still legally her husband, took violent exception. The entry she made in her diary of the scene between her husband, herself and Jimmy is continued on this page.



*In the Still Silence of the Night This Girl Confided
to Her Diary the Secret Hopes and Ambitions
That Are in the Heart of Every Girl*

can insult Jake, had crust enough to come over to our table and stand there giving an imitation of an English actor playing light comedy. Chuckles. Giggles. Falsetto laughs.

He was just too merry and bright for words. But I knew in my bones he'd come over to get a line on how things stood between me and that face-lifted old fossil, G. Mortimer. If there's a chance, he'll declare himself in some way.

But I didn't pay half the attention to his chatter that I did to the old man's face. He's got little rat eyes, and all the time Chappie was there he never asked him to sit down and I'd have died before I would. Those little rat eyes had a look in them like a snake's. A snake that's got fangs but that's afraid to use them just yet. You see that look lots of times in old men's eyes when young men are talking to the girls the old men are with. And you see it in husbands' eyes when the successful rival is among those present. Sometimes when his name is only mentioned.

It ain't, I mean isn't—I thought by this time I'd quit making mistakes in English but I guess I'm too old to learn. Anyway it isn't because the men are so crazy about us that they look like that. It's their infernal idea that because they've bought us a meal or a fur coat or a wedding ring they own us body and soul and no trespassers need apply. Fools! Not one of them in a hundred knows what every woman knows and that is that whatever can be bought can be stolen.

It kinda warmed me inside though to see that old G. Mortimer had begun to act like he was my proprietor. It's as plain as the nose on Jake's face that G. Mortimer has a suspicion that Chappie is running way ahead of his ticket with me. He probably thinks Chappie is a young and dashing lover. Well, Chappie's only forty-five which is young compared to himself, but G—— has stuff in the bank that evens that up. And Chappie would rather turn a crooked penny than have the straightest girl in the world. He'd come over, he said, to give me a tip on the stock market. Of course, if I play it he'll get his.

"HOW'S Jimmy?" I asked him.

"He's on a drunk," Chappie said, and he looked me right in the eye. "It's the first time he's been on one for three years."

"That's too bad," I said, but inside of me my heart was singing. Jimmy had cared a little, too.

Chappie and Jake and Jake's synthetic blonde blew out before old man G—— and I had finished our dinner.

"Suppose we have our coffee and liqueurs in my suite?" old man G—— mustered up enough courage to ask me after he'd moistened his old gray lips several times.

"Why not in mine?" I came back at him.

"Gladly," he said, but I could see he would rather I went to his.

Catch me. Anybody that's at home doesn't ever have to explain why they're there. But anybody that goes visiting never knows just when they'll have some explaining to do. If old man G—— owned Central Park I might take a chance and call on him there, but in no place smaller. And I wouldn't have asked him to mine if Chappie hadn't tipped me by telephone yesterday that he'd looked him up and found he was a regular old Colonel Pay-the-Check.

What Chappie said was, "He's silly and solvent."

I should cry myself to sleep because he's silly! If he's solvent, I don't care how silly he is.

It's fatal for a woman that's on the make ever to be without some checking account that calls itself a man. You never can have too many but you must never have too few. If you have nobody and Broadway finds it out, you're sunk.

While we were having our after-dinner coffee in my dimly-lighted suite all he did was talk. Never tried to kiss me. Never tried to put his wrinkled old hand with the big blue veins on the back of it on me. If he had, I'd have screamed. I couldn't have helped it.

Yet while I was listening to him lisp out the details of the life he and I could have together if I would say the word I

couldn't help feeling sorry for him. After all what has he got?

He's a widower. He's the father of eight children and all but one of them is dead. The one that's living is nineteen and she's married to a rich man. And old G——'s wife had lots of money and he's got a lot and he's got lots of business ability. But what he wants most is something he can't get. And that's his youth back again. So he has to buy youth, just as he's trying to buy me, knowing all the time that he's never going to get his money's worth but preferring to be cheated rather than not get anything.

I COULD tell by the way he talked that he is cold-blooded and vicious. But that's only his mind. Here's what puzzled me. His mind didn't seem to have any connection with his heart. Not as if he was boasting, but just as if he was



stating a fact, he told me of so many, many things he had done for so many, many people. He didn't say he was a generous, thoughtful, considerate man. But I could see he was. Yet he had that curse of an ugly mind.

He owns thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of books and pictures that you'd get arrested for if you tried to send them through the mails. He described some of them to me. And the next minute he was asking me if I knew anybody, man or woman, he didn't care, who was honest and very hard up. He'd put them on their feet. They'd never know who did it. Or I could do it for him with his money. "I like to make people happy," he said, and I knew he meant it. Yet he can't make himself happy. Funny world.

Well, the only people that I know that are hard up are the honest ones. I told him of a couple of poor families I knew. He took out a little black leather check book and wrote out two checks. "They're made out to cash," he said. "You can give one to each of those families or you can cash them yourself and give them the money. Whichever you like."



Mr. G—— played and he played well. I sang and I sang as well as I could. When we finished there were tears in his eyes. Tomorrow I'm to give him his answer.

They were for six hundred dollars each

"Why six?" I asked him.

"It's my lucky number," he told me, and his wrinkled little face was very solemn. "And I own a house in East Sixtieth street that is yours for the asking. I'd like to make you happy too."

I took the checks so two families will be happy tomorrow. But I didn't take the house. I told him I'd think about it.

"I can play the piano," he said, just like a kid would say he could turn a handspring. "And I know you can sing. Will you do a very great favor for me?"

I told him I would if I could. By this time, bad or not, I couldn't help liking him, all except that terrible mind. But his mind didn't have anything to do with what he asked, I guess.

"If I play it, will you sing 'Home, Sweet Home' for me?" he asked.

Book, did you ever hear of anything like that in your life? Well, he played and he played mighty well. I sang and I sang as well as I could and when we finished there were tears in his eyes. Tomorrow I'm to give him my answer about letting him give me a house.

It sounds crazy. It is crazy. But it isn't any crazier than life itself, is it, Book? The very worst thing in the world

is a bad old man.

That's right. But there seems to be some good in even the very worst thing in the world.

August 6—Gee, I got a great kick today being Mrs. Santa Claus. I went alone, back to the old neighborhood. Same old

decayed looking houses. Same old decayed looking people. Same old hopeless helplessness. Same old smells.

Thank God, I've been able to get my folks out of it. Thank God, I'm out of it myself.

I took the currency. Checks don't look as real as money to poor people. And now a family that's been put on the bum by sickness and no jobs and another family that's been put on the bum by booze are getting a fresh start. In the sick family a woman's been scrubbing floors to support her invalid husband. In the booze family a woman's been standing all day long in a cellar with water over her shoe-tops making artificial flowers in a sweatshop so's the kids can eat while the old man is serving ninety days on the Island. Us women get all the breaks, don't we?

What makes me sick is to see the way some men have their wives buffaloed. You bet if their wives knew as much about them as some other women know they wouldn't be quite so high and mighty.

Just take what I heard in the tea-room I stopped in to get a cucumber sandwich and a glass of iced tea on my way back to the hotel. One of these flossy tea-rooms with black patent leather walls and red chairs and red tables. There were English accents all over the place.

But the fat woman that was sitting at the next table with her back to me didn't have one of them. I could tell she was from the West somewhere by the way she said "I'd like a glass of water." They pronounce their

"A" different out there in Detroit and Indiana and those places. An actor in the revue told [Continued on page 85]

The Open

By FLORENZ

In Which
Mr. Ziegfeld
TELLS YOU
of Your Chances
to Become
A
GLORIFIED
American Girl



The Glorifier
Himself

IT was nearly twenty-two years ago that I started glorifying the American girl. Those were the days of the repressed angle and the inhibited waist line. Women in the home were very, very nice indeed. Women outside the home were practically compelled to be the opposite. The chorus girl, in the public mind, was a direct instrument of the devil, the instigator of scarlet dreams, the pet, if not the pride, of the country's one or two millionaires.

When I began producing, a manager needed only to bring on the girls, any girls, big girls, blowsy girls, or fat girls, who appeared in tights and had their necks uncovered. To look at them was all the audience, almost exclusively male, required. The girls didn't have to do a thing except be feminine, exaggeratedly, aggravatingly feminine with wasp waists, padded hips and promising eyes.

Those, for the producer, were literally the good old days. No beauty contests were required. The competition with

other managers was not particularly keen. Song writers were not millionaires and there were no movies to lure your comedians away with princely salaries. A show could be staged for ten thousand dollars and the girl were glad to get fifteen dollars a week. All might have been well had I not been seized with an idea.

I began thinking about chorus girls. Such thoughts have changed the destiny of many a man. It changed mine. I began thinking of those girls, not so much in terms of girl-flesh, but in terms of beauty. I thought of them as having the age-old lure of woman's beauty, the embodiment of every man's dream of the ideal woman.

The idea possessed me more and more. I studied ways and means, costumes, lights, music. The result



Marilyn Miller, once in the Ziegfeld chorus,

now one of musical comedy's brightest stars

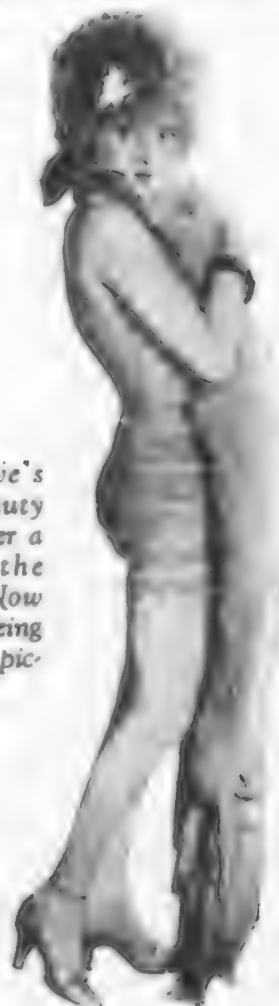
How Mr. Ziegfeld Picks 'Em

HE STUDIES a girl first for personality, second for beauty of face, third for beauty of form and fourth for good carriage. He is especially eager to find beautiful Titians or brunettes because dark beauties and red-headed beauties are so rare. If you go to see him leave off your make-up and don't be more than sixteen. If you have brains and talent besides—so much the better! Do you qualify?



Wide World

Billie Burke was so beautiful, Mr. Ziegfeld decided to take no chances. So he gave her a life contract—and married her. All the world knows she sets a high standard of beauty



Billie Dove's blonde beauty first won her a place in the Follies. Now she is being starred in pictures

First National

Door to the Follies

ZIEGFELD

has been my seventeen editions of the Follies and my somewhat amusing reputation for knowing more about beauty than any other man in the world.

That last is probably exaggerated but I am, at least, in a position different from the man who knows nothing about art but knows what he likes. I know a great deal about girls and I know what I like in them. I also know what the other fellow likes. And that knowledge is what puts the tires on my limousines.

THAT knowledge is costly. To stage my latest musical comedy cost me one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. It takes twenty-eight thousand dollars a week to keep it running. It must run a year before it makes a cent. It must run two years for me to make a reasonable profit. The daughters of the girls I used to get for fifteen dollars I now pay fifty dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. These are the salaries for those who are just beautiful chorus girls. Chorus girls who do specialties I pay two hundred and fifty dollars. Two years at two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Figure that out for yourself.

These girls have no business expenses. I pay the original cost of their costumes and the up-keep. I pay for their tights. I pay for their dancing shoes. I pay for their photographs and for getting them into the papers. Sometimes I pay—and how I pay—because one of my girls meets the wrong kind of a stage

door sheik, but I won't go into that.

The only point here is that an unknown girl who gets into the Follies can earn more money than she could in any other musical comedy outfit. The chorus Equity, which makes our contracts, only demands thirty-five dollars a week for chorus girls. That is the sum paid by the average manager. But I am a peaceful man and I realize



International

Marion Davies, right, and Mae Murray, left, are two of the former Ziegfeld beauties who have gone on to win more fame in the movies



Clarence S. Bull

On this and the opposite page are only five of the many beautiful girls who have helped the glorifier to build the new beautiful Ziegfeld theater shown above



Mary Lewis, now in grand opera, started as a Follies Beauty.

that glorifying a girl can not be done entirely from the outside. Some of the glory must spill into her pocketbook unless one desires pistols for two and coffee for one at dawn.

This being the state of affairs I am asked some dozen times daily, what chance has an absolutely unknown girl of breaking into my Follies chorus.

I should say that the chance of such a girl breaking into the Follies is the same as her chance of marrying a multi-millionaire.



Dorothy Wagman is one of the rarely beautiful brunettes now appearing in the Ziegfeld production

She will, if she meets the right man, and has the stuff

In my case, the girl has to meet me, and despite all the hokus-pocus circulated about the inaccessibility of managers, I see literally every girl who calls at my offices and asks to see me. As some ten thousand girls a year from every part of the globe feel an urge to make me their Mecca, this is somewhat exhaustive.

But I feel the same joy with which Heaven is said to greet a repentant sinner who saunters through the pearly gates, when one girl out of three thousand proves worth the hiring. Unknown, untrained, as I gaze at her beauty, I know the work lying before me ere she is transformed into a world-recognized Follies beauty. But the work is more than worth it for a beautiful girl is the jewel in a manager's box-office.

WHEN a girl is already established, when she has been a model, or worked in some other show, I know what she's got in the way of personality, beauty and ability. With the unknown I know only what my eyes tell me, but then my eyes seldom get crossed or double crossed.

I study unknown girls first for personality, second for beauty of face, third for beauty of form and fourth for good carriage.

Personality is by far the rarest and most important. Beauty is something at which an audience looks. Personality is something they watch. If a girl has sufficient personality it doesn't matter if she has a figure like a cactus and a face like a weary pie. Nobody will ever notice. On the other hand a girl's

face may be like a casket of jewels, sapphire eyes, ruby lips pearly teeth. But lacking personality, few will ever observe her beauty though it be put directly before them.

Personality is the beginning, the end, and all that lies between. It is sex appeal, vitality, the eternal promise of woman to man the life force, what you will or what have you. It is the undefined asset. But when a girl walks into my office who possesses that spark, if her name is Minnie Speffenheimer and she comes from Mud Flat, Iowa, I will sign her immediately and hard and fast to a contract for the Follies, even though x marks the spot where her signature would be if only she had learned to read and write.

But just as personality is undefinable, so beauty can be defined, in words, in colors and in an actual matter of inches. The inches have it all over everything else.

ANY man, certainly any theatrical man, with half an eye can see through make-up. It annoys him more than it deceives him. In a really beautiful face, the height of the forehead should equal the length of the nose; the length of the nose equal the distance between the septum of the nose and the chin; the distance between the eyes equal the length of one of them.

As for coloring I recognize the general theory that gentlemen prefer blondes, only I don't believe it! I know this gentleman does not, but I do know it is easier to find a beautiful blonde than a beautiful brunette or red head, for the simple reason [Continued on page 82]



Ruth K. Patterson and Gladys Glad, the lady with the mandolin, are two of the natural blondes whose beauty and personality gave them a chance to be glorified

Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnson



Score One for Doug



CONNOR

In picking lovely Eva Southern for his leading lady, Douglas Fairbanks proves that he knows how to do other things than turn handsprings.

Movies stars live in a world of their own and create styles to suit their personalities. Here are some of the afternoon and evening gowns which have been seen at parties on the screen.

Dainty and girlish in an organdie frock, Gretchen Young lives up to her name.



Dorothy Sebastian's Oriental type of beauty is becomingly costumed in an evening dress adapted from the harem.



Gwen Lee, in "Women love Diamonds," wears an evening gown of satin and brocade.



When Marceline Day appeared in her beaded bouffant dress, you could have knocked the "Rookies" down with a feather.

Filmdom



Who says it doesn't take much to dress a girl nowadays? Look at the yards of satin in Joan Crawford's dance frock.



Beads and a gardenia at the shoulder are the only trimming on Louise Lorraine's tea gown.

When the butler says, "Dinner is Served," Billie Dove appears in black chiffon, heavily fringed, and trimmed with a lace flower at the waistline.



In silk lace, draped over the shoulders, Gertrude Olmsted is ready to flutter under the lanterns in "Mr. Wu's" garden.



Fashions

Smart Set's
Own
Prize Beauty



THIS is Dorothy Britton. She has luck as well as beauty. First, she won the SMART SET-Daily Mirror Contest to represent New York in the International Beauty Contest at Galveston. Then, in competition with entries from twenty-six American cities, she was named "Miss United States." Then she won final title "Queen of Beauty of the Universe." Dorothy will now have a chance to win movie fame



She Turned a Man's Failure Into a Success



At 14 I Earned \$3.33 a Week NEXT, At 32 I Own a \$50,000 Barber Shop

By MAUDE L. CHAPMAN

THE day after my fourteenth birthday I got my first job, and it paid me three dollars and thirty-three cents a week. Today, at thirty-two, I am the owner and manager of a barber shop and beauty parlor in the heart of New York City, doing a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year business.

Nearly every story of a self-made man or woman emphasizes the importance of hard work, but such stories often read as if success depended on that alone. Any observant person knows better. We are all acquainted with workers who for years have reported on time, who have never slighted their jobs, who are as reliable and efficient and untiring as machines, yet who never get anywhere.

Without hard work I do not believe that a woman can make good, but hard work, all by itself, is not enough. There must be

within her that pushing, driving urge which we call

ambition, the force that makes her struggle in spite of herself.

And she must have the power to put herself over, to convince others that she is somebody different from the run of the mill, that she has the ability and energy which deserve a chance. She must sell the idea of herself, that is, her personality.

Necessity often makes a girl take a job, although ambition is her self-starter toward a career. It was, of course, necessity which made me go to work so young.

My father was an interior decorator, but there were six of us children, my mother was seriously ill much of the time and we youngsters all began to help as soon as we could. When I was thirteen years old I had to leave school and do what I could at home. My two older sisters were both working, and there were two brothers and a younger sister



Perhaps it was this early introduction to housework which made me persistent in my determination to make anything but that my career! I can cook, clean and do whatever is to be done about a house. I have done it all at more than one period during my life, but I frankly admit that it bores me!

Just as soon as I could take out my working papers I did so, and immediately after my fourteenth birthday I was given a job in a Providence wire factory, in the department where my sister was employed. Ours was clerical work: the computation of piece work payments for large numbers of employees who were paid according to the amount and size of the wire which they wound.

There were twenty-five average sizes and a different rate for each. Like the other factory employees, our day lasted from seven in the morning to five-thirty at night, with half an hour for lunch. I lived so near the factory that I could walk to work and even walk home for lunch. Therefore my little pay envelope, with its three dollars and thirty-three cents was turned over intact, every week, to my parents. I didn't spend it foolishly!

I stayed in the factory six years, and when I left it to marry and go to New York I was handling all the clerical

work and receiving nine dollars a week. It sounds pitifully small, nowadays, but at least it was almost two hundred per cent more than my salary at the start. What I really gained from the work was quickness and success in handling figures, a facility for which, at the present stage of my career, I am most grateful, as I shall explain later on.

There is an interesting thing which I have discovered about jobs. You can learn something from whatever you do, however remote it may seem from your ultimate ambition. I had not yet put a name to mine, although I had made up my mind that for me even marriage was not going to mean settling down to housework. I had taken a year of evening high school, during which I studied stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping. I knew that training in these business branches would be useful, whatever I did later.

WHEN I first came to New York, eleven years ago, I took another clerical job. This one paid twelve dollars a week. But I simply could not continue sitting on a high stool and bending over books. I was only twenty-one years old, I had been working steadily for seven years and I was tired out.

I used to think, despairingly, as I added up the long columns of figures, "Isn't there anything else in life?" Then I began to faint over my ledgers. It was not that I did not want to work; it was sheer nervous revolt against monotony, confinement and never seeing anybody. My doctor told me that I must change my occupation if I did not want a breakdown.

My ill health at least served the purpose of getting me out of the rut down which so many women clerical workers travel all their lives. And I learned that no woman begins really to get ahead until she finds work that interests her. When she is young and able to afford it, she ought to experiment a bit.



I have sixteen men working for me yet we have had no difficulties because I always ask them to do things in the way I should like to be asked.

I know a woman who took an excellent teaching job as soon as she was graduated from college. But it bored her to tears, and so she threw it up in the middle of the first year and went on a newspaper. Now she has made a success as a magazine and newspaper writer, and she thoroughly enjoys her work. It takes as much of her time and energy as would teaching, but she likes it, which makes all the difference.

Bookkeeping bored me. "I want a job," I told myself, "that deals with people and not with pen and ink." And even then I began to dream of some day having a job all my own, a business for which I was responsible and into which I could put everything I had.

When women first went out of the home to work, it seemed so wonderful to them to be earning money that they did not perceive that the real "kick" a successful man gets from business life is not money, but the sense of responsibility and of power. I think the younger work-

ing women today are beginning to understand this. They want what, at twenty, I saw as a goal—their own shop, of which they can be boss.

"And After Everyone Is Gone I Scrub the Floors"

Maude L. Chapman tells you that hard work alone doesn't count for much. Yet, in one sentence, she proves that hard work does count. Despite the fact that her barber shop does a \$50,000 business, you will often find her, after the men have gone, SCRUBBING the floors. If you are interested in what she thinks about success, read the ten rules she gives you in this story.

I knew that I had to push myself. Nobody could push me. So I chose to enter a business which seems to me peculiarly a woman's field—beauty culture. It has steadily boomed in America during the last ten years, and the reason is that it touches the very core of women's lives.

A woman's natural and legitimate and dominant instinct is to look just as well as she possibly can, for her husband's sake, for her job's sake, for her friends' sake, and for her own sake.

According to Charles Nessler, the President of the American Master Hairdressers' Association, there are thirty thousand beauty shops in America today, which serve sixteen million women. And these women spend in one year a total of three hundred and ninety million dollars on making themselves lovely!

[Continued on page 97]

ME And the Girl



If You Don't Believe
FRIENDSHIP
Can Be Stronger Than
LOVE
Read This Story of Two
FIGHTIN' FOOLS

THERE'S no evidence that will absolutely prove anything but the case of Spud Horgan and myself is a good yarn. Maybe it doesn't mean anything. I don't know. Whenever I get together with a little bunch of regular folks who know what it's all about and the bottle on the table's about half spent I spill this yarn about Spud Horgan and me.

There was a girl in it, of course. I'll say there was! Whoie! I guess maybe it wouldn't have stood telling over and over again if there hadn't been a girl scrambled in with the rest. Anyway it's always clicked with folks who've been around long enough to know the difference between what they teach you in the first grade and the things that actually happen.

This is it:

I'm in San Francisco. Twenty-four years old. Full of pep and lop-sided with a bank roll. Just in off a passenger boat from China. I'd come across working as a room steward. The gang were all hot over the well known Suwanee dominoes and in our off hours we'd get down on our knees and pray for little Orphan Joe and his sick sister Phoebe and the poor old maid, Long Liz and Big Dick from Boston Town and sevens and elevens and all such like mythical inhabitants of a crap shooter's imagination.

LITTLE Lady Luck and her big-footed husband, old Frank Fortune himself, must have both been camping out in my vest pocket that trip. Lose? Say! I bet I could have gone on deck during a gale that trip and chucked a twenty dollar gold piece as far as I could throw it over the rail and it would have come back to me. A fish would have snapped it up and then got washed aboard at my feet. Why I used to hold those dice till I got arm weary throwing them.

There were a couple of birds in the game who I liked and who'd got in pretty deep. I used to make freak bets with them just to give them a little leg-up. I was sure I'd lose but I'd win every time in spite of myself. I was just plain, old-fashioned wood alcohol, heavily flavored with cyanide, during

HIM And Friend

Drawings from Life
By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

that crossing and anybody who sampled me laid right down and died. Yes sir!

The answer is I'm plutocratic when I sign off in San Francisco. I'm just a young bank without any locks on me and aching to be busted. There's many of them passengers I'd been taking tips from and running and fetching for weren't near as heavy with sugar as I was when we docked. I had money, what I mean, and I wasn't like somebody who didn't know what to do with it if the savings banks were all closed!

MIND you I was no simple seaman. I'd been knocking around the world in ships for a couple of years just because I didn't want to go on looking at the camels here and the elephants there in the news reels until I saved up the price to get where I could see them in person. So I got me jobs instead of tickets and did my going young.

What I'm getting at is I wasn't just a dumb Jack-ashore who would buy the ferry house for a hotel from a man with a derby hat and a black mustache. I was a high school grad! Captain of the football team my senior year! I had a cousin who was a good second string motor-racing driver and after I left school I hooked on with him and toured the country. Sort of a combination mechanic, body-guard and publicity man. Tinker with his bus, herd him when he got drunk and keep up a steady bally-hoo about how good he was.

Then I went travelling about the world on ships. I knew about this and that you see. When I landed in San Francisco I was set to spend all my money but I was looking for a hundred dollars' worth of fun for every five twenty dollar gold pieces I spent.

The night of my third day ashore I'm all oiled up and running sweet. Got me a room and bath at the best hotel in town: three brand new suits; a lot of hats and shoes and things and a tux with all the trimmings. I'd gauged my speed by



The guy I just naturally wanted to hit swept his girl aside and started toward me. I got up and waited for him.

then and figured what it would cost me. According to my dope I had about two months of high life ahead of me before the bank account registers empty and the serious business of life has to be taken up all over again.

Everything's set for a swift, sweet session if I don't get in any jams. I'd made myself a little promise about that. Plenty of wine and women but no war! No waking up in a hospital with a broken head and a cop with a notebook sitting on the cot ready to set down whatever you might say against yourself. No sitting in a court room wondering what the fight with the deceased was all about and how come his skull acted so much like an egg shell and what you'll look like when your time's up, if ever.

No sir! None of that in mine. I was set and determined that no matter what anybody said or did to me I'd smile and bow and back out and then take time off to defend my honor some season when I didn't have such grand good cause for being out of jail.

I'D HOOKED on with a couple of ambitiously idle sons of parents who were not yet too rich to be generous. Nice boys! Knew a lot of good telephone numbers! We'd called up enough girls to go around and dated them for a late dinner and a session of cabaret hopping to follow. Around six we started out to pick up a drink here and there preparatory to meeting the ladies. The first place we went in I stepped on a little bimbo's foot and he rounded on me with a declaration of intent to do damage.

I backed away, smiling wide.

"Don't be sore old man," I begged. "I didn't mean any harm."

He took my apology like a peevish kid takes castor oil. I kept smiling and backed towards the door. The two boys I'd thrown in with followed me out, looking me over as though they'd just detected an odor they hadn't noticed before and didn't like now.

"I'm no interior decorator," one of them says. "It doesn't make a bit of difference to me whether I live in a room done in blue and purple or pink and pale green. There's just one color I don't like and that's yellow. I think I have an engagement for tonight that I forgot up to just now."

"Just a minute," I said. "I know what you think and I don't blame you for it. Just hear my little tale of caution and then if you still feel the same way you can wrinkle up your noses and run along."

I told them then why I wanted to stay out of trouble. Not to make a big noise but merely to prove that I hadn't always used the meek and lowly mouse as an emblem on my house flag I showed them some clippings I had in my wallet. Newspaper clippings. Mostly police court news. Clippings from

New Orleans and New York and Rio Janiero and Port Said and Marseilles and Shanghai and Manila.

THE name of Dave King was prominently mentioned in all of them. They were all about the same. Battle stories. A fight here and a fight there. Dave King in jail for licking some one. Dave King in the hospital for having failed to lick some one. Dave King here and Dave King there and wherever he was always in trouble for having used his fists instead of trusting to speedy feet.

The boys looked them over and the one who had intimated I was yellow handed them back to me and bowed.

"Mr. King," he said. "You're just the kind of a bird I thought you were when we first met. If I'd been juggled for fighting as often as you have I wouldn't slap a horsefly off the





The night before we were to be married Mary made some slighting remarks about Spud. "You can't say that about my buddy," I said and I left her on the bench where we had been sitting. I realized then that my feeling for her had vanished. She was out of my heart forever

end of my own nose for fear of waking up in jail with the rest of my life all mapped out for me. The engagement for tonight which I said I had forgotten was just a lot of hoey. Boy, you're one of us. Let's go get the girls."

Isn't it funny how hard it is to be good when you try? I'll bet if I'd gone out that night looking for trouble I couldn't have located a frown or a closed fist in all the city of San Francisco, but just because I was determined to stay clear, everybody I met was just bound to pick a quarrel with me. We went from here to there on our way to meet the girls, and in every place we visited, some doddering wreck I could have whipped with a backhanded slap would suddenly decide he was a wild, hungry lion and start roaring at me. I'll bet if I'd met a rabbit that night it would have snarled and bit me!

The boys I was with were goofy with admiration of my

patience and power to stay calm.

"Job was just a peevish piker alongside of you Dave," one of them told me. "Say now how about letting me sub for you the next time you're insulted. I'll knock the warts off the family scutcheon and you just pretend you don't know me. If the cops get me it won't matter much. Dad's got some influence in this town and while I probably couldn't murder an old blind apple woman and get away with it, I can do most anything short of that and come clear in twenty-four hours."

"THAT'S nice of you," I told him, "but my self restraint doesn't extend to the point of calmly walking out on a kick and claw party while a pal stays behind to do my doing. No. I'll have to ask you boys to keep your hands in your pockets and your tongues between your teeth."

"You're the commander," one of them says. "If you can stand what you've been taking tonight without coming to a boil far be it from us to bubble over against your wishes no matter what happens."

Nice boys. Good people to have along.

We meet the girls about a quarter of eight and have dinner. The waiter is a surly thug, blowing himself to a special fit of temper. He snarls at me all through the meal and then calls me out loud so everybody can hear when I leave him twice the tip he was entitled to even if he'd given us decent service. I keep right on smiling and get out without once shutting a fist.

The first cabaret we make there's a freshman from Berkeley at the next table, weaving about on what's probably his maiden souse. He only stays out from under the table for about ten minutes after we get there but he puts in all that time trying to force me to kill him. After he had spoken every insult he could remember he staggered over and pulled my hair. Then he playfully undid my necktie. And they knifed Caesar for

wading through a river. Oh, well!

I took it all and kept on smiling!

On our way to the next port of call for the evening's cruise we catch a tough taxi driver who's had just one too many. He misunderstood the address and when I found out he was going wrong and tried to set him right he stopped the cab, jerked open the door and insisted that I get out and take what he had to give me. I smoothed him down to the mere growling point with a ten dollar bill—we'd only ridden about five blocks—got another cab and finally arrived at the second cabaret, still smiling and more determined than ever to keep out of trouble no matter what happened.

The girls were on my side. They were agreed that I was the very nicest man they had ever met. The one I had drawn said to me:

[Continued on page 116]

I Have Been Named as Correspondent in Over Four Hundred Divorce



I have been a professional correspondent for six years and it has taught me that men aren't as selfish as they are supposed to be, and women don't know what they want. Usually the wife is a vain pleasure-loving creature who wants to be free. I have known dozens of husbands who permitted their wives to divorce them solely from a sense of chivalry. Generally the wife wanted to marry another man

*Suits Yet I Have Never Broken Up a Man's Home. Perhaps You
Know Me Better as*

An Unknown Blonde

I HAVE been the correspondent in nearly five hundred divorce suits. In most of these cases I have figured as the "unknown blonde". Tearful wives have won the sympathy of the court by telling how I destroyed their happiness.

Yet I am not, as you think, a heartless wretch, a siren who lures husbands from their devoted wives. The truth is, I have no vampish ways. Not one husband has left his home for me. I am merely one of the stage settings devised to make a joke of the New York State divorce laws. I am what is known as a professional correspondent. Let me explain.

A husband may beat his wife or the wife may nag her husband until he is a mental wreck, but under the law they must remain married unless infidelity can be proved in court. The laws of the state recognize only one ground for divorce—infidelity of one or the other to the letter of the marriage vow.

Rich couples scorn the law by going to Paris or Reno. Those less fortunate resort to collusion, which means that one or the other is "framed" by mutual consent. For this purpose we professional correspondents are "for rent" by day or night to any unhappy couple.

How did I get into this strange work? Not by choice, I can tell you. Necessity drove me to it—the need for food and shelter. I have to laugh now when I think how ambitious I once was! I had ambitions that brought me from the small town that was my home straight to Broadway, to be a great actress. But I never got farther than the chorus. The final blow came when I slipped on the ice going home after the show one night and tore a ligament in my foot. I was laid up for weeks, and when I finally recovered, my funds were exhausted and the doctor told me I could never again earn my living by dancing.

I had few friends in New York, and they were mostly chorus girls who lived a gypsy sort of life, moving from one apartment to another. I couldn't ask them for charity and I wouldn't go back home. So at first I took any kind of a job I could get—salesgirl, waitress or dress model, but I was still weak from lying in bed so long and when I had been on my foot an hour the pain became excruciating.

The time came when I didn't have so much as a quarter to my name. It was about seven o'clock one evening and I hadn't eaten since breakfast. I couldn't borrow from my landlady because I was already behind two weeks in my rent. So

I walked grimly into a cigar store and spent my last nickel to call up a man I knew only casually. He was a sort of hanger on around Broadway. Sometimes he was an actor, sometimes a producer but he always had plenty of money and I knew he was good-hearted.

Fortunately I caught him just as he was going out and at the suggestion that we have dinner together he was delighted.

I tried to appear disinterested in the food when the waiter set before us a steaming platter of fried chicken, but it was the first time in my life I had ever been actually starved.

"My gosh," said George M——, "I never saw anyone enjoy food so much in my life!"

"Why not?" I asked. "It's my first decent meal in days." And I went on to tell him what desperate straits I was in.

After dinner he insisted that I accept a small loan to tide me over until something turned up and then he said encouragingly:

"Now don't worry. I'll run across something in a day or so and in the meantime you won't starve."

Two days later he called me up and asked me to meet him for dinner. When he had ordered the meal he leaned across the table and said:

"I have a way for you to make some money, if you aren't too squeamish."

"Well, go on."

"Remember Martin G——? Martin's been a darn good friend of mine, poor chap. I've just had a session with him. He's gloomy as a bloodhound. It's terrible what a woman can do to a fine, sensitive chap like Martin! Perfectly mad about his wife but she doesn't want him. She's got a bit in Zerner's new show and says married life is ruining her chances for a career. She wants a divorce."

"Why doesn't she get it?" I asked.

"Because Martin can't afford to send her some place where she can get it on decent grounds. He hasn't been un-

faithful, so there's only one way out, according to his lawyer." He paused to light a cigarette. I didn't see exactly what all this had to do with me but his next words enlightened me:

"The lawyer says Martin must hire a professional correspondent so that his wife will have the evidence the law demands for a divorce. Martin balks at the idea of deliberately going to a room with a strange woman. And that's where you come in!" He sat back, a bit flushed [Continued on page 126]

How many times have you read, in the course of a divorce action, that the wife asking for separation, named as correspondent, "an unknown blonde"?

Do you know that certain women make a business of hiring themselves out to help further a divorce action and furnish the basis for the only grounds on which divorces are granted in certain states, among them being notably New York?

Here is the honest story of a woman who practically makes her living serving as a "professional correspondent".

It is one of the most unusual human documents that has ever come into this editorial office. Of course nowhere except in SMART SET could you find such an amazing personal story.

Forgive My

THE mills of the gods ground slowly, but at last they gave into my hands the son of the man whose interest in me had caused his wife, Mrs. John L. Karby, to name me as correspondent in her suit for divorce—the son of the woman, who, not satisfied with ruining my reputation that way, had likewise accused me of stealing her jewels. But now I was tasting revenge and it was sweet! Kenneth Karby, the son of my enemies, loved me! If I went to the dogs he would go with me. So I could afford to defy Mrs. Karby when she came to try to buy me off—to pay me not to see Kenneth again. She had come to my apartment while I was alone but I kept her until Kenneth came. Now as I played them one against the other, I gloated over my success.

"YOU will never marry him!" Mrs. Karby said. "It's not just, and if there's a God in Heaven he will prevent such a thing."

"Stop, mother!" Kenneth cried in distress.

"You'll never marry him!" she repeated and her eyes never left my face as she made the statement that seemed final.

"Possibly not. I don't know that I care to marry Kenneth. What does that matter to me—whether I am his wife or not? What possible difference does it make to me now?"

"Mother! You must go!" Kenneth said in desperation. "I'm going," Mrs. Karby said. "Some day, Kenneth, when you come to your senses and realize that you have ruined your life and mine too, you will remember this day and be sorry because you didn't listen to the words of your mother who loves you dearly."

"You hate Savannah so much I don't see how you could have room in your heart for any love whatever!" he said.



That letter! How did I ever get the strength to write it. I poured my broken heart into it, telling Kenneth I would never see him again

Me

The Closing Chapter of My Dead Life

Trespases



"Time will soften this blow and turn it into a beautiful memory," Kenneth's father said. "You won't be alone in the world ever again, Savannah. I mean to look out for you as if you were my own daughter."

"Please go, mother. We are passing the limits of decency."

"I'm going," she said. "You have chosen between us."

"No, it's not a choice," he declared. "I love you mother, and I always will, but I can't let you dictate to me in this. I'm a man, and my life is my own to live as seems best to me."

There was grief on his face as they parted, but there was something of strength too, that I had not seen before. Involuntarily I was stirred with pity for him. After all, he could not hate his mother as I did, and I don't suppose he could understand my feelings. Nevertheless, he was able to see the injustice that she had done me, the cruelty of her attitude toward a girl who had never done her a conscious wrong.

I believed then, and I believe now, that justice was entirely on my side. Kenneth Karby, despite his natural affection for his mother, was big enough to see it too, and brave enough to stand on the side he believed to be right.

WHAT quality does a woman love most in a man? Strength, I imagine; moral fiber, courage to defy anything for the sake of an ideal. That, I think, is the most powerful appeal a man can have for a woman. And by the term woman, I do not mean the silly young things of today. I mean a woman who has lived and suffered and, in the bitter school of experience, has come to have a hard-earned knowledge of life.

I looked at Kenneth with new eyes. I saw the man I had only before imagined, behind his well-bred exterior.

How slight is the dividing line between virtue and vice! How slight the gap between the narrowness of his mother's attitude and the inherited strength that in Kenneth had developed into uncompromising adherence to the ideal of squareness. In mother and son the same basic quality had been shaped a little differently. Back of him, like a shadow, I could see the outlines of his father John L. Karby, but Kenneth was a refinement, a subtle improvement over the original. He stood looking at me, the sorrow fading from his face as some inner consolation began to blot out the pain of the last few minutes.

"When I came in, Savannah, you put your arms around me and kissed me," he said. "You never did a thing like that before. Tell me, dear, was it because you love me?"

Strangely enough, I felt no inclination whatever to lie to him.

"No, I did that because I knew your mother was here and I wanted her to see me in your arms. I wasn't quite sincere, was I?"

He looked at me with deeply troubled eyes, hurt, confused.

"Savannah, why do you do such things? I know that double-dealing is not natural for you. You're above it. You're too fine."

"I have told you the truth, and you won't believe it!" I insisted. "I'm not too fine for anything."

"I don't care what you told me," he said. "I don't believe anything bad about you. If you told me definitely with your own lips, that you had done anything to be ashamed of I would not believe it. Sometimes when I look at you it seems as though a light was shining about you, a halo—"

"A halo of sin," I said with a little bitter laugh. "No, Kenneth, it's no go. My heart is wicked."



As I stood with the boy's mother a physician came into the room. "Kenneth is resting now," words, we all sensed the fact that a crisis

"You're lying to me, and you're lying to yourself!" he declared. "You're good!"

Yes, in one sense I am. I admit it. Not that it matters. I suppose I'm still a good girl; but that is a physical fact, and has nothing to do with the way I feel inside. I tell you I have got rid of all scruples and morals."

"**T**HEN I thank God that I found you before it was too late, found you before you went utterly to pieces!" he said.

"If I go to pieces, what does it matter?" I said. "I wouldn't mind in the least."

Kenneth looked at me, horror-stricken; but I was sincere. The strain had been too much for me; every ounce of my moral resistance had been crushed and pulverized. Outwardly, I think I must have looked the same, but I was a hollow shell ready to crumple at the first touch.

"Savannah! You don't know what you're saying!" he cried, shocked and bewildered.

"I don't care. I'm too tired."

The strength that had borne me up so long was now gone, utterly. I had been going along on sheer nerve; without realizing it I had been exhausting my reserve force to play the part that had been forced upon me.

Kenneth, in a gust of tenderness, swept me into his arms. For the first time in weeks something resembling peace of soul came to me—restful surrender—the soothing magic of close contact with a loving heart. I closed my eyes; sweet, quieting, magnetism seemed to course through my whole body, stilling me, dulling the ache that was in my heart.

OUR lips met; my arms stole around Kenneth's neck. No man had ever kissed me that way before; I had never put so much of myself into a caress.

"I love you . . . Savannah!" he said.

Suddenly, I found myself weeping softly; my head slipped down till it snuggled on his shoulder. The rough fabric of his coat was comfortably harsh on my cheek.

I was like a runner, spent at the end of a long race; I was



he said, "but I think I should have a consultation." Back of those quiet for Kenneth was immediately at hand.

tired. As though I were a child, Kenneth picked me up in his arms, carried me across the room, deposited me in a little heap at the end of the deep divan and sat down beside me.

"YOU'RE the only one in the world that cares about me," I said. "I thought I could stand alone, but I can't!"

He bent over me, whispering:

"You do care, Savannah. Tell me you do!"

The whole world narrowed into a little circle that encompassed only Kenneth and me and I heard myself saying:

"I love you, Kenneth!"

"Oh, you belong to me, Savannah! I fought for you and battled for you and you're mine at last! My girl, I can't believe it. I can't believe my dream has come true! Savannah, kiss me again, and tell me that you do love me!"

"I love you, Kenneth!" I said and I meant it.

Oh, the wonder of it! The miracle of love leaping into being. It was witchery and magic! What sweet spell was this? What bewildering madness had unlocked the chains that had always

held me fast in spite of myself.

My other self, the subconscious Savannah Lane, with all of the hidden fervor of a primitive woman, took possession of me in that moment.

"I love you!" I sobbed. "I'm not a bad girl, Kenneth, and I love you! I love you!"

"I worship you, dearest!" he said. "I want you to be my wife. We're going to be married, Savannah—"

Ah, to be married to Kenneth Karby; to rest securely forever in his protecting arms. The security of it. And the danger! I struggled in his arms.

"Kenneth, we mustn't. We must stop!"

SLOWLY his embrace relaxed. "Savannah, tell me the truth. Before God, there never was another man?"

"Never! I swear it, Kenneth!" His arms came around me again.

Through the open window of the apartment a cool breeze blew in, fluttering the curtain. Far below us the noise of the city was a dim hum. Peace came to us, deep and quiet—the calm after the storm.

"I think it is the most glorious thing that ever happened to any human being, just to love you!" Kenneth said. "Savannah, I always loved you, from the first moment I saw you. I knew you thought it was only infatuation with me. You would never let me tell you before that I loved you, but you know now, dear, don't you?"

Ah, the sweetness of it! My heart filled until I thought it would break. My eyes were wet with tears.

"I've been watching you day by day, wondering how long you could keep up. I wanted to be

close to you, Savannah, always in case anything happened to you. I was afraid for you. I knew you were never really as aggressive and independent as you seemed to be. That was false, dear. You weren't your real self. Why you're scarcely more than a child, just a little girl."

I COULDN'T help smiling a little. "I guess I'm licked, Kenneth. I thought I was brave, but I couldn't have carried on another day."

His eyes, glowing with a wonderful light, studied me. "I was so afraid you wouldn't love me, Savannah. Even now I can hardly believe you do. It's like a miracle!"

"It is a miracle!" I told him. "I can't explain it myself. All at once I knew I loved you, and then it seemed as though I had loved you forever and ever, away back as far as I can remember in the past."

He got up from where he had been sitting beside me, brushing his tumbled hair back from his forehead. From some one of his pockets he brought [Continued on page 92]

She Understands Love Because She Loves Young People



*The
Problem
of a Girl
Who Writes:*

*By
MARTHA
MADISON*

"I Don't Like His Family"

SOME of you are going to feel sorry for Ethel and some of you will be just plain disgusted with her for not appreciating a boy like "Jim" and telling her family she means to marry him. But I think her letter will teach all of you a good lesson in real honest-to-goodness American democracy.

Ethel, you see, comes from what is called a "fine old family." They're not rich and Ethel has to work, but they are in the social register and I'm sorry to say they're snobbish, too. Ethel has been brought up to believe that the man she marries must come of an equally "fine old family" and that if he also displays a tendency toward snobbishness it is a sign of good breeding. Never mind his character or his health or his ability to keep Ethel's love and make her happy. The family

has spoken and that is supposed to settle things for her.

Only it hasn't turned out that way. Ethel has fallen in love with a plumber! And just wait till Ethel's family finds that out. Of course he isn't exactly the kind of plumber who comes to your house in dirty overalls and messes up the place with his wrenches when there's a leak. He's a boss plumber now. Jim is, and mighty proud of it, too. But, as I said before, just wait!

"And to think," Ethel writes, "I always wanted to marry a writer or an artist or somebody like that! A gentleman. Sometimes I wish I had never met Jim, but I suppose that's a silly thing to say because until I met Jim I never knew what real happiness was."

"The first time I saw him was when he came to see about putting a wash basin in the corner of our office and we got into conversation that way. He got into the habit of dropping in every day or so to see how the men were getting on and then he began dropping in to see me. I went to lunch with him a couple of times and then to dinner and a show but I didn't dare tell the family because they would have wanted to know all about him. Who was his grandfather? His great-grandmother? What was his profession? Profession! A plumber. I didn't have the courage, so I kept on meeting Jim away from home and telling my family nothing about him.

"Then we started going to dances and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. Love came slowly because I kept fighting it, and telling myself I never could fall in love with a plumber, not in a million years! Then Jim went away for two weeks to visit his family and I thought I'd die, I missed him so. When he came back I told him and he said he felt the same way. When he told me he loved me, I just had to admit that I loved him, too.

"We've been going together now for almost a year and Jim says that just as soon as he has five thousand in the bank and can make a payment on a house and buy some furniture we're going to be married. He's already given me a beautiful ring but I keep it hidden all the time I'm home. I've told him how critical my family is and that it would be unpleasant to bring him home, and he wasn't hurt or angry. He just laughed and said: 'It's all right with me, honey.' But this can't go on forever. I've got to tell them sometime and then what will I do?

"THERE'S another thing that's bothering me, too. It's my own feelings. Whenever I think of Jim's scrubby little office with plumbing samples all around I just sort of shrivel up inside and I have to fight the desire to break things off between us. I fight it because I know I'd be miserable if any thing came between Jim and me.

"It's funny, too, that I love him so because our tastes are so different. At heart I'm artistic and love good books and music and poetry and beautiful paintings. Jim lives only for his horrid old plumbing business and me. I'm interested in all the new scientific discoveries; Jim always pottering around his dirty little shop designing bathtubs and kitchen sinks and now he's working on an invention to keep pipes from freezing. If it turns out right he says he'll make thousands of dollars and we'll go to Europe on our honeymoon. Maybe he's right, but I'd be mortified to death to admit my husband was a wealthy plumber. Do you blame me for this?

"And he isn't polished or dignified when he's out in company. Why, if I brought him home he'd probably begin to rip apart our plumbing (I don't mean literally of course!) and tell Dad what he ought to have instead. And I know he'd set mother crazy with his slang expressions and his jokes. Oh, I wish Jim were a little more serious.

"The worst of it is I can't change him. Plumbing is a passion with him; he doesn't know how to do anything else. He wouldn't want to learn. But perhaps I can change myself and that's why I'm writing to you. Maybe there's something you can say that will make me less snobbish about Jim's business and Jim. I adore him, Mrs. Madison, really I do, and if you could meet him you'd see what a fine, lovable boy he is. So if you're disgusted with me, help me out for Jim's sake? Please? Ethel."

I love art and books and music and poetry, too, Ethel, but I honestly believe that plumbing renders as beautiful and great a service as the most perfect picture or story or song that was ever painted or written. Art is food for the soul, to be sure, but if I had to choose between swell pictures in my living room and up-to-date plumbing in my house, I'd choose the plumbing. I need my health before I can appreciate art and beauty and I need a clean house to keep me healthy.

WHAT'S art anyway, Ethel? Only lines and colors and thoughts and tones and the only ones who really enjoy it are those who have been trained to enjoy it.

But plumbing! Plumbing is a thing that makes life happier and cleaner and more comfortable for the whole world. It renders humanity a tremendous human and practical service. Can that be said of art?

The artist or poet or writer thinks only of expressing himself through his work. The plumber has a great and serious purpose in life. Service to humanity. And when it really comes down to everyday living, Jim's invention to keep pipes from freezing is worth a whole lot more to the world than the most magnificent oil painting that ever parked itself in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Don't you think so?

Poor Jim! I'll bet he'd give his eye to put that into his own words when you sniff at his plumbing business. And I'll bet he's thinking that if his little invention does pan out and he makes his fortune your family will welcome him with open arms. Don't let them kid you, Ethel. With a little money and a little influence anybody can get his name in the social register. We haven't any aristocracy in America. And Jim's family is as old, and maybe older, than yours and it's probably just as fine. Money doesn't [Continued on page 88]



Can Love Win Over Religious Differences?

Martha Madison's Prize Contest

Often Mrs. Madison gets a problem that is so big and so vital that she wants her readers to share with her the hard task of solving it. What has your experience been? What can you tell this girl?

Dear Martha Madison: I'm secretly engaged to a Catholic boy whom my father will not permit to come to the house. We are Jews, and my parents are orthodox Jews, and if they knew I was thinking of marrying him it would almost kill them.

My fiance's people are also opposed to the match but not so strongly as my people.

I am willing to give up everything for the man I love, but have I the right to bring sorrow to my parents in their old age? Their religion is all they live for and I really believe they'd rather see me dead than married to a Catholic.

And so I ask you, which should I choose? I want to do what is right.—Esther.

For the best 250 word answer to this letter SMART SET will give a prize of \$10; for the second best \$7; for the third best \$5; and one dollar to each of the next ten best. Mrs. Madison will act as judge and contest closes July 31st, 1927.



This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



We Just Hate to Admit It.

WE AND the Editor never agree. That's because he's a stubborn gent. We're always ready to give in—if we get our own way. The other day, though, he caught us. He said he had a grand serial and asked us to read it. We smiled in that superior way you know so well and said, "All right." That's how we happened to read "Flame of the Desert." Hot rhubarb in the canebrake, that's some story told by the queen of 'em all.

Don't Make Us Blush

Anyway, these are nice things that are said about your page—it's more yours than ours—so we pass 'em on. Maybe they'll make you all feel better. It's words like this that keep us going, and, honest, we wish we had more of them. They aren't all so nice, but every knock's a boost. Here they are:

"I certainly enjoy your page. Peps me up after a hard day at the office."
Nettie V. Kyser, Fairfield, Ala.

Is this Aleck Smart person supposed to be funny? Or what?—Pike Peters, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"We certainly enjoy reading your magazine, but for just fun we think your department is the best of all. Why don't you have several pages instead of just one? You would think this was the



Smart Set office to see the Smart Sets scattered all over the place."—Mildred C. Doepping, Steubenville, Ohio.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your splendid victory with the boss, namely the rise you were so fortunate in obtaining . . . But surely it was a reward well deserved, for in my humble opinion, your very clever page, This Funny World, ranks with the cream of humorous periodicals. You can tell the Boss I said so, too." —Geraldine Hittle, Omaha, Nebr.

"If you don't put a stop to the sap who signs himself Aleck Smart I'll stop buying your otherwise fine magazine."
—Mildred Haddock, Tacoma, Wash.

SNAPPY co-eds, who wear up-to-the-minute skirts, are all het up over the report that college girls in Texas are refusing to wear short skirts. These co-eds, with emancipated legs, say that Southern modesty bunch must have knock knees or be bow-legged. Now listen, Kitty, Kitty!

For Better or For Worse

"An entirely new type of woman is rapidly being developed by modern living."—Madame Helena Rubenstein.

*The pink and white doll has faded,
And the girl who faints is gone;
The hair is no longer braided,
For the hair—it ain't so long.*



*Today they are strapping creatures,
(And strapping is what I mean).
Their faces are full of features—
God know what's in the bean!*

One Dollar for Each

Here are the ten poets that came through with a last line to the June limerick and grabbed down for themselves a buck a piece. The mistake we made was in not giving more prizes. There were a big bunch of contestants who deserved anyway half a buck each. Sorry, and thank you, folks. "Let's wait; things look different at noon."—R. M. Spalding, Fitchburg, Mass. "My wife thinks June is too soon."—Ashley M. Chandler, Toledo, Ohio. "He thought it was rather too soon."—Bethv de Fay, Easton, Pa. "I think that's a LITTLE too soon."—Mrs. Byron Davis, Kansas City, Mo. "That he'd rather it weren't so soon."—Miss Carolyn Moore, York, S. C. "Please excuse me, my dear, I was stewn."—C. L. Armstrong, Hazleton, Iowa. "I think really that's awfully soon."—Vida B. Butcher, Oconomowoc, Wis. "Last night I was all out of tune."—Alice B. Streb, Rochester, N. Y. "That he really had spoken too soon."—Genevieve S. Kimbrough, Greenwood, Miss. "I'm sorry I asked you so soon."—Mrs. Philip Birch, Cochituate, Mass.

Here's to You, Limerick Fans

Write the last line to this limerick and win a prize. Aleck Smart is judge, contest closes July 31st, 1927. SMART SET will give \$5 for the best line and \$1 to each of the next five best. Let's go:

There was a young lady named Grace
Who never admired her own face;
The boys all declare
Such a damsel is rare;

Razzing the Editor

*Oh, the world is so full
of boosting and pull
How can a swell jane
get a show?*

*For the fun of the thing see the glorified king
You're cash in his pocket, you know.*

(See the Open Door to the Follies.)

*Now the gent had certain features on his face
I didn't like,
And I guess my mug annoyed him for he set
himself to strike;
Nothing said, you understand me; we just wrecked
the place for fun;
And we woke up friends, but prisoners, when the
thing we tried was done.*

(See Me and Him and the Girl Friend.)

Chance for Wise Crackers

What is the right answer when your boy friend says in that charming off-hand manner of his: "Of course, you know I'm married. But that doesn't need to make any difference"? One dollar from Smart Set for each of the ten best answers. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes July 31, 1927.

College Boys Are So Funny

"What Every Young Girl Ought to Know," has been renamed, according to the Princeton Tiger, and is now called, "What Every Young Girl Knows by This Time." . . . Funny thing, meditates the Virginia Reel, how many animals are killed to dress the girl that is dressed to kill . . . Cuthbert asked us, says Williams Purple Cow, how long girls should be loved.



"Same as short girls, we told him, and stand on a chair if you have to." . . . My new girl, admits the Grinnell Mattheaser, is one of those two by four girls. Dances till two and by four you're broke . . . The difference between kissing in 1900 and 1927, according to the Vanderbilt Masquerader, is the difference between discussion and performance . . . Mink has figured it out like this: An arm stuck out of a collegiate looking car ahead of you means driver is knocking ashes off his cigarette, is going to turn to the right, is jawing his date, is going to turn to the left, is pointing out where his bootlegger lives, is going to back up, is saluting a passing car, or is going to stop.

Why All Those Clothes?

Mrs. Almon W. Lytle, of Buffalo, says an Albany paper, who received with the assembly-women, was gown'd in white sweet peas.



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Shall I Share My Sweetheart?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

SHARING sweethearts is not popular. Those who wrote letters to SMART SET in answer to the question, "Shall I Share My Sweetheart?" almost without exception emphatically say, No. It seems hard to change the possessive tendency. Apparently the girl of today wants her man to be hers, and a man wants his girl to be his. Certain privileges are accorded that were undreamed of a few years ago. But these things are tolerated, not encouraged or enjoyed. They are condoned and jealousy is deplored. Back of this liberality, these letters prove, is again desire to have trust and devotion on the old exclusive basis to own one's sweetheart.

The first prize goes to Marian Brodie, and while she is tolerant her letter discloses a longing for exclusive possession and a desire on her part to belong to one man only. Her letter follows:

SINCE I am a woman, I wish my Man to be wholly mine, yet not to the exclusion of other friendships, and certainly not without gallantry toward members of my sex.

To be human is to be jealous, however, and had I not taken myself severely to task, I might have lost the only man in the world for me.

After I became engaged, I no longer cared to go about with other men, and as no man finds it easy to approach a girl who is entirely oblivious to his presence, I had no trouble at all on this score. But I did not find it so easy to reconcile myself to the chivalrous attitude of my fiancé toward other women. It was not that he was guilty of serious attentions, but he had for all our women friends an attitude that I resented.

One evening, when I had decided that I would stand this no longer, I saw Frank bending devotedly over a white haired old lady, who was evidently made very happy by his attention. As I stood watching the picture they made, I suddenly realized that what I had taken to be mild philandering was really a very laudable gallantry toward the fair sex.

Since that evening I have assumed a more reasonable attitude, and have gained much in happiness and peace of mind.—Marian Brodie, Palo Alta, Calif.

Another One-Man-Girl gets second prize. She says she'll share anything except her sweetheart and she is emphatic in her refusal to condone philandering. She writes:

I am a generous hearted girl and I will share my clothes and also my biscuit, but

I'll be darned if I'll share my Man. Genuine love has no price in dollars, money can not buy it, so why trade it for a few tawdry thrills? The men you bestow your caresses on today will never think of you when you are old and have begun to get fleshy, but the one man will never see anything in you but a beautiful girl.

I love my Sweetheart dearly but believe me I will not play second fiddle to him. He was quite a sheik before we began to love one another, but I had a serious talk with him and he decided he wanted me rather than the thrills. Would I Share My Sweetheart? I'll tell the cock-eyed world I won't.—One Man Girl, Valdosta, Ga.

Everything or nothing is the slogan of E. M. Webber, winner of the third prize. Sharing caresses is a thing she

I'd let him go. Perhaps it's selfish but I want to feel that I fill his every need in this game of living, loving, playing and dreaming. Possibly I expect too much but I'll work with that end in view.

Not so long ago I was hectically in love with a man considerably older than I. When he found it convenient we "played" independently and I soon proved to my surprise, that absence *does* make the heart grow fonder—of somebody else! We had so many little affairs-on-the-side, that it was harder each time to get together again. The inevitable break came, which finally resulted in the wise resolve that the next time I would have to be everything or nothing.

I now have ample opportunity to test this theory. (Yes, I'm in love again!) So far, it seems to be working beautifully without any effort—a sort of natural sequence to our avowal. We are happy in each other's love and companionship and are developing and creating every conceivable common interest.

When we are married, I expect to do my "darnedest" to keep him interested in me and if he *should* fall for the neighbor's flapper daughter or somebody's stenog, I'll—Well that's another problem and I'm not going to do any premature crossing of bridges and develop an inferiority complex.—E. M. W., Belleville, N. J.

Now here's one from a man. This is given to show you that men are as strongly opposed to sharing sweethearts as girls are.

AS A man, I am absolutely against the idea of sharing sweethearts. I do not mean to say that my sweetheart should be a one-man girl. Let her have as many friends as her heart desires, but on the other hand let her be one sweetheart, true and sincere in the meaning of that term. Friend and sweetheart are two distinct terms, each having its own results and purposes.

Personally I would not flirt with my sweetheart's girl-friends. I feel it is too dangerous a game to trifle with.

Nerves often run out of our control and leave us helpless, irrational a prey to our instincts. When the means are given in such condition the outcome is fatal, results are unavoidable.

However, we have progressed. We are civilized. We cannot go back. Therefore we must control ourselves as much as possible, forget individual desires for the benefit of mankind and the common good.—H. P., Syracuse, N. Y.

Don't miss the other contests in this issue. On pages 32, 39 and 72 you will find chances to tell what you have learned out of your experiences and at the same time win a cash prize. These contests are meant to give YOU a chance.

Smart Set Prize Winners on Shall I Share My Sweetheart?

First Prize

Marian Brodie, Palo Alta, Calif.

Second Prize

One-Man-Girl, Valdosta, Ga.

Third Prize

E. M. Webber, Belleville, N. J.

Eight \$1 Prize Winners

H. Pine, Syracuse, N. Y.

Eloise Neff, South Bend, Ind.

Dorothy McIntosh, Metis Beach, Quebec

M. Session, Palo Alta, Calif.

Beverly Barter, New Orleans, La.

Vivian Martin, Houston, Texas

Dahlia Dane, Winthrop, Mass.

Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich.

simply can't understand if one is honestly in love. Her letter makes her position very clear:

EVERYTHING or nothing may be a foolish and even selfish idea when applied to a number of things but—who was it said that "all is fair in love and war"?

I can hardly conceive of any person, truly in love, sharing his or her caresses with another. Education, reading and limited travel have made me ultra-broadminded. I believe in trying anything once and have upheld my reputation as a "good kid" but—share my man? Never!

If I thought for a moment that he preferred someone else's kisses to mine, or that another woman interested him more than I,



Alone in a crowd

Conscious of something wrong—Ethel moved aside from the group of young people on the beach. She had expected such a jolly time; and now she heartily wished she hadn't come.

Not until a kind-hearted friend tactfully explained later, did she realize that superfluous hair is an unpardonable fault that mere prettiness or personal charm cannot overcome.

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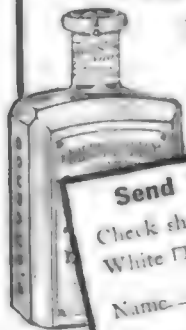
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Flame of the Desert

[Continued from page 13]

beaten, handsome in a way of his own. He was about thirty, and his blue eyes seemed to burn with color. They were like the eyes of a sailor, or of a man who has endured much under the open sky, who has led exploring expeditions in dangerous places or faced the shrill winds of the desert.

But more noticeable still was his thick, red hair that looked like flame under his helmet.

The next minute he spoke, and I knew something else about him.

"Shure, it's risky business to be bathin' where there's sharks."

His voice with its soft brogue told me better than anything else that he was an Irishman.

I STAMMERED my thanks, wondering how on earth he had come here, who he was, and a dozen other things.

"Maybe you can tell me," he said in his easy manner, "where I'll find a certain Henry Marley."

"I'm Henry Marley's daughter. I'll take you home right away."

He showed his teeth in a sudden swift smile.

"Good. Me name's Captain O'Neal—Burke O'Neal." He paused for a moment and added: "They sometimes call me Flame of the Desert. I have ridden ahead to announce the arrival of his excellency, Mohammed Feisal El Rani, the Akbar of Tiflis."

So this was the man they called Flame of the Desert, the red-haired, reckless Irish soldier of fortune! Thinking of how he had saved my life, I tried again to express my thanks, but he waved them off almost impatiently.

I hastened to dress and mount my horse, and under the curious eyes of the natives, we began to canter towards my father's house. But I noticed with satisfaction, they were hoisting sail and getting their tackle out. I had risked my life, but I had at least conquered their superstition.

I think we rode for sometime in silence, though I realized the Irishman's eyes were seldom away from my face. He was smiling in a kind of grim, thoughtful way. Then he began to ask me questions, abrupt, blunt questions, which I answered, telling him frankly about my life out here and what I did to pass the time.

"More's the pity to see a fine girl like you stuck in a hole like this," he muttered.

"What should I do?"

"Fall in love with a man that knows how to live. Go cruising the Pacific in a fifty-foot yawl. Live in Italy as poor as a beggar. Go to London and make a pot of money and spend it. But never be safe and sure and dull."

"Is that what you do?" I asked, smiling.

"That's what I do," he said soberly.

As my eyes travelled over his dusty, worn uniform, with the insignia of some foreign country, I knew he was telling the truth. He was an adventurer and the most romantic man I had ever seen in my life.

By this time we were in sight of the house. I turned our horses over to one of the boys and ushered Captain O'Neal inside, but Ali told me my father was out.

We sat down together in the cool, shadowy room, and I tried to find out the purpose of El Rani's visit.

"Oh, El Rani's on his way to the interior. He's going to visit that Sultan of his. This is just a stopping point, to rest for a day or so before going on with his journey."

I was glad to hear that, because I knew

it would relieve my father. He had once explained to me how at a whim one of the local potentates could ruin a man if I wished. El Rani's trip had at least nothing to do with us.

"You see," O'Neal continued, "this expedition has to be made slowly. We have to consider Mademoiselle."

"Mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle Diane Decasse. She's got a reputation as a dancer, and for other things," he said dryly. "El Rani's escorting her into the interior."

"But I don't understand," I said.

"Neither do I, my dear. I'm not paid for understanding, but for fighting."

His uncomfortable blue eyes were turned upon me, and my curiosity grew. When I had tried to thank him for what he had done, he had practically stopped me, but somehow he fascinated me. I felt that I wanted to know everything about this adventurer. I tried to make inquiries in little, quiet ways, and he answered my questions willingly enough, but when I was through I knew as little as when I had started.

Then all at once he said in a voice that was low like a whisper:

"I've been around the world, and I've seen a bit. But, be gad, it's in the middle of the desert that I find a girl who really interests me."

"Really?" I said, feeling stiff and silly. "Perhaps you only think so."

He grinned. "Well you may be right," he said. "After all I don't know you yet."

For some reason or other, I felt angry. In spite of what he had done for me, I wanted to hurt him then, and I didn't know how.

"It's a pity you won't be long enough here to find out," I said.

"Oh, you never can tell," he answered.

Then all at once he got to his feet, and came towards me. I don't think I'd ever been afraid before, but without knowing why I was afraid now. He seemed to sense that as he halted very close to me.

"A little afraid, eh?"

"Afraid?" I said. "Why should I be afraid?"

"Because you feel I'm a man who always takes what he wants, and there's a certainty I'm going to want you."

I tried to laugh. What I might have said or done, I do not know, if at that moment there had not come a welcome interruption.

I HEARD a confused medley of sounds outside and I turned to the windows. At the entrance gates I saw a great caravan arriving—the camels, with their strange gait, dragoman and beaters and servants, swarthy faced men with rifles, and hawk eyes peering above manes of their horses.

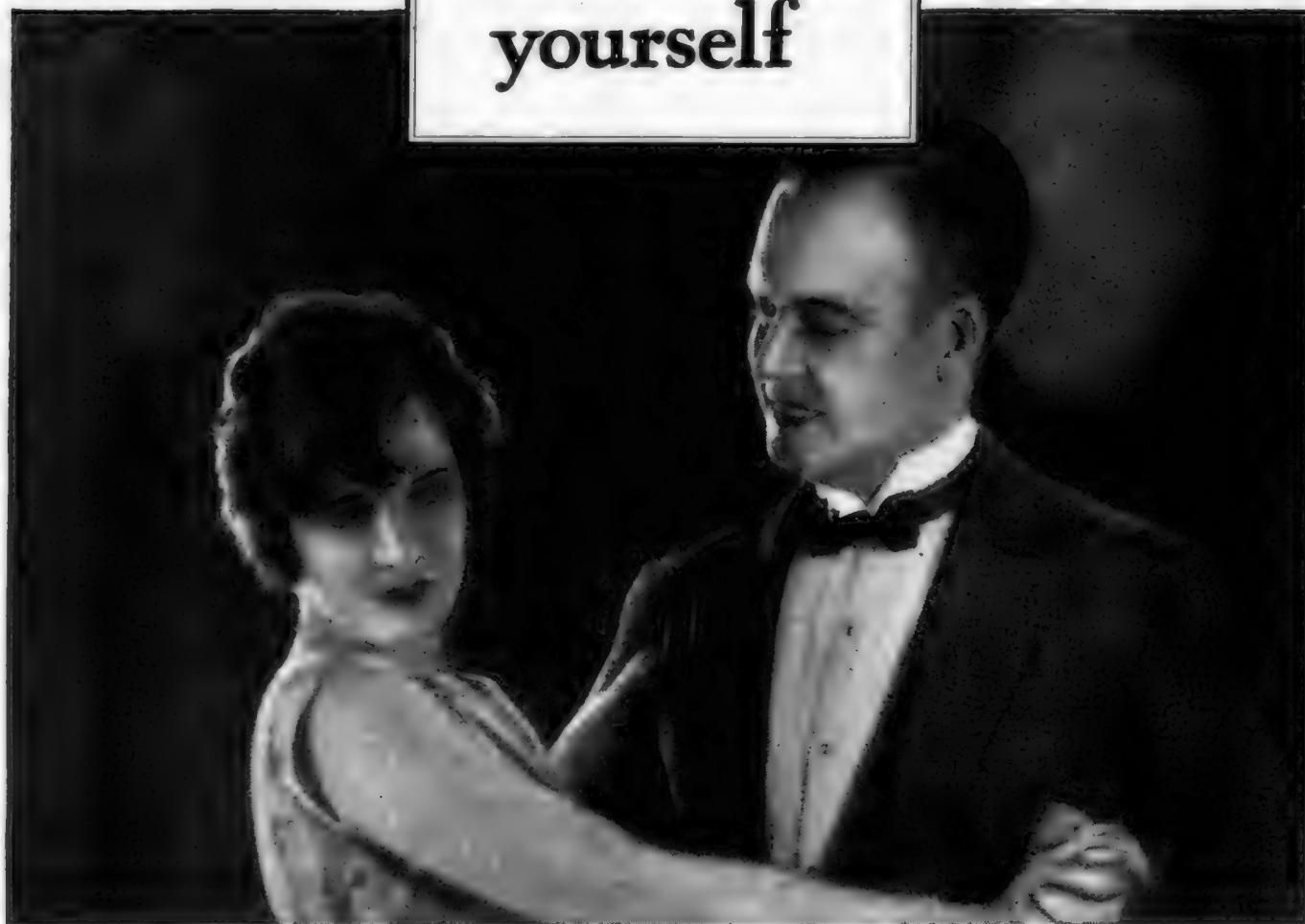
It was like a small moving city, equipped for any emergency. The reddish, snuff-colored camels showed the wealth of the master of all this. He evidently had many mercenaries of different races in his pay. I saw tall blacks, men in fezes, and proud Arab heads. These groups did not mingle and I wondered what power it was that kept them from open hostility.

Mules and horses were there in abundance, and I noticed a group of veiled women, who were already toiling with the docility of slaves over the task of making camp for the night.

The men themselves looked like a fighting contingent, fierce and proud.

Then at last I saw El Rani himself dismount, with the ceremony that always attends rank in the caste races. He walked

don't fool
yourself



It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any en-

$\frac{1}{3}$
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Face to face evidence

gagement with nice people. Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis and its antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

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slowly towards the house. A woman was at his side. They came up the veranda together. She was chattering away in French, protesting at something it seemed. He did not turn his head. It was as if he did not hear. The next moment Mohammed El Rani and his French companion entered the room.

I can never forget my first sight of the desert chieftain. He was a handsome, well-built man still under forty. In his robes and under the snowy burnous, I saw that his figure was muscular. His dark, Oriental eyes were glancing everywhere, seeing everything.

BUT as I stood hesitantly, Captain O'Neal sprang forward to make an introduction. El Rani's eyes swept over and through me. Then in a voice that was without a trace of accent, he murmured:

"Your hospitality is a kindness I cannot repay. If we may refresh ourselves for a day or two, you will have made us happy."

His voice was low, suave, purring. He seemed a strange contrast to the Irish captain of fortune who fought in his service. I ordered Ali to do everything to make him comfortable, and smiled in greeting at Mademoiselle Decasse.

She was a pretty woman, though her elaborate and diaphanous costume was hardly suited to the hardships of desert travel. Her eyes went from me to O'Neal and back again, and she bowed coldly.

Then my father arrived, and I was glad of the chance to escape and change my things.

In my own room my head whirled excitedly. The strange desert chieftain with his inscrutable face, the French girl, and the Irish captain filled my mind with speculation and curiosity. I thought of Burke O'Neal's words to me, and my cheeks burned. I felt unhappy and happy at the same time. Then I knew. I knew that unless I took care, I would fall in love with this Captain Burke O'Neal.

I'm not going to describe in detail the three days that followed. For one thing it would be impossible. Our quiet house seemed to have become an armed military camp. Innumerable men patrolled the grounds, or went out on scouting expeditions. There was enough noise and confusion for a small city.

But El Rani proved to be as gentle and considerate an official as my father could have hoped for. In his soft, low voice, he would condemn the ways of his own countrymen.

"I, too, am a follower of the prophet. But there is such a thing as honor and gentleness."

AND he would talk of his experiences in Europe and his education in England, which, he said, had given him his advanced ideas. In spite of his warlike followers, I believed that he was the soul of fairness and even goodness.

And that made it all the more remarkable that he was associated with a woman like Diane Decasse. It had not taken me many hours to discover she was obviously of the demi-monde, a selfish creature full of ruthless impulses. From a hundred signs it was only too clear that she belonged to El Rani, and again and again I puzzled over this fact. I felt there must be some mystery behind it all that I did not understand. It was difficult to believe that the gentle and dreamy Arab wanted this woman to accompany him to the interior.

Meanwhile, driven by some strange impulse, I did my best to keep out of Captain O'Neal's way. I wanted to talk to him, to be with him, more than anything in the world, and yet I never allowed myself to be alone with him. But always his eyes were on my face, his grim smile unchanged,

and my own mind was full of the things he said and did.

I was miserable and I didn't know why. Then at last came the third day, and I knew why I had been miserable. In the morning the caravan would march, and Captain O'Neal would go out of my life.

It was as if a hand had clutched at my heart at the thought. I knew I had kept away from Captain O'Neal, because if I hadn't I would have fallen in love with him, and I hated to surrender, hated to know that there would be no more strength in me, no more desire for anything, except him.

But now I knew there was one thing worse than that, and that was never having him at all. I thought back over my school-day crushes, and I felt as if at last I understood. I had always played at falling in love, and now when real love threatened, I had been afraid!

I HAD done a hundred skilful things to keep out of Captain O'Neal's way. Now my one desire was to find him, to be with him.

I was trembling but somehow I felt happier than I had been in my life. I left my room and hurried down the stairs.

El Rani was talking with my father in a corner of the living room. He smiled in his friendly way as I entered. There was no sign of Captain O'Neal so I went out of the house. But I saw only the servants of El Rani, busying themselves with their animals and their baggage, as if getting everything in readiness for the early morning start.

Then I thought to myself that perhaps my decision had come too late. Perhaps I could no longer interest the Irishman. For the last time I wondered if I wanted to. I thought of the life he would have to offer, if he did care for me. I thought of the hardships, the uncertainties of his way of living. It would not be easy for a man like that ever to settle down anywhere. In the end I knew that I would share hardships with him a thousand times more joyously than luxuries and riches with any other man.

Scarcely knowing where I was going, I had wandered through the date palms on to a path where there was a small cliff going down towards the sea. A notch in it made the descent easy. The next instant my heart leaped and then seemed to die within me at what I saw.

At the far end two figures were visible. One was Captain O'Neal, the other Diane Decasse. The Frenchwoman was in his arms and he was holding her close.

I really don't know what happened to me. I only know the figures blurred before my eyes, and a sick sensation came over me. I was terribly, bitterly jealous, and it was as if the light of the sun had gone out, leaving me in blackness forever. I couldn't think, but my soul seemed torn apart. I turned and went away somehow, went down by the blue water, that seemed to mock me with its blueness. And in my mind there was a kind of nothingness, a sense of hopelessness and despair. I guess I wanted to die. It was only then I knew how much I had cared.

I must have been there for hours, not moving. The soft sand carried no sound of footsteps, so that I started when a voice said almost behind me:

"At last. And it's a likely chase you've given me."

It was Captain O'Neal with his blue eyes and his grim, determined smile. I jumped to my feet, and started to go, but his hand shot out and caught my arm.

"No, my dear. Not this time. We're alone and you've got to listen to what I'm going to say."

"Let me go," I stammered. "Why should

I stay here? What is there to say to me now?"

"Very little, but that little's important."

His hand held me tightly. I ceased to struggle, but I could only meet his eyes with an unhappy look. Somehow I did not even try to disguise from him the way I felt. He said very quietly:

"Don't think I've not been watching, studying you, these few days. I knew when I first saw you I couldn't be mistaken. I'm a man of instinct and I follow my instinct. Eve, my dear, you've got to listen to something you'll think a bit strange."

HE PAUSED and drew breath before he went on. "I've had experiences enough—I'm not a greedy man. When I left Dublin, my father, God rest him, waved me farewell with his fist. He's gone poor man, and I'm the last. I'm thinking of a house on the rocky coast in Galway, an old house with an old tradition. It's there I'll be going when this trip's done. But the old house needs something besides a master. It needs a mistress, too."

"What has that to do with me?" I said.

"Don't fence with me, my dear. It's a waste of time. I don't want you to think I'm mad, but it's you of all the women in the world I want to marry."

"Why are you talking like this?" I asked.

"You don't think I take you seriously."

"I think you'll have to take me very seriously," he said.

"But a proposal from a man I know nothing about, from a man I've scarcely seen—and you expect me to say, yes."

"To say yes would save time," he said.

"Why, I think you're a little ridiculous, Captain O'Neal," I said. "I don't know what your real motive is. Only this proposal sounds a little funny to me—yes, that's it, funny! When I think of how only a few hours ago you were making love to—"

His face darkened, his grip on my arm tightened so that he hurt me.

"What you've seen you can forget."

"But I won't forget."

"I've told you the truth."

"How do you explain yourself and Made-moiselle Decasse. Did you ask her to share your house in Galway also?"

He looked very handsome when he was angry. "I'll not explain. I can't explain without injuring someone else, so you'll have to take what I say to you as the truth. There's no choice for you, Eve Marley."

"No choice?" I flung at him scornfully.

"Not even when I tell you I—I—"

Words of loathing were on my lips, but he would not listen.

"I don't care what you tell me," he said with a strange tenderness in his voice. "I'm going to have you, and some day you're going to love me."

ALL at once his voice became quieter. "Some day!" he repeated as if to himself. "There's no sense in wasting time. That was never my way. Oh, my dear, if you knew how much I loved you! I want you now, tonight. I'll take you away from here. We'll find a mission somewhere along the coast and we'll be married before midnight."

It was almost as if he were pleading with me. Except for what I had seen, I would have believed he truly loved me.

Then I laughed. I tried to laugh with scorn but it was really a kind of hysteria that shook me.

"Married—tonight?" I gasped. "You must be mad after all? Do you think even if I hadn't seen what I've seen, even if I liked you the least little bit, I'd marry you—like this—in a rush?"

"That's what I think!" he said grimly. Then he took a swift step, and the next instant had me in his arms. I struggled furiously, tried to cry out, and could not.

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I hated him so then I could very gladly have killed him.

But he held me in his arms, like a man who despises everything except his own will, and slowly he pressed his lips against mine.

I fought against him with all my might. "How dare you do this?" I said. "How dare you—why—why—"

But he interrupted my stammers of rage with a cool laugh. "Before you're through with me, my dear," he said, "you'll know there's nothing I don't dare. I said I was going to have you, and that's just what I meant. Do you think there's anything or anyone in the world who can prevent me?"

Then a kind of panic came over me, and I feared him more than I had ever feared anyone in my life. I seemed to have no strength left. In my fear I suddenly turned and ran as if for my life.

As I went shakily into the house, I came upon Mademoiselle Decasse, looking as fragile as a flower in a late Paris creation. She gave me a cool stare of hostility. El Rani, smoking a cigarette, in the corner, his melancholy eyes fixed upon nothing, smiled politely.

I went on up to my room, and sat for a long while trying to think. Would Captain O'Neal really try to take me away this evening? It seemed impossible, and yet I knew he was capable of that very thing. What could I do? What could I do? Here in this desolate, lonely place with only my father to protect me, I had no strength except my own, and I had already proof of how futile that was.

It was true that my father could not protect me. But the gentle and melancholy El Rani—why not appeal to him? A tide of relief surged over me at the mere thought. El Rani, with his advanced ideas, his attitude of chivalry towards women, would surely stand between me and the ruthless Irishman. It was a man of my own race I feared, a man of an alien race to whom I turned for help!

I almost ran down the stairs in my eagerness. My father had come in from a long day's work at the fishermen's huts. He looked tired, but I thought his face showed relief, as if he were glad that the strain of this unexpected visit was practically over.

I kissed him. Not for the world would I tell him the trouble I was in. I must fight my own battles. I merely asked him where El Rani was, but he could not tell me.

Going out into the cool, scented dusk, I saw the chieftain sauntering near the palisade where the animals were kept. With his head bent forward, he looked like some grave, dignified old prophet meditating upon profound things.

I hurried up to him. "Your excellency . . ."

He turned. "Ah!"

THEN I blurted out the whole story in a breath, telling him what had happened. His eyes narrowed and he seemed angry.

"So O'Neal has dared to do this thing! Don't be afraid! I'll see you have no trouble from him! Don't be afraid!"

"You'll speak to him?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I know him. The opposition would merely make him the more determined. No, I am a man of peace by inclination, and I use the methods of peace. There is only one thing that can be done."

"What is it?"

"You must hide and stay hidden until my caravan is gone and O'Neal with it."

"But I'm afraid," I said. "He might find me. I feel that he'd look everywhere for me and never rest until he'd found me."

El Rani smiled.

"That is true, if you hide without my aid. This is what I will do. Tonight, when you have made an excuse to your

father, I will send my bearer, Ahmed Kassim, with an armed escort to take you to a place I know in the desert. They will guard you, and keep watch. O'Neal can never find you. In three days they will bring you back. By that time O'Neal will have given up in despair."

"But—but why should you do all this for me?" I asked.

"It is nothing." He smiled gravely. "I would do as much for any woman. As for O'Neal I will deal with him later. The first thing is to secure your safety."

Standing there, with his tribal robes about him, he looked to me like some Eastern prophet, full of a wisdom that the European races can never know. I was a little in awe of him.

But now it seemed to me I had a friend. I hurried back to the house and hastily put together the few things I thought I might need for a three or four days' absence.

I WROTE a brief note, and left it in my father's room. When I came back to my own room, I saw a man standing in the corridor. He salaamed respectfully as I approached and I recognized him as El Rani's personal servant.

He whispered to me in Arabic:

"All things are ready. My master bids me urge you to waste no time."

I gave him the small bag in which I had put my things and made my way down the stairs. Ali was lighting the evening lamps. As I went to the door, Captain O'Neal came up the veranda steps. A deadly chill seemed to surround my heart.

I clenched my hands, but to my surprise he did not even speak to me. Only his eyes, full of quiet courage, fell upon me in the gloom.

Breathing a prayer at my escape, I went down the steps. Trying to pretend I was only taking a stroll, in case there were eyes that watched from the window, I approached the stockade.

El Rani was standing there like a statue, but at the sight of me he raised his hand. Instantly a figure stole from the darkness.

"This girl you will guard with your life, Ahmed Kassim," he said in his grave way.

"You have your instructions."

Then he bowed to me.

"I trust the time will not hang heavy on your hands. I am happy to have been able to do this little service for you. Now I must go. O'Neal is in the house and we must not be seen together."

Without another word, he turned and sauntered towards the house. Ahmed Kassim clapped his hands softly. I saw men coming out of the darkness that enveloped us, ponies with saddles on their backs and the gleam of rifle barrels. I mounted the one which Ahmed brought to me, and in a moment we were off.

I cannot easily forget that night. We rode without speaking, Ahmed keeping at my side, three riflemen in advance, three more behind us.

I was in a part of the country I had never seen before. I knew that mountain ranges lifted themselves in bleak austerity far away, but I could see nothing save the unbroken reaches of the desert.

On and on we went until I lost all sense of direction. The mystery and strangeness of the night surrounded me. My mind was full of many thoughts that I could not express and there still danced before my eyes the face of Burke O'Neal.

Somehow I felt sad, and wondered why. Was it the vast silence of the desert that caused the mood? I did not know. I had escaped a fate I feared and yet I did not feel triumphant or happy.

As we rode there came only the sound of the creaking leather, the jingling of the horses' bits. No word was spoken. Once I caught the roar of a desert lion, prowling

for his food, but the riders did not draw rein or swerve their course.

Then at last we made our way around a hill and close to some palms that promised an oasis, I saw a small structure, towards which we headed. In five minutes more, stiff and weary, I had dismounted from my horse. Ahmed led the way.

I stepped into a small room, handsomely furnished in the Oriental manner. Richly colored rugs hung from the walls, and there was a note of luxury in the furnishings. I sank down wearily.

"Is there anything that you desire?" Ahmed asked. I shook my head. I was too weary for anything except sleep.

The last sound I heard was the stamping of the tethered horses and the noise of my armed escort making camp. Then silence.

I HAD hardly finished dressing in the morning when one of the riders knocked and entered, bringing me a bowl of fragrant coffee and some of the unleavened, native bread. Having eaten, I thought I would go outside and see what sort of place it was that we had come to. The fact that a small house had been built here was in itself sufficient to astonish me. Judging from the distance we had traveled this must be an oasis off the main desert trails.

I opened the door, and stood still, startled. A tall man, with his rifle in his hand, was standing there. I recognized him as one of my escort of the previous evening. I attempted to make my way past him, but he thrust his rifle like a barrier between me and the doorway.

I grew angry and I said in Arabic:

"Let me pass. How dare you do this?"

He did not answer.

Then I ordered him to send Ahmed Kasim to me, and again he made no answer.

For a moment I stood there in bewilderment, before I slammed the door shut and went inside. Was I being kept a prisoner? It couldn't be that! It must be that this man had misunderstood his orders. No doubt Ahmed had directed the escort to watch and guard me night and day, and they had interpreted that command to mean that I must have no liberty.

I told myself I merely needed to be patient. Ahmed himself would certainly arrive soon, the man would be sent away, and everything would be explained.

But the hours dragged on and in spite of myself I grew nervous as well as puzzled. At noon the door was opened and food was brought to me, but it was not Ahmed who appeared; it was another one of the escort. I tried to question him also, but he would not answer. And outside my door, the guard still waited.

I DETERMINED that when the evening meal was brought to me, I would make one last, furious attempt to get at the truth. I would find out where Ahmed was, and what this imprisonment meant. I told myself I would be able to laugh at my vague, confused fears when I found out the real reason.

It was growing dark. I thought I heard sounds outside. Then the door was opened, and a figure stood there. In the dim light I could not make out whether it was Ahmed or someone else.

Whoever it was advanced slowly into the room, struck a match and lighted a candle, then faced me. I was looking into the eyes of El Rani!

For a moment my relief mastered even my surprise.

"They've kept me guarded all day long," I said. "I've been so frightened and worried. What has happened? Has Captain O'Neal—"

El Rani smiled. It seemed to me his eyes smouldered in the dull flare of the candlelight.

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"Captain O'Neal," he said, "is now some leagues away, endeavoring to find you. I saw to it that he received a false clue."

"But then why—why—" I began.

"Because I am here in his place," said El Rani softly. He came closer to me, and I shrank back.

"Do you think," he went on swiftly, "that I lack eyes? From the moment I saw you, I determined upon one thing only. I would make you mine! I waited. I did not show what I felt and thought. Then before I could strike, you gave yourself into my hands. It is the will of Allah!"

He laughed in a slow, cruel way, even as I cried out in horror. The man I had thought was an Eastern mystic was only an Eastern sensualist—crafty, unscrupulous, depraved, a thousand times worse than Burke O'Neal ever could be. I knew then that no appeal to his sense of pity could ever move the man before me.

Yet despairingly I did try to halt him in a flood of frightened, inchoate words.

"For God's sake," I begged, "I've done

you no harm. Can't you see that I'd rather die—"

"In my blood there moves the blood of a great Sultan," he said. "To him the slave traders brought women whose skins were bronze. They danced and sang for his delight. To him at last they brought a daughter of the Nazarenes, who was like ice in her white loveliness. She withstood him. But at last she bent to his will so that in the end she came to him as you shall to me."

"No! Oh, God! No!" I cried out.

"I will return to you in three hours," he said. "Meanwhile I will send in the women who will array you in the garments of my people and make your beauty more beautiful in my sight."

The next moment he had turned and left me. I jumped to my feet and paced the narrow limits of my cell. At least I had three hours—three hours in which to escape from the hands of a man whom I knew would stop at nothing. Could I somehow save myself? At least I would try.

It was maddening when I thought how my own readiness to trust a stranger had led me into this frightful prison. Can you imagine what my feelings were as I waited the slow passing of time? I was caught and there was no escape. How I longed for Flame O'Neal in that dark moment! In September SMART SET, I'll tell you more of my ordeal.

The Open Door to the Follies

[Continued from page 52]

that there are more of them, both natural and hand-tinted.

A really beautiful brunette is the rarest beauty on earth and when you find her, you don't need to worry about the blonde competition. Theatricality she is a treasure trove. The lights do not wash her out. Colors cannot harm her. Like any other rare thing she is worth any price it costs to get her. Out of the thousands of girls I see every season, less than fifty of that group will be brunettes worth considering.

The lovely red-haired girl is rare, too. Seldom is a red-haired girl found who is correctly assembled. Given the beautiful hair, she is quite sure to rate a freckled skin. Given a fair skin, she will have indefinite features. My wife, Billie Burke, is one of the perfect exceptions, a really beautiful red-haired woman.

I have one other exquisite Titian beauty, Peggy Blake, now under contract. But generally speaking, the red-haired girl lacks the sex appeal of the blonde and the dynamic beauty of the brunette.

NOW, contrary to general opinion, I do not consider a beautiful figure nearly so much a matter of measurement as a beautiful face. Figures, like love, are all things to all men. Some like them short and some like them tall. Some like them lean and some like them round. I aim to please. In my early managerial days, the girl of about five feet five and greatly over today's weight, was considered the chorus girl type. I introduced in my chorus both the very tall girls and the very small ones, the former to wear the clothes and the latter to do the dancing.

I use three types today—small, medium and large. The average-sized girl is average in her moods. Unless she has unusual beauty and personality, she is just so much girl-filler. Her type isn't so important theatrically, since the theater demands the unusual and the new.

The little girls and the tall girls are most important. The little ones have it a shade over the tall ones today because of the urge

for youth apparent everywhere. The little girls suggest childishness. Men think of them as babies and the girls often play the rôle. Who can blame them when one watches how beautifully they get away with it? But I know from observing them this is actually untrue.

THE small girls of any show are the workers. Aesthetically you can't make a tall show girl dance a Charleston or a Black Bottom. She would cease to be beautiful and become comic, but even if you could make her dance, she wouldn't.

It has been my experience that the tall beautiful woman thinks it enough that she is herself. The little girls are ambitious and humble. They work all the time. They give every bit of their energy to a show by night and their spare time during the day goes into studying, singing and dancing. The tall girl thinks she is doing very well by the company if she spends her spare time resting. A small girl won't stay out of the show for anything less than death. The tall girl will miss a performance for an excuse no more substantial than a piece of French lingerie. The long-legged darlings take to the spotlight like a gosling to a pond but their temperament ruins them for more than five years on Broadway, while many a little girl, driven by ambition, climbs to stardom.

Therefore, if you are less than five feet four you have a better chance with me than your taller sister has, even though she be more beautiful.

Yet one of the most successful and hard-working girls I ever had in the Follies was Dolores, who was five feet eleven inches tall. When I first saw Dolores, she was a model for Lucile, Lady Duff-Gordon.

I used to go to Lucile's for costumes for the Follies and I noticed that I invariably purchased the gowns one particular girl modeled. To be honest, I had never troubled to look at the girl herself. Yet I suddenly realized that every so often when I got away from Lucile's I had on my bill several gowns I didn't particularly desire simply because they had been shown me

with subtle artistry. Thinking it over I decided that was a triumph of the mannikin's personality and I went back to take a look at her.

Do you remember how Dolores looked in those days? She was like something carved out of white gold with those exquisite long limbs of her and that patrician cast to her small, round head, high-lighted by her ash gold hair and her perfect features. Lucile had discovered her in London and taught her how to wear clothes and how to walk, and it seemed to me then, as it has seemed to me many times since, that Dolores could make ordinary walking more beautiful than Pavlova could make the most involved ballet.

I TOLD Dolores I wanted her for the Follies. She replied that she was most eager to come but she felt she owed it to Lady Duff-Gordon not to desert her. So we compromised on her working for both Lucile and me, getting away from the dress-making shop only on matinée days.

Dolores actually kept it up for six months. She played in both the Follies and the Midnight Frolic, finishing her evening's work at two o'clock in the morning and then getting up early enough to report to Lucile at eight-thirty a. m. and model clothes all day. When her health began to break under the strain, I forced her to give up her former job.

She was getting more and more valuable to me daily. When Dolores came on the stage, she swept it clean of girls. There might be forty of them present but the audience had eyes for no one but her. But with all her success Dolores didn't lose her head. She always lived quietly and shunned night life. When she got ambitious to be an actress, I gave her her chance in "Sally." She made good and she would be with me yet if she hadn't married the charming and sufficiently rich Tudor Wilkinson. They selected Paris for their home and just as Dolores broke all the other rules of her type, so she was the exception here. She has lived happily ever after.

Yet there is one point I must not overlook. Dolores tried movies and she didn't screen at all. A face that is beautiful in the chorus is frequently no good at all before the camera. Such was the face of Dolores. When she left "Sally," I selected a striking-looking brunette for her part. She had a tendency to be fat and I considered her not at all in the class with the girl I had lost, but when that girl tried the movies, they went wild over her. She was Nita Naldi!

Girls are born beautiful. They acquire personality, develop good figures and can be taught to carry themselves beautifully. I consider none of those things real problems in my girl hunt, but I do wish someone would give me a good recipe for curing knock-knees.

EIGHTY percent of the American girls have knock-knees. I know whereof I speak. To get a chorus of twenty-four dancers whom I can line up straight across the stage and not have a pair of knock-knees among them is a nearly impossible task. Thighs to be beautiful should exactly touch each other and the knees should stay in their places, but in very few girls is this true. Their lower limbs will be beautiful but above the knees that open-work effect will start in and ruin an otherwise beautiful line.

And right here is another truth I've learned. Tall girls have good legs, medium girls have better and the little ones have the best.

Try yourself out in your bathing suit before a mirror. Touch your heels together and keep your toes in parallel lines, straight out before your heels. If in this position, you have one, unbroken line from hip to

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ankle, a smooth curved line that doesn't bulge, come to see me. I may hire you.

If your legs are good, all except these separating thighs, get yourself a bicycle and ride it and ride it hard. That is what I make my chorus girls do and it often develops the upper leg muscles sufficiently to overcome this fault.

With all my praise of the little girl I must say that she rarely can wear clothes. She is quite charming in a lack of clothes but you can't easily dress her up.

The revue producer today is facing something of a crisis. We have both overdressed and underdressed the girl shows. I believe I was responsible for the overdressing. A fashion parade of very beautiful girls, each wearing the dress most suited to her type, a dress cunningly designed to bring out every detail of her perfection in heightened splendour, was to me one of the finest sights in the world. Audiences thought so, too, until with their ever constant desire for novelty, they had worn off the edge of this thrill. What I had done with clothes, other managers imitated. So I took some clothes off the girls. Competition being fiercer and fiercer on Broadway, other managers began to outstrip me and almost before anyone knew it Broadway was going further in nakedness than Paris ever did.

I didn't like that and I do not believe the audience did either. This was not a moral standpoint on my part but an artistic one. I realized that a charming girl will not appear in public undressed. That is all there is to it, and attractive chorus girls, to be popular, need charm as much as any other woman. I had never had any of my girls appear entirely undraped, but as I watched the trend the theater was taking, I started, even hurried, away from the chiffon draped torsos. The American musical comedy audience does not want the atmosphere of the old burlesque shows.

THERE is so much of every girl visible on the streets that men do not need to sneak into darkened theaters for such sights any more. In fact, they are now coming into the theaters to get away from such sights. They are coming into the theaters looking for old-fashioned girls with charm. They are coming into theaters brilliantly lighted, and bringing their wives with them. It makes the responsibility of the producer and his girls much greater.

I have sat among the audience many times during the run of my latest musical comedy. I believe I have in the company ten of the most beautiful girls I have ever had under my management. I have a ballet of eight girls, each of whom is really a solo artist. There is not an extra short skirt or a bodiceless costume in the whole wardrobe. But listening to the comments of the audience I find the scene that gets them most is one in which the girls wear old-fashioned, full-skirted gowns, with the neckline cut straight across, so that it falls softly away from their beautiful shoulders.

What it really means is that girls, as girls, are no longer enough. Today a girl for the chorus, as for social life, must have personality, beauty and accomplishments.

If you are unknown and untrained but have beauty and personality enough, I will hire you. You will be taught enough during rehearsals of the first show to get by. But you will not stay "by" if you don't learn

anything further than that during the season.

A few years ago I hired a seventeen-year-old girl who had a flawless face and an absolutely perfect figure. She had been a model but otherwise had no training. I put her into the Follies, but the next season she was no longer among those present because she literally couldn't learn anything. I think she was willing enough and I know I tried hard enough but that gorgeous dumb bell simply couldn't absorb training.

THE first year it had been sufficient for me to bring her on the stage and let her stand around, but that wouldn't do for the second year. I tried to teach her to walk to sing a bit, even to take a few dance steps. As for speaking lines that was entirely out of the question. Absolutely all that girl had was her youth, her beauty, and a giggle. So the second season, she was standing around for a second manager and the third she was standing around for another. Now I observe she is getting fat.

So, if I hire you, you must work and you can't play except wisely. If you want to last with me, or any other manager, you must learn the technique of the theater.

Until very recently I have had, season after season, a girl in my show who started with me more than ten years ago. She married almost her first season with me. Her husband was not a millionaire but just a nice boy and she loved him. That is really mostly press agent talk about all Follies girls marrying millionaires or grand dukes. A very few do, but more do not.

But this particular marriage of which I write was a very happy one. The girl had a couple of children and she adored them. Her husband earned only a small salary, so year after year that girl worked for me. She was always on time, always obedient, always peppy. She studied dancing constantly. She worked so energetically she always stood out of the chorus ranks. In fact, a couple of seasons ago I had to go to her and tell her not to work so hard. It gave her away. No youngster would have been more conscientious.

Untrained, unknown, if you get into the Follies, you will see much of the world, the world of glamour, light, wealth and beauty.

I shall try to make you keep the sunburn off your back in summer, but there I shall probably fail, and anyway I won't be too hard on you about that for a healthy girl is more charming than an anemically pale one. Once in the Follies you may get your millionaire or your contract with the movies, or you may not, but either way you'll get a chance at them. And whatever else may be said of a Follies girl's life, I know that you will not find it monotonous.

Look in your mirror and examine your features. Too small, delicate ones are not so good. They have to be a bit large for the stage. The parlor type is not the dressing room knockout. Develop your figure correctly but keep your weight down. Learn to walk. Study dancing and singing. If possible, have brains. Leave off your make-up if you're coming to see me. Have a clear skin with natural roses in your cheeks, and don't be more than sixteen.

With that equipment, come to see me. You have a ten thousand to one chance of getting into Follies. I may hire you or I may not, but either way I shall be glad to see you.

DO WOMEN run their homes efficiently? Some men seem to think they don't. Maybe some women will agree that they don't. Why shouldn't home work be organized so that it can be done without friction and without loss of time? If you read the article, "Why Women Become Household Drudges," in an early issue of SMART SET, you will see how a system can be put in operation and what will be gained by it. Every wife, especially the young wives, will profit by reading this.

The Real Diary of a Real Girl

[Continued from page 49]

of a husband. I'm buying one hundred and fifty dollar dresses and having them put on the bill at two hundred dollars and getting the fifty dollars difference in cash from Madame Louise.

"And the worst of it is that it's all my money anyway. He didn't have a cent when I married him. He borrowed four thousand dollars from me the week before the wedding. About two weeks after the wedding, I asked him for it. What do you suppose he said? He said 'Woman, you are money mad.'"

"He was only a Broadway sport when I married him and I was the widow of one of the finest business men in Ohio. I helped my first husband build up his business. But Tom won't live with me unless I let him handle all the money. He says I'm extravagant."

AND then they began arguing about which one of them would allow the other one to pay the check. It came to one dollar and thirty cents, but you'd think to hear them talk that that check just then was the important thing in the world.

There's one place, I think, where the average man has it all over the average woman. Of course there are plenty of energy-wasters among the men too, but I've noticed that the less energy either men or women waste arguing and fretting about the little things, the more they have left to handle the big stuff with. I know that little me isn't going to waste any more than she really has to. Concentration on the big league stuff. Book, that's the answer to success. Let the chips and the nickels and the dimes fall where they may.

But we aren't all alike and these fat dames behind me kept on stalling about the check with the bad news on it till the one that had been yessing the other one pulled a line that almost made me take a bite out of my tea glass.

She piped "If you insist, Mrs. R——."

Of course, whoever at a table does most of the talking ought to have the common decency to pay the check, anyway, but the thing that gave me such a shock was the name "Mrs. R——." I'd bumped into something. A little while back the rich widow from Ohio who had been hooked and hung over the side of the boat by the slicker she called a Broadway sport had referred to that bimbo as Tom. Tom R——.

Tom R—— is a dark, slick-haired, slender young guy whom Providence must have intended to be a piano-player for a woman single in vaudeville. He's just the type. The accompanist may be getting seventy-five dollars a week and the woman single may be getting two thousand five hundred dollars but the cock-sure boy at the ivories always looks at the headliner as if he's saying to himself: "She's fair, pretty fair, for a woman."

It is a sure bet that even if I accept Mr. G——'s proposition and ease myself into that stone-lace fronted house that he owns in East Sixtieth street I am going to have some time for matinees. He won't expect me to sit there all the time keeping a light burning in the window for him. And if he does expect anything like that he is going to be out of luck. If I'm going to be the bird in his gilded cage, he's going to find out that my wings are far from broken. I intend to fly out when I please and where I please and as long as I please. There won't be any trouble about that. When they get as old as G. Mortimer they've learned the only way they can get along with a girl is to let the girl have her days off

whenever she wants them. The only women that are expected to be on the job all the time are wives.

Well, I can learn a lot from Mr. G—— besides adding to my back account and being able to take a flyer in the Street now and then on Chappie's inside tips. And I can teach a lot to Tom R——. Mr. G—— will pay me for learning and that well-fixed young tightwad Tom R—— will pay me for teaching. Not bad.

I'm in so good here at Mr. G——'s hotel that they wouldn't dream of letting an ordinary bell-hop wait on me. They always send the bell-captain. He's got that wise discreet look that all seasoned bell-hops get and like all of them he's a gambler.

When he brought up the evening papers tonight he gave a little cough and an understanding look and he said: "I see where Jimmy H—— is matched to fight Jack Spain. It'll be a whale of a battle."

"Who'll win?" I asked, trying to make the question sound careless.

"My money goes on Jimmy," he said. "He never quits."

I wonder.

Later—I can't sleep and there's no use trying. I've taken a hot bath. I've drunk hot milk. I've counted sheep. I've said that old rigmarole "Sleep, sleep, sleep," about a thousand million times. I've sat in this tenth-story window and tried to count all the miles and miles of lights, like a parking-place for the stars, but it's no use.

August 28—Book, I've been untrue to you for twenty-two days. But I got oodles and oodles to tell you now.

How do you like your new home? You like it? So do I. I've never been inside anything as grand as this, let alone living in anything like it. But as per usual it is not one hundred per cent. Darned if I think that there's a single solitary thing in this whole wide world that ever comes up to our anticipations. I've known for a long time that nothing is ever quite so good or quite so bad as we think it is when we're going through it. And now living in this fairy palace in Sixtieth street, I'm getting it proved to me that the only things we really value in this world are the things we've lost or the things we hope to get. Especially the things we've lost. Oh, Jimmy!

TO BEGIN with there was a catch connected with this house business which I might have expected knowing men are what they are. Mr. G—— is not giving me this house outright. He'd like to but he can't. All he can do is what he's doing—let me live in it as if it was my really truly own and have the household bills paid by him and all the clothes and stuff I want and charge accounts and a checking account and him.

He don't camp here, thank heaven, but being no entire fool he expects something for his money. So far, all he's asked for is my companionship and what good that does him I can't see because I get so tired when he keeps talking and talking I can hardly keep my eyes open. He's real interesting though when he talks about his hotels. So's anybody else when they talk about something they actually know something about.

He still lives in his suite in the hotel and always phones me an hour before he comes up here. He thought that was his idea, but it was mine and I jockeyed around with it till I got him thinking it was his. We drive and go to shows and he talks and talks and talks and sometimes he plays the wonderful pipe organ that's in this house and sometimes he plays the grand piano and I sing



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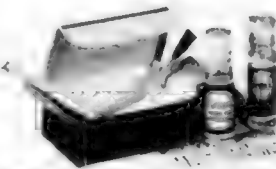
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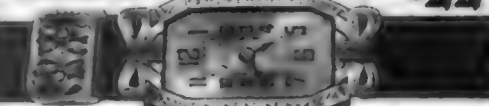
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for him. I bet I could marry him if I wanted to.

Get that, Book? If I wanted to. According to some law of business I don't understand, he can't give me this house for my very own but if I married him all his relatives put together couldn't prevent me from having a big interest in everything he owns, and he owns plenty. I could make him settle a bunch of money on me before we even got married. Being like every man that ever lived, he'd come through more generously before he got me than afterwards.

And he wants me. I guess they never get too old to react to "IT."

He's been hinting around that maybe if he hired private detectives they could get the goods on Laurence and I could divorce him in this state and if they couldn't get the goods, which I know they couldn't, there being no goods to get, I could go some place else and establish a residence for six months and get a divorce on the ground of desertion. Of course that desertion thing wouldn't be strictly on-the-level because Laurence, the weak sister, wouldn't have deserted me any more than a cat would have deserted a bowl of milk unless I had thrown him right out of his own flat. But Mr. G— has stacks of money and Laurence is broke so maybe the wise lawyers can find a way to get me my divorce somewhere, somehow.

I'm having a real theater built in this house. It'll only seat sixty people but it's going to have a perfect stage like in a real theater and I'm going to hire actors and give shows and maybe be in them myself. But I don't know who'll come to see them except a bunch of well-dressed bums who will go anywhere where they can get something free.

It will be done by the time Mr. G— and I get back. We're going on a motoring trip through the Berkshires.

September 18—We're back.

September 20—Whoever said they'd rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave was cuckoo. Just plain cuckoo! But they'd have been just as cuckoo if they'd said they'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling. It's only another of those fool sayings that people get into the habit of using because they've heard them so often. If they ever stopped to think what they really mean, or if they mean anything, they'd stop using them.

But the prize lie of the lot is "Love makes the world go round." Ha! Ha! I tell you, Book, what makes the world go round. Brains! You and I don't know whose brains they are or what kind they are, but they're brains all right all right. Why, you can't even drive a taxicab around a corner on love. You got to use your noodle.

WHICH is what I'm trying to do with Mr. G—. I sure am doing it with that lowest form of human life, Tom R—the promoter. I got him rolling over and playing dead already and Mr. G— don't even know I know him.

Here comes the man of it again. Mr. G—, being an old guy, thinks I ought to be an old man's darling. Tom R—the false alarm, being a young guy, thinks I ought to be a young man's slave. Neither of them really in his heart gives a hoot what I think. But I give a hoot. I give several hoots.

As long as I let the men run the love department and I stick strictly to running my own little brains department I don't have to be any old man's darling and I don't have to be any young man's slave. I can make fools of all of them. The crazier they are about me the more fools I can make of them.

I am doing one swell job with Tom.

I'm giving him a course of treatment he never had before. And I'm doing it for

reasons I never had before. I'm doing it for hate and I'm doing it for sympathy. My first appearance in either part. I've never been much of a hand at really hating anybody and I've never been much of a hand at fighting other peoples' battles for them. But after hearing what a lot of girls had to say about Tom R—and then on top of that listening in on what his fat wife was saying about him, I'm out to make him a horrible example of a husband who should never have left home.

I'm having a bunch of fun out of it and although the cash register is in the back ground temporarily, Bookie, my old friend Book, it's there, it's there.

I haven't done so bad already. I've got a dinner ring, diamonds set in platinum, that Mac, the pawnbroker by special appointment to the theatrical profession, told me he'd give me eight hundred and fifty dollars on any day. Mac is Irish but he's such a good business man, he could be elected Mayor of Jerusalem and if he'd lend eight hundred and fifty dollars on stones those stones are worth about double.

AND they got one advantage over the fur coat Maizie chiselled out of the same marble-hearted promoter. I can wear those stones even on hot September days without feeling like I was carrying around the Fleischmann Turkish Baths.

I nailed Tom R—with one of the oldest gags known to the mind of man.

I got him to telling me how his wife didn't understand him. Imagine! And he thinks he's smart.

He misses being in that class by a mile, but he sure qualified himself for another class the first time we had a real long talk. He is a first-class genuine cad in good standing in the Cads Union and he carries his working card with him all the time. His mouth.

If a man will talk about one woman he'll talk about another so it was no surprise to me to hear him pan Maizie along with his wife. Of course Maizie, having her fur coat can't be so much annoyed as to give a second thought to anything he says about her. She probably figures, like I'd figure, that after he'd said "Yes" when she asked him for the coat, he was at perfect liberty to go ahead and use any or all of the other words in the dictionary any way he wanted to. To us girls the word "Yes" is music. It makes just as much of a hit with us as the word "No" fails to make with a man.

But Maizie and a man's wife are two different things. Maizie lost her amateur standing a long time ago.

I sent for Chappie. I had him come right up here to the palace in Sixtieth Street.

The marble bench in the hall, the grille door, the pictures, the Chinese rugs, the vaulted ceilings, the servants, the whole works almost knocked his eye out.

"You've got a swell hut," he said, speaking low so none of the troupe of performing butlers and second men and housemen and maids and chauffeurs could hear him. "It's too bad it ain't completely furnished."

"It's got more furniture in it than there is in Grand Rapids," I said. "It's got everything."

"Everything?" Chappie asked me. He raised those trick eyebrows of his and with those little spots of lights shining in his eyes that makes everybody like him, he said:

"I don't see it here so I suppose you keep it upstairs."

"Keep what upstairs?" I asked him.

"Old man G—'s invalid chair."

I guess he thought that would get a giggle out of me but it didn't. I wouldn't let him or anybody else talk to me about Mr. G—and I'm not even married to him. That's another difference between me and that dark-haired Tom R—.

But when I told Chappie what I wanted him to do he was game.

He's awfully accommodating and he really likes people. I suppose that's one reason so many people like him and stand for murder from him.

I KNOW darned well if I didn't like him I wouldn't always be playing the market on his tips. And he told me it was dead safe for me to take on Tom R— whom he's got no use for.

"This is one of the times when you can go the route," he told me just before he said good-by. "The cashier at Gray's hotel has one of R—'s checks. It's a rubber one and it bounded back marked 'No Account.' Which is a state's prison offense. R— has tried to make good the check—he's got plenty of money now though he was broke when he gave it—and the hotel people told him they lost it with a lot of others. They didn't lose any of them. That foxy old cashier is having them held in case any of the check-passers ever do anything he don't like. The way I get it Tom R— has been in Dutch with them ever since some fight at the hotel.

"So if there is a jam, which there needn't be, R— will be afraid to stir up any trouble. He hasn't got any way of proving it, but he's pretty sure that his state's prison check is still in the cashier's drawer ready to jump out and bite him."

"And how do you know all this?" I asked this human bureau of information.

He lifted his queer little eyebrows and

gave me one of his crooked smiles and shrugged his shoulders and said "How do I know anything? For instance how do I know absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

With that silly remark he went away. But when I got to thinking it over it wasn't so silly after all. It was Chappie's way of telegraphing me that he knew Jimmy was still in my mind.

WELL, he is, God bless him, but he don't know anything about women and Chappie does. Chappie knows so much about them that he don't take them seriously.

He pretends to but he doesn't and this cad of an R— pretends he doesn't but he does. A woman can't fasten herself on a man like Chappie because he blocks every lead she makes. (I've been reading the sporting pages, Book, and getting a little thrill every time I see Jimmy's name.) but a man like R— is duck soup for a woman that uses her brain.

He's so anxious to add my scalp to his belt that he believed all the lies Chappie told him about me having a terrible quarrel with Mr. G— and secretly yearning for a man friend I could trust. No nonsense about love. Just friendship.

He volunteered and the friendship bluff lasted until the night Mr. G— was in Boston and half a dozen of my old girl pals from the revue and their Johns and Tom R— and I all went down to one of the John's country places on Long Island to go swimming in the moonlight!

YES, as my diary shows, I really did want to go swimming that night. It was beastly hot and to get into the water was the only sensible thing to do. But I didn't want Tom R— to see me as just one of a bunch, wet and bedraggled. So he and I parked ourselves at a table and I played the game I had in mind for all I was worth. The stuff Tom drank helped. I remained stone sober because I was working on a definite plan and I was determined that I wouldn't fail. So I played him for all I was worth without the least intention of weakening. Oh, well it's all set down in "My Real Diary of a Real Girl," and you will see in September SMART SET what I was up to and how this slick-haired chappie fell for it.

Have You Got IT?

[Continued from page 25]

and only those who have been able through strength of character to remain untouched by the miserable turmoil still possess the magic quality.

No one who is easily disturbed can have "IT." No snobs or climbers have it. The very fact of their being out to put over something which they know is not real destroys their magnetism.

I have never encountered two more perfect specimens of "IT" than, as I said before, the Prince Gritzko in "His Hour," the dashing lover kind, and a Roman Catholic priest, the silent kind, who ministered to the soldiers in the trenches and laid down his life for them.

Prince Gritzko in the book, and in the movie, was a real character drawn from life. I knew the original intimately in the Russian Court in the old days, and he literally fascinated every man, woman and child he came in contact with.

To show how far away from sex appeal "IT" can be, the priest was the noblest, purest soul I have ever met. He had been a cavalry officer and great grief, caused by his own ungovernable temper, had broken his life in the world and turned him to service for humanity. You felt his magnetism

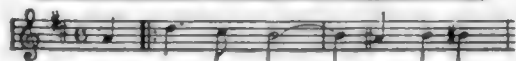
the moment he entered your presence. You felt you would do anything in the world he told you to. You felt deep devotion and profound interest. You felt that you must be noble and good and rise to the stars because of his example. The soldiers adored him and he died ministering to their hurts of body and spirit.

Of women who possess "IT" I have met only one who was a perfect example. There would be no use in my saying her name because she was not a public character, but men would have died for her and some of them did.

She remained totally unconscious of her own charm and quite indifferent to it. She suggested perfect truth, aloofness, personality and untameableness.

Of public characters, Sarah Bernhardt, when young, I am sure must have had "IT." Duse certainly had. A little woman who kept a canteen during the war right up at the front, had "IT." She was thirty-five and not pretty, but her influence was like a magic spell.

The salient points of "IT" are self-confidence, unselfconsciousness, magnetism, and strong personality. Can these things be obtained? Think about it.



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I Don't Like His Family

[Continued from page 71]

make the gentleman, and neither does birth and breeding. The truest gentleman I ever knew was an old New Hampshire farmer whose hands were knotted and grimy from his years of struggle with the soil. That gentleman could tell the lords and ladies of society any number of things about hospitality and good manners and consideration and honest living.

But about telling your family, I don't know just what to say. So much depends on your own strength of character and determination. I'd like to see you take your curly headed Jim by the hand and march him straight into the living-room and invite them to stay away from your wedding if they don't like him. Sometimes a chip on the shoulder is good in an offensive. But you say you lack courage, and in that event the easiest and safest way I suppose is to slip off some day and marry Jim and send them the usual wire, although that would give them a chance to call Jim a lot of pet names that won't sound sweet.

You might tell them, too, that Clarence Mackey's father was an ordinary coal miner out in California and that Cornelius Vanderbilt's grandfather ran a ferry from New York to Staten Island and that the Astor family started business in a little coffee shop down on the river front. I have no doubt that a little research would reveal a plumber-skeleton in the closet of some member of the four hundred, and I'll bet he wasn't even a boss plumber, like Jim.

I WONDER though, Ethel, if your people are really as high-hat as you think. Perhaps it's all a pose. Maybe they'd be tickled to death to have a first class plumber for a son-in-law if they knew it meant your happiness. If I were you I'd feel them out. Maybe your Dad would welcome Jim's suggestions about his plumbing and it would not surprise me if Jim's foolish jokes and slang expressions gave your mother a big laugh. That's what the world wants, something to make it laugh. That's what you need, too. Quit taking yourself so seriously, Ethel. A hundred years from now who's going to know or care whether you married a well-bred artist or a humble plumber? Who's going to care whether Jim ever made a faux pas? Back of his foolishness is something vital and strong and young and healthy.

Don't try to change him, Ethel. Take him "as is" or leave him. You wouldn't like him if he were any different, now would you? Isn't it just his simple ways and his high-hearted nonsense and his laughing eyes and his curly hair and his ambition to be the world's best boss plumber that make you love him?

Speaking of love, there's a little girl down in Pineville, Kentucky, who signs herself "Mollie", and Mollie is terribly in love. But Mollie is also terribly unhappy and discouraged; the whole of Pineville seems against her. Even her family can't understand that love at seventeen is just as beautiful and important as it is at thirty.

Dear Martha Madison:

Although I am only seventeen I am terribly in love with a boy eighteen and he has asked me to marry him. I was in love once before, too, but the man married another girl and now I feel that this boy has taken his place in every way. I know I would be happy with him until I died.

We are both in high school and he is a very nice boy, but my family is always quarreling with me about him. People carry tales to my mother and of course she believes them. She tells me she hasn't any confidence in me, so the way I feel is,

"What's the use?" I am trying to make up my mind to leave home and never return because life is so unpleasant. Don't you think I have a right to? Mollie, Pineville, Ky.

It isn't a question of whether you have a "right" to leave home or not Mollie but whether it will make you any happier. Running away from home won't mean freedom. You'll have to go to work and you probably couldn't make more than ten dollars a week and you could never live on that. You'd be miserable and sorry you ever did it.

I think that you would find greater happiness in proving to your mother that she can have confidence in you by telling her all about this boy you love and bringing him home for her to meet. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I assume that you have been meeting him outside your home and naturally when the townspeople see you doing that they suspect the worst. And then they talk, and when your family hears these stories they aren't as angry as they are afraid that there may be truth in them and that you will get a bad name that will keep nice boys and girls away from you.

Every girl your age should think of marriage and learn those little things that make the good wife. But you really are too young to get married, Mollie, because marriage means responsibility and you're not fitted for that yet.

So have your good times with this boy but go on through school and let him do the same. If your love is real you won't lose by waiting. And if you play fair with yourself and your sweetheart and your family, people will stop carrying tales. You'll see.

Most of you boys who write to me want to know how to get better acquainted with the girls you like. But consider Leland. He's too well acquainted with his girl. And what chance, I ask you, has a boy got to be romantic with a girl who insists on treating him like a brother?

Dear Martha Madison:

I am in love with a girl I have known all my life. We are both twenty-two and have always been the best of friends. I have told her I love her but she says I only like her and that although she thinks a lot of me she doesn't love anybody.

What can I do to prove to her that it is real love I feel and not just friendship, as she claims? Leland, Williamstown, Md.

THERE'S such a thing as knowing a person too well. To her you are probably still the little boy she used to play hide-and-seek and prisoner's base with. But it is an encouraging sign that when she put away her dolls and picked up a powder puff she still wanted to be with you.

Ordinarily I hate tricks, Leland, but this time I think you must resort to one. Instead of telling her how wonderful she is and how much you love her, show her that you find other girls attractive, too. Be a little independent and take some other girl out. I don't say that this will immediately arouse her jealousy and make her fall in love with you, but if there is a spark of genuine love there it will bring it out. And, who can tell, you might like the other girl better.

There's something about Annie's letter that's awfully real and honest. Perhaps it is because she, herself, is so real and honest when she praises the man she loves and holds up her own failings in contrast. And perhaps that's why, in spite of her affliction, she has found real love.

Dear Martha Madison:

I am a school teacher and am fairly good looking, but when I was a child I had infantile paralysis and now I limp. In spite of my physical handicap I have won the love of a splendid young man. He is well educated and comes from a wealthy European home while my people are poor and I was brought up on a farm in Canada. This man has a good position and loves me devotedly. But I hesitate when I think of marriage as I feel that because I am a cripple I am not good enough for him. My social standing is so far below his, too.

There are two girls in Europe who write to him and both of them would be glad to marry him, I know, but he says he loves only me. If I marry him, Mrs. Madison, do you think some day he will regret marrying a cripple? Annie.

IF HE'S going to regret marrying you, Annie, he's more likely to regret it because your hair is light instead of dark or because your temperaments clash or because he dislikes responsibility or any one of a number of unexpected things. It takes more than a twisted foot to kill love and more than social standing to keep it alive.

The thing that will keep him forever yours lies deep in your soul. He never sees it, only the manifestation of it. He sees it when you are gentle and kind and sweet and affectionate and motherly. He sees it in your hesitancy to marry him because of your affliction and your humble parentage. It's a spiritual quality you have, Annie, that not many girls have, and my honest and earnest advice is to go ahead and marry the young man and try always to keep him happy.

I don't want to discourage any of you by publishing Mrs. H. G. F.'s letter, but what has happened to her could easily happen to you and I think you should be prepared. Mrs. H. G. F.'s husband is no better or worse than other husbands and this little wife is simply a modern American girl who rushed into marriage without much thought.

DEAR Martha Madison:

I have been married almost two years and I am nineteen and my husband is twenty-nine. I wanted to make a success of my marriage because everybody said we shouldn't get married because he was too old for me. But I'm afraid I have failed.

There are two things we just can't agree on. One is dancing and the other cigarettes. Before we were married my husband was dance crazy and so was I and I thought that when we were married we would be happy together because we liked the same things. But now it is impossible to get him to take me dancing. He says he had enough of that before we were married. Once he told me to go without him if I wished, so I went with my sister and her fiancé and he didn't speak to me for three days. I didn't try that again.

About the cigarettes. I have smoked them about four years and before we were married he knew about it and approved. But now he flies into a rage if he sees me with a cigarette. I can't understand such a complete turn around.

Please don't think I'm a giddy little fool. I'm not. All I want is some of the pleasure my other married friends are enjoying.

Just for a minute, little wife, forget the injustice of the thing and the change in your husband and what your married friends are doing, and ask yourself this question: "What do I want most in the world?"

If your answer is cigarettes and dancing and good times, take them and let your husband go.

But if your answer comes back, as I think it will, "To make a success of my marriage," then let the other things go and hold on to your husband.

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Certainly, if a woman doesn't *care* how she looks, that is her privilege; smug complacency, lazy indifference, willful ignorance, doubt—some one or all of these keep commonplace, many faces that could be beautiful.

But the woman who *does* care is cheating herself, if she thinks that all her

face requires is a little dab of creams, rouge and powder.

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Indeed I don't think you're a giddy little fool. If I did I'd give you one of my best and fiercest curtain lectures and tell you that you're all wrong and your husband is all right. You're both pulling against each other. I hate the expression "a good heart to heart talk," but if you could get down to one it would do a lot of good. I'm certain you and your husband aren't so stupid that you can't discuss a thing quietly and sensibly without arguing and getting hurt or angry. It's just that you must both give in.

If the sight of you with a cigarette annoys him so terribly, smoke where he won't have to look at you. He doesn't care to go out dancing as he used to, so don't insist. If it's just dancing you want, have your friends come to the house or go to their houses. In a small town like yours it's always easy to fix up parties at home and nearly everyone has a victrola or radio these days. You can invite them for an evening of cards but it's almost certain to wind up with dancing.

You see, Mrs. F., you want your own way all the way. Nobody gets that. The best we get is a compromise. The whole of life

know a little more about the circumstances of his marriage. I'd want to know why he married his wife and how they lived and why they separated. I'd want to know more about his plans for getting a divorce.

But I'd trust him too, Betty, and I'd be patient and give him plenty of time so he wouldn't feel he was being rushed into marriage again. I'd rather take a chance of wasting my youth on a man I adored, even if he wasn't worth it, than to give my whole life to someone perhaps more steady and settled but whom I didn't love as much.

Don't be afraid, Betty. All of life is a game of chance. It's a grab bag and you don't know till the bag's empty whether you've won or lost.

Fifty years from now Maxine would probably be considered a little prig, a throw-back to the silly old days when "men proposed and women disposed". Right now, however, I fear she's a bit too radical. Men still like to think that they are the aggressors in this business of love.

Dear Martha Madison:

I am twenty-one years of age and am insanely in love with a man twenty-three. I have loved him for three years and at

Martha Madison Prize Winners on "The Danger Line"

HARD to recognize and difficult to avoid. That is the general tenor of the letters written to Martha Madison about the danger line for girls. Don't spoon—at least not with the man you love. When the right man comes along—be careful. That's what these writers advise and they base their statements on experience.

The first prize was awarded to a married woman in Martinsburg, W. Va. In spite of the excellence of these letters lack of space makes it impossible to publish them, but the prize winners follow:

First Prize, V. B., Martinsburg, W. Va.

Second Prize, A. F., Bakersfield, Calif.

Third Prize, I. G., Cincinnati, Ohio

Five \$1 Prize Winners

M. E. B., Beverly, W. Va.; V. H., Phoenix, Ariz.; M. L. W., Rocky Mount, N. C.; A. S., San Bernardino, Calif.; M. C., Mobile, Ala.

is a compromise. So why not try it instead of fretting and fussing and giving your friends a chance to say "I told you so!"

It takes a stout heart and a world of patience to gamble your life and love on a man who isn't free. Betty can tell you all about that. Betty says:

Dear Martha Madison:

I have been engaged to a young man for several months and I know that he loves me just as dearly as I love him. He has recently told me that he is married but has not lived with his wife for over a year. They are not divorced but he promised to see about getting one immediately. As far as I can see, however, he is no nearer a divorce than when he first told me of his marriage.

Am I right in wasting my youth waiting for him to get a divorce? Am I foolish to plan a bright future for us when I do not even know his grounds for divorce and whether he can get it? I love him as I can never love another man but I am afraid. What would you do? Betty.

What would I do, Betty? I'd want to

times I know he returns my love, but he has never proposed. And yet I am sure he wants me to be his wife. Should I ask him to marry me or wait? Maxine.

I'LL tell you something, Maxine, that will probably surprise you. Girls propose to men every day in the year! And the men accept. But wait! I don't mean that literally. A few girls have said: "Will you marry me?"—just as bluntly as that. But there's a more delicate method that's almost certain to succeed, provided the man really loves her.

When a girl shows a man she's thrifty and saving and knows how to cook and is neat and practical he knows she'd make a good wife. When she shows him that she has a nice disposition, is unselfish, doesn't break dates with him or flirt with his friends and is affectionate and yet good, then he knows she'd probably make a good wife for him.

When they talk of marriage and she deplores divorce and says money isn't necessary to happiness and that she loves chil-

dren and doesn't see why married people have to quarrel, he begins to think about proposing.

And then, some night when they're alone and it's quiet and he tells her how beautiful she is and how much he loves her, and she tells him how wonderful he is and how she adores him and everything is just right between them—he does ask her to marry him. He couldn't tell you after how it all came about, but he's absolutely positively certain that he did the proposing. But the girl knows how it happened; only she doesn't tell him.

And then, Maxine, if she was honest and meant all the things she said, their married life will be happy. And that's how it's done.

I DON'T think Jeannette is going to be very pleased with my answer to her letter because I have had to differ with her on all the way through. But Jeanette and I have corresponded before and I know that when she asks for advice she wants only the truth:

Dear Martha Madison:

I came to you for help a month ago and received it, and it may surprise you to know that in consequence I am now engaged to be married in June. I guess you're thinking my troubles must all be over but I'm sorry to say something else has come up that makes it necessary for me to ask your advice again.

My fiancé comes from a little town in Minnesota and he wants me to go up home with him and meet his family, but I don't think I should go alone. At the same time I don't like to force my mother on them for the week-end because their house is so small. Is it necessary for me to meet his parents before marriage? And is it proper for me to go alone with him? They live only a few hours' bus ride away.

Then here is something else. Joe has to go away on a business trip and he doesn't want me to go out with other fellows although he knows they are only good friends. I think it is foolish for him to be so narrow. Don't you? I have tried to reason with him but he won't listen and I love him so much I don't want to argue with him. I hope, Mrs. Madison, that I won't have to bother you again, but I do sincerely thank you for what you have done.

Jeanette, Excelsior, Minn.

I AM so happy that things have turned out well for you and Joe and I hope you will always write me whenever you think I can help. It's funny how near I feel to you when I have never seen you, but do you know, Jeanette, the minute I opened your last letter a vivid picture of you rose up before me. Maybe it doesn't look at all like you but it just goes to show what real friends we are.

I don't see why you shouldn't go along with Joe to visit his family although it would be a little more cordial if his mother were to drop you a note. But I wouldn't hold out for that, Jeanette. The thing you want to do, always, is the thing that will make Joe happy. Then your marriage will almost certainly turn out right.

It doesn't seem to me that Joe is being unreasonable when he asks you not to go about with other fellows while he is away. What will you do when you are married and he has to go away? You wouldn't expect to have other fellows then, would you? Of course I know, Jeanette, that you wouldn't do anything that would hurt Joe and that you merely want to avoid loneliness, but that's not the way to do it.

Go about with your girl friends as much as you want. Or get busy and make some pretty things for your new home or your trousseau. If you love Joe enough to marry him, you should love him enough to give up the whole world if he asked it.

I am afraid that is all the letters I have

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room to print this month and I am sorry it must be so because they are so many and all are interesting. Why, do you know, almost any one of your letters would make a good story and I often wonder when I am reading them why you don't sit down and write them like some of the other SMART SET readers do.

THE following answers are for those of you who did not give me any address so the best I can do is answer your questions as briefly and helpfully as possible in this short space. But I want you all to remember that I hold your letters and names in strictest confidence and my only wish is to help you help yourselves. You are welcome to write me as often as you wish. I want your letters.

ALICIA, Edinburg, Texas: Your problem is exactly the same as Ethel's which I am answering in this month's SMART SET. Hers is the leading letter.

DOROTHY, North Manchester, Ind.: Beware that young man; I doubt his sincerity. No honorable boy would ask such a thing.

PEGGY, Norwich, Ont.: A girl's past is her own business but in your case I think you should tell the man.

CELESTE, Syracuse, N. Y.: There's no real love on either side, only unhappiness, so why go on?

DENNY, Sioux City, Iowa: Perhaps he is

testing your thrift. The only way to find out is to get a job. The Y. W. C. A. might help in this.

MILDRED, New Britain, Conn.: He should have no relations of any sort with a married woman. You should try to give him up if he continues.

MARIE: If you could get a legal separation he would have to support the children. You ought to see a lawyer. I hope you do.

KATHERINE, Utica, N. Y.: If you are sure he loves you don't be afraid to show your own love. Love needs telling and a man likes to be told.

BELVA D., Mechanicsburg, Penn.: I'm afraid you'll have to make the first advances. Forget your pride. Friendship means more.

PEARL B., Tampa, Fla.: Dear girl, he will tell you himself if he loves you and wants to marry you. How can I tell you that?

ANNIE M., Warda, Texas: You might ask him not to go with other girls but until you are really engaged you shouldn't expect him not to.

MARY C., Madisonville, Ky.: Unfortunately, Mary, clothes do help a girl make friends but clothes don't hold them.

BOOTS, Boston, Mass.: Under the circumstances it would be better to get married as soon as possible, but try not to let him think you are rushing him.

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART SET readers in their love problems? Write her now.

Forgive Me My Trespasses

[Continued from page 69]

out a tiny square white box and then opened it. "I bought this weeks ago, and I have been carrying it for you if the time ever came," he said. "I want you to let me put it on your finger because I love you."

It was a plain, solitaire diamond, flawless, pure and brilliant, set in an exquisite platinum background. Clear and clean, sparkling with fire, it lit my whole being with radiant joy, and because I was so happy, it brought the tears to my eyes.

Kenneth slipped it on my finger, sat beside me and lifted my hand to his lips with a reverence that seemed to breathe of chivalry, of a respect that triumphed over infatuation and exalted the harsh facts of life with a glow of the spirit. I looked at him and wondered, as every woman must who loves a man, whether I would ever fall short or fail him.

As long as I live, I will never forget that afternoon and evening, as we sat there together. Those precious hours of enchantment when romance is at full tide! In the dusky light, when the night began to fall, the man I was to marry took on a perfection of form and feature, became gloriously handsome in my eyes. We talked, we planned; but there were long spaces of time in which we were silent, happy in just being together, in understanding without spoken words. We planned to be married soon, within a few weeks, and then—

On our horizon was one dark cloud to mar our perfect happiness. His parents and the way they felt about me. He had virtually chosen me in preference to them but we were both haunted with the uneasy feeling that they would never be reconciled.

I know Kenneth felt this keen anguish cutting through his deepest joy. I loved him for his good sportsmanship in not talk-

ing about it, not saying a word that would hurt or humiliate me. Yet I knew there was something he wanted to say, and it was I who opened the subject.

"About your mother, Kenneth. I don't want to break her heart. I'm so filled up with love and happiness that I cannot hold any hard feelings any longer toward anybody. I didn't imagine that love could come to me in this way, that it could come like a fountain bursting out of the ground, and change my whole outlook on life! You see, that's the reason I know that it's the real thing, dear—because it has already done that for me. Whatever you want me to do about your mother, Kenneth, I'll do it."

"I love my mother," he said, "and even though I know she was wrong about you, I want to see her happy. I don't want her to end her days with a broken heart. If there was anything we could do, Savannah—we are so rich in love and she has so little of it."

HIS wistfulness went straight to my heart. After all, she had given him life.

"We might try to understand what she must have suffered," I said. "Back of it all, Kenneth, she must have been cut to the quick, else she could not have been so bitter. I did not seem innocent in her eyes. She must have felt in her heart of hearts that I had conspired to wreck her home; that I had tried to rob her first of her husband, and then her son."

"She couldn't see the truth," he said.

"She saw what she thought was the truth from her own viewpoint," I said. "Kenneth, if another woman tried to steal you from me . . . Well, I can really begin to imagine how she must have felt toward me. I

wonder if we ever could convince her of the truth, if she could ever forgive me?"

He turned his head away. "I'm afraid it's hopeless, Savannah. You don't know my mother. She may be defeated, but she'll never surrender."

"If you want me to, dear, I'll go to her. I'll humble myself, Kenneth."

His lips formed a grim, straight line. "Never! I don't ask it of you, and I wouldn't allow it. All I ask is that you will understand that my love for my mother will last as long as I live, and that it is in no way disloyal to you."

"If you were disloyal to her, you couldn't be loyal to me," I said.

We dined nearby that night and I made him leave me at my door when we returned.

"I want to be alone for a while with myself," I told him. "I want to be alone and realize what a miracle has happened to me."

As soon as I was alone a new happiness, a rare form of contentment that I had never known before, came to me. I went about the apartment humming softly to myself. I was no longer alone or friendless.

THE ringing of the telephone alarmed me. Why? I do not know. But the very jangle of the bell roused and stirred me like a sinister warning.

I picked up the receiver and I am sure, so acute was my premonition of disaster, that my voice must have wavered.

"Yes?"

"Is this Miss Lane's apartment?"

"Yes."

"Is Kenneth Karby there?"

Then, only then, I recognized the voice. It was John L. Karby, Kenneth's father, calling!

"No, he is not."

"Is this Miss Lane?"

"Yes."

"This is Kenneth's father, Miss Lane. I want to see you. I must see you at once. Will you let me come over to your apartment?"

My heart chilled, shrank. "Kenneth—is there anything the matter with Kenneth?"

"Oh no. Nothing like that, Miss Lane, but I want to talk to you. I want to talk to you for your own happiness and for Kenneth's. Please understand me. I don't want to come to criticize you and abuse you. I want to come to you in a spirit of fairness."

His voice had a ring of sincerity, but a deep instinct warned me that while his words were fair, his purpose, whatever it was, was against the current of my happiness. I was afraid.

"I can't see you." Something of my fear must have gotten into my voice for John L. Karby seemed to recognize it.

"Nonsense, Miss Lane! Where is your courage? You're facing a big problem, and I want to help you. Won't you please let me come?"

After that I could not refuse him. In less than an hour he was sitting in my living room where, such a short time before, his son had been.

This was the same John L. Karby who had originated all of my troubles; the same immaculately dressed, middle-aged man of distinguished appearance. Yet now there was a subtle change. He had begun to age definitely. Somehow his sharp lines were blurred, his eyes had saddened.

"You're comfortably fixed here," he said glancing around the apartment. "Tell me the truth. Have you been happy here?"

I shook my head. "Not until today."

He asked my permission to smoke, and lit a thick, fragrant cigar.

"My wife told me about what happened today. That's why I'm here. Mrs. Karby is a very intense woman. Her feelings ride

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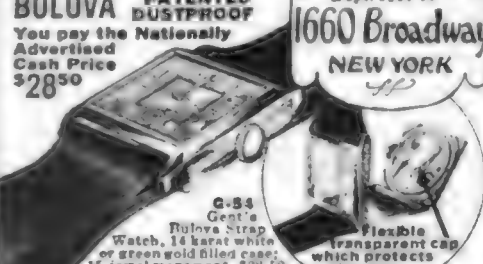
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her terrifically," Mr. Karby told me seriously.

"I know that," I said.

"You have reason to," he agreed frankly.

"I think I ought to tell you, Miss Lane, that I haven't always agreed with my wife in her opinion of you. But after a man has made a fool of himself, he isn't in a position to assert himself with the greatest force. You may not appreciate that fact."

Whether this was by way of explanation or apology, I could not determine. He spoke deliberately, with an obvious sacrifice of natural pride. It was not easy, I knew, for John L. Karby to give an inch.

"But I didn't come here tonight, Miss Lane, to talk about Mrs. Karby or myself. I want to talk to you about yourself and about Kenneth. My wife, from all I can gather, made quite a scene here this afternoon. She tells me that you and Kenneth are going to be married. Is that true?"

He looked at me searchingly, yet with a certain degree of kindness that surprised me.

"That's true, Mr. Karby," I said.

He pressed his lips together tightly and shook his head. "You're making a big mistake, Miss Lane, if you marry him."

"Is love ever a mistake?" I asked.

"Love is never a mistake but marriage sometimes is," he said slowly. "I have been thinking your case over for a long while. There have been nights when I was awake until dawn, worrying. I wish you would believe what I am telling you, Miss Lane. I'm going to talk to you as honestly and as frankly as it's humanly possible."

"I didn't come here tonight as your enemy or anything of the kind. I owe you a debt which, perhaps, I can never repay. But I think if I could convince you that you shouldn't marry Kenneth, I would be doing you the very best service that is in my power. I want you to give me credit for honesty if you can. Do you believe I am square with you?"

I looked straight into his eyes. They were startlingly like Kenneth's; straightforward and absolutely sincere.

"I think you're wasting your time," I said, "but I believe you're doing what you think is right."

"I WANT you to listen to me, Miss Lane, but I'm not going to insist on it. I want you to hear me, but if you say the word I'll pick up my hat and get out. And I'll never put a straw in your way. Shall I go?"

"No, I want to hear you."

"You're intelligent, and you're just," he said. "Now I'll tell you why I don't want you to marry Kenneth. I don't want to see his life ruined, and I don't want you to ruin your own life. You would both start out with too big a handicap, too heavy a load to carry. You might not smash up the first year, but it wouldn't last long. I know it's hard to make a girl in the grip of her first big romance look at things sensibly but romance doesn't last forever. Don't fool yourself. Romance is just a trick of nature to get people married. After romance fades you will run into the hard, cold facts of married life."

"And those facts?" I asked.

"You will dash yourself to pieces on those facts," he said quietly. "However unjust it may be, the fact remains that your name has been dragged in the mud. You're stained with scandal and notoriety. That's a fact, and you've got to face it, Miss Lane."

"But not alone," I said. "I have someone to stand and face it with me now. Kenneth and I know all of that."

"Kenneth is a young man in love," his father said. "He thinks that he can renounce the whole world and live forever in the sunshine of your smile. That's the way it looks in the beginning. But I tell you, and

I'm an old man, that you've got to build marriage on a four-square foundation which you two can never have. You'll realize it later, but Kenneth cannot always go about knocking men down when he overhears them jesting about the notorious woman he married. He can't introduce you to his friends. Their wives wouldn't accept you. You think you have suffered now; but wait until you see your husband crucified on account of your reputation!"

Hurt and humiliated, I felt that I was turning deathly pale, as I said:

"And you said that you came to me as a friend."

"I did come as a friend," he said, "and if I hurt you now it's only because I hope to prevent a hundred-fold more pain in the future. Kenneth has a bright future in business, but do you think the men with whom he ought to be associated would risk their confidence and their affairs in the hands of a man indiscreet enough to marry the woman—" He stopped short, and his eyes grew inexpressibly gentle. "It's hard for me to say these things, Miss Lane, because I know how they cut; but can't you see how his friends would look at a thing like this?"

"MORE than likely, there will be children," John L. Karby went on. "Can't you see them at school; the taunts of their playmates? People don't forget names that have been published as yours has been. I don't say Kenneth would leave you, but I do say that a sensitive boy like him would suffer torment every day of his life!"

"You say you love him. And I say to you that if you have even a spark of kindness in your heart for the boy, you will save him from all this."

I looked down at the glistening ring on my fingers. The tears in my eyes almost blinded me.

I fell forward in my chair and I felt Kenneth's father catching me, lifting me back to the drift of pillows where Kenneth had told me of his love only a few short hours ago.

Oh, I believed his father. I saw myself as the world saw me! I, who had once aimed so high, and meant so well, I saw myself dragging Kenneth down, down, down with me to the sordid depth of an outcast.

My heart was dead.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked when I was able to speak.

"I want you to break this engagement with Kenneth," John L. Karby said gently. "I want you never to see the boy again, for your sake as well as his, Savannah."

"I'll die, but I don't care," I said.

"Then, I suggest that you write him a letter, Savannah, and tell him exactly how things are, and then I would go away. If you need any money I'll—"

"I don't need any money, and I'll go away," I said. "Help me over to my desk."

That letter—how did I ever get the strength to write it? Heaven alone knows, for it was wet with my tears.

I don't know exactly what I wrote, but I poured my broken heart into it, telling Kenneth what our future would be if we married, telling him that I would never see him again.

I took off his ring and kissed it; I slipped it into the envelope with the sheets of paper. I gave the whole thing to John L. Karby, and threw myself heedlessly on the divan. I could feel him hovering above me, his hand on my shoulder, as he tried to quiet me.

"You must control yourself, Savannah," he said. "You're too brave a girl to let yourself go this way. You've done a fine, splendid thing, one of the finest things any woman ever did!"

But tears were my release. They saved me from I know not what mental horror.

When at last the flood had ceased, and I

sat up with my eyes swollen but dry, he thought I was better. How little he understood! How little any man understands!

"Will you be quite all right now?" he asked anxiously.

"Please—please go," I said. Anything to get him out! Anything to be alone!

Something resembling composure must have come over me, because John L. Karby, after a time, did leave me. He promised to see me the next day. Much else he said too, but his words scarcely penetrated my understanding. They failed to capture my attention.

Alone. I wandered from room to room in my apartment. I looked at myself in a mirror and I was haggard, ghostly white. How unreal my recent happiness seemed! Now, it was as though I had been awakened from a pleasant dream to face realities so cruel that I could hardly bear them.

"You're a fool to think you could have been happy!" I said to myself fiercely. "There's a curse on you! Happiness was never meant for you. You're not like other people!"

IF I remained in the apartment I felt I would stifle. Automatically I put on my hat and went out into the streets of New York, the loneliest city in the world despite its millions of inhabitants.

Where I went I do not know; all I remember is that I moved swiftly block after block with the roar of the elevated, the street cars, and the taxicabs in my ears. Thousands of electric lights gleaming behind plate glass windows; blazing electric signs; lights as far as the eye could reach. Men and women, like myself, some hurrying, others loitering.

I went on aimlessly, but there was no escape from myself. I tried to think, but my brain had lost its power to group events in their natural order.

It was not this afternoon that Kenneth and I had looked through the gates of paradise together! No! It was a thousand years ago!

How could it all have ended so suddenly? What power had John L. Karby to shatter that brief moment of joy? I heard myself talking under my breath.

"You're out of your head," I said. "Get hold of yourself; get hold of yourself!"

But the ability to reason, to look at things in their true light was, at the time, an impossibility. The pressure of my distress began to lessen; I was conscious of the aching fatigue in my feet, the leaden pain of over-exertion in my legs, the throb of my aching head.

I looked about me and was amazed to find that I was in my own street! Like some animal that had wandered in a circle, I had subconsciously steered my course back toward my starting point. I was tired almost to the point of exhaustion. I was, after all, a machine that had about run down. I felt as though I could lose myself in unconsciousness and sleep for days.

GOING up in the elevator I leaned against the side of the car. Back again in the little home that had been the scene of so much happiness, and so much sorrow, I collapsed in a chair, too exhausted to seek my bed immediately.

Perhaps I slept in the chair as I sat there. I don't know. There is a borderland of semi-consciousness where one cannot distinguish fact from fancy.

Slowly, mysteriously, I began to feel somehow the presence of Kenneth near me; not his physical presence, but the magnetism of his personality. It was as though somehow he had escaped the bonds of the flesh and had sought me out.

To me, dazed and exhausted, there was nothing unnatural or uncanny in the sense of his being near. I could not hear him or

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You are silly to even think about it. Why, it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's impossible."

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family... they were musicians. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master them! My progress was wonderfully rapid and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why... why..." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned... when... how? So I told of my secret.

One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the



violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

If you, too, like music—then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by note thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach, will come AT ONCE. Address the U. S. School of Music, 4278 Brunswick Building, New York. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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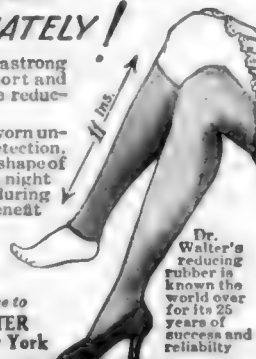
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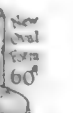
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see him or touch him, yet he was close. I remember that I whispered his name, half expecting an answer; but no answer came. I reached out my hand and touched only the empty air; my ears strained, but the only sound was the ticking of a clock until suddenly, the stillness of the room was ripped apart by the jangle of my telephone. The rude clamor rasped through every raw nerve and brought me bolt upright in my chair, vibrating to the hideous alarm.

Who could be calling me? Who in all the world could have anything to say to Savannah Lane? I was minded not to answer the raucous bell, but its desperate appeal finally dragged me, with lagging steps, to the instrument.

John L. Karby's voice! My battered heart stood still!

"Savannah, it's about Kenneth. He's hurt. I'm sending my car around for you. It ought to be there in a few minutes. You had better go down to the curb to meet it."

Kenneth hurt! I was fainting, but I willed myself to stay on my feet.

"Not dead, but seriously hurt!" said John L. Karby. "Automobile accident. He's been brought home."

Somehow I found my way out to the street. This was the last brutal bludgeoning of Fate. For myself I could stand anything, but the thought of Kenneth stricken was a thousand times worse than any pain I had ever suffered. I huddled and wept in a corner of the luxurious Karby car as we moved with maddening slowness toward the apartment where he lived with his parents.

Once more I ascended to that well remembered floor where all my troubles had begun. It was hushed now, suffused with the faint penetrating odor of surgeons and hospitals.

John L. Karby received me as I stepped out of the elevator. His face was gray, his voice lowered

"He calls for you whenever he is conscious," he said. "His mother and I couldn't refuse him."

KENNETH'S mother! My enemy! If possible, my face must have grown even paler! Kenneth's father seemed to read the thought that flashed across my mind.

"She is with him now, Savannah. I want to tell you, before you go in, that I showed her the letter you wrote to Kenneth. I told her how you had behaved, and she could hardly believe me until she saw what you had written. You see, that letter at last convinced her that you were on the square. Even before this accident happened, she had begun to see the light, Savannah, begun to realize the injustice she had done you."

"That doesn't matter now," I said.
 "Nothing matters but Kenneth."

"He doesn't know yet that you wrote that letter, Savannah. When I got home he had not arrived. It seemed he did not come home directly after leaving your apartment. He was crossing the street when a cab skidded and struck him. They picked him up and brought him home. If he should die, we don't want him to know before the end that you had given him up. If he must go, we want him to be happy at the last!"

Kenneth's mother came into the room. The old harshness, the old haughty carriage

of the head was all gone from her. She was just a grief-stricken mother. She came straight up to me.

"Savannah Lane, he keeps calling your name," she said brokenly. "The doctor—don't give us much hope. There's just a chance, though. It rests with God and you. Go in to my boy, and try to hold him with us."

A physician, his profession stamped all over him by his manner, came into the room.

"He is resting," he said. "I think, however, I should have a consultation. With your permission, Mr. Karby, I would like to telephone for Doctor Irwin and Doctor Lamar."

BACK of those quiet words we all sensed the fact that a crisis was immediately at hand. John L. Karby bowed his head in assent. Mrs. Karby reached out a nervous hand and placed it on my arm.

"We want this young lady to go in with Kenneth," she said, a strange timidity in her voice. "She is his—his——"

The physician looked at me with serious eyes, for a moment.

"We know the physical facts of the boy's injury pretty well," he said. "But the determining factor is the extent of the shock he has suffered. I have seen cases like this before, where life hung in the balance. After a certain point we physicians pass our limit of helpfulness. If he wants to see you, your very presence may mean the difference between life and death. I'm rather inclined to think that you may be of assistance although I guarantee nothing."

They took me to the room where he was stretched out in bed, a long straight form under the white covers. His head was in bandages. His face was the face of a dead man. A nurse in white sat beside him, but at a gesture from the physician she gave me her chair.

Kenneth's eyes were closed. I did not touch him. I bowed my head in my arms on the side of the bed. When I lifted my face, the others had left the room and closed the door silently behind them.

I spoke to him in a whisper so faint that I doubted if he heard it, yet his eyelids opened slowly.

"Savannah."
"Yes."

"I was unconscious, dear, but I felt my soul seeking you out. It was all dark and dim, but somehow I got near you. I couldn't see you, but I could feel that I was close to you. Did you know it, dear?"

"I knew it, Kenneth."

"I knew I was nearly dead, Savannah, but I clung to life and you. Stay close to me. I'm not going to die."

Only one thing more remains to be told. Kenneth and I decided, weeks later, that his father was right when he said that a marriage between Savannah Lane and Kenneth Karby would ruin both our lives.

Yet Savannah Lane and Kenneth Karby were married, and our lives were not ruined. We found that there is always a way around any mountain of difficulty. We slipped away from New York for the ceremony, and later we moved to a distant city where we live today under assumed names and no one knows me as a notorious woman.

We are happy. We are lovers and friends and joyous companions, and we have found that troubles dissolve like mist before the splendid radiance of courage.

IS AN old sweetheart always dangerous to a married woman? Is a wife wise who renews her friendship with a man who once loved her? These questions are raised and answered in the powerful serial "Hush Money," which starts in September **SMART SET**. The wife tells the story and she tells it frankly with no attempt to gloss over her failings or blame the man.

I Earned \$3.33 a Week

[Continued from page 59]

I gave up this post only when I was nearly through with my course in beauty culture and wanted to finish more quickly by giving days as well as nights to my training.

My health was still uncertain, so that I did not take a regular job immediately but went to people's homes to dress their hair and manicure their nails. After a little experience, I decided that work in a beauty parlor would be easier. I was tired of carrying around the tools of my trade! I took a job in a beauty parlor conducted by a woman at No. 50 Broadway, in New York's downtown business district.

Even eleven years ago business girls had found the advantage of having a place near their offices where they could be made pretty. Why shouldn't a business woman be feminine? It gets her much farther than trying to be like a business man.

THE woman who ran this beauty parlor had a department devoted to manicuring on the floor below. I had not got over my bad habit of fainting, and she suggested that the work in the beauty parlor might be too hard for me and that I had better do manicuring downstairs, where I could sit down all the time.

So I made the change, and I think the better ventilation and cooler air were what helped me. At any rate, my health at once improved and for years I have had no more trouble with it.

I was by that time earning a salary of twelve dollars a week, but that means nothing. In such a position the worker's real money is made in commissions and tips. I must have averaged forty to fifty dollars a week in this manicure parlor, and even more in the barber shop of the Astor House, that famous old New York hotel on lower Broadway, which was torn down a few years ago, but in which I worked as manicure girl for two years.

I was downtown about four years altogether, and seven years ago became manicurist in the Bush Building Barber Shop, which I now own and manage, together with the Bush Building Beauty Parlor. The location is one of New York's busiest spots, on Forty-second Street, a stone's throw from Broadway.

It was there that I evolved my ten rules for success. I give them to you now for what they are worth:

1. Sell your personality. Make yourself interesting, a person who cannot be ignored and forgotten.
2. Be feminine. No business woman should be a business man.
3. Make friends. They help in business as much as in politics.
4. Use brains. They go farther than education.
5. Play fair with your employer.
6. Dress as well as you can.
7. Understand people—how to please them, how to manage them.
8. Cultivate courage and never be afraid of responsibility.
9. Keep a life for yourself, outside your money-making job.
10. Take a chance, when it comes to you!

It was there that I made whatever success has come to me. It was there that I learned what I think is the great secret of success for a woman—how to sell her personality and so win friends. By selling personality I mean making your customers, your employer, your fellow workers, all the persons with whom you come in business contact, realize you are an individual whom they

find interesting and likable and worth helping. There are so many rubber stamps in the world! Most persons are surprised and grateful to find someone who can make a distinct and pleasing impression.

My customers have included some of the busiest and richest men in New York. Well-known writers, leaders in the theatrical world, the heads of big business enterprises have sat across the little table on which I keep my manicuring tools. I couldn't give a complete list of them, but on it would be such names as Irvin S. Cobb, Henry W. Savage, Irving T. Bush, "Roxy," Al Fields, Ramon Navarro.

My working hours have been from nine in the morning till seven or later at night. If a man is in a hurry, I can give him a manicure in eleven minutes, and I have manicured thirty-five or forty persons in a single day. One man who used to give me ten-dollar tips was a particularly rushed and very important person. I always kept three o'clock every Friday afternoon for him. He knew that I would be ready, that I would work as quickly as possible, that he need not waste an unnecessary instant and, to him, it was worth the money.

Women, I am told, often wonder what men talk to a manicurist about. Nine times out of ten, they talk about themselves! It is the moment of relaxation in their busy day. They expand. Almost any man's idea of the most sympathetic audience is a girl who is not too hard to look at and who is flatteringly concentrated on him. So he naturally tells her about the thing uppermost in his mind, the deal he is trying to steer. A girl who knows how to listen and who has any sense can learn a lot in such a job as I have had.

I have learned not only about business but about men. Most of them are awfully decent. There are a few mashers, of course, but it is easy enough to manage them. I just say that I am too busy to make engagements out of business hours. They seldom persist—why should they, when there are plenty of other girls? Incidentally, manicurists have an unjust reputation for vamping. I have known hundreds of girls in the business and I have never known one home-wrecker.

But I must get back to my story of how I realized my life's ambition—to own and run a business for myself. I did not forget it, even when I was making so much money working for someone else. I studied the barber shops and beauty parlors everywhere, analyzing what seemed to me their defects and planning what I would do with my own. No matter how limited a woman's formal education, she can learn to use her brains. I discovered, for instance, that slipshod bookkeeping and handling of the takings make some barber shops fail.

THERE was a certain beauty parlor to which I myself went when my mother was coming to visit me. I always had to fix up then, or she would think that I was looking tired and that I might be ill. That beauty shop was hung with curtains of the most horrible greenish-blue shade that made me look so haggard I couldn't even powder my nose until I got out of the shop.

"When I have mine," I said to myself, "the decorations will make women look beautiful, not ugly!"

I played fair and worked loyally for my employer, but I was doing everything to prepare for my own business, except saving money for it. Not that I do not agree entirely with the persons who urge ambitious young men and women to save all they can,

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so that they may have capital to take advantage of an opening.

The advice is perfectly sound, but I happened to be one of the women who could not follow it. I dressed well. No woman who wants to succeed can afford to do otherwise. You must look like success, and besides, unless you know you look right, you cannot forget yourself in your work.

A woman who wants to make a success of life, not merely of business, has to keep human. She must not sacrifice human needs and relationships to money-getting and money-saving. I did not save my money because there was always someone who needed it worse than a savings bank.

Yet I got my business after all. For years I had dreamed about it, hoped for it, wondered if it would ever come true. My dream at last was realized by one of those sudden strokes of fate, those "breaks in luck" that come to everyone who has the sense to watch for them.

Here is how it happened in my case: A year ago my employer wanted to sell his shop. I knew all about it, for he and prospective customers discussed the deal in my presence. He even asked me if I could find him a customer in a certain syndicate, several of whose representatives had been my friends for years.

I told him frankly that I did not think it my place to try to put through such an undertaking. Of course, without capital, it did not occur to me that I could buy out my boss, although I had great faith in the ever-increasing value of a barber shop in such a location—the very center of New York's uptown business and theatrical district.

WHEN any important property is for sale, you know how quickly the news spreads through business circles. One day I was amazed to find myself approached by that identical syndicate in which my employer had hoped I would find him a customer. One of the men connected with it—I knew several of them well—asked me if I thought I could run the barber shop now in the market, provided the syndicate gave me its backing at the start. I was to pay off by serial notes the purchase money advanced.

The deal was put through on this basis. I obtained the backing and signed the notes. Of course it was wonderful good fortune for me, but there was a reason for it too. Someone reminded me that the late J. P. Morgan, when asked what was his favorite security, said he would rather lend on character than on anything else. Someone else told me that the reason why I have my great opportunity is because the men in the syndicate declared that anybody who had worked as hard and given others as square a deal as I had all my life, deserved a square deal in return.

I took over my barber shop about a year ago. In three weeks I was making a profit.

How did I do it? First of all, I made the place look as prosperous as possible. I went over all the equipment and renewed everything that seemed the least bit shabby or out of date. I saw to it that all the "tools of the trade" represented the last word in sanitation, efficiency and attractiveness.

I specialized not only in good service but in comfort for my customers. For example, people who go to a barber shop must often wait their turn. The waiting place in my shop was draughty and I had often noticed the shiver of prospective customers. So I

had a vestibule built, and the atmosphere immediately improved.

When I was ready to serve my clientele as I thought it should be served, I made a special personal effort to build it up. Many businesses like mine, in New York or other large cities, rely too much on transient trade. It seems to me that the way to make a business succeed is to try to win steady, regular customers.

To increase the number of mine, I sat down to the telephone and called up all the good friends I had made in my years of work. I explained that I was now in business for myself and asked them frankly for their patronage. They were wonderful! They not only promised enthusiastically to make a point of coming to my shop, but they brought and sent their friends.

Word of mouth as everyone knows, is the best advertising. However I did not neglect other kinds. During my luncheon hour I went to other businesses in the neighborhood and offered to give out their card if they would give out mine. Many of them were most encouraging.

CO-OPERATION was what I also sought from my employees. I have sixteen, many of them men older than I. Yet we have had no difficulties. They have worked with me, not against me, from the start. My way of getting along with them is simply to ask them to do things in the way I would like to be asked if they were bossing me. After six months the barber shop was doing so well that I decided to launch the project which interested me most of all—my beauty parlor. It is an adjunct, of course, to the barber shop, but I am confident it will be an even better money maker. The beauty business, as I have said, is enjoying boom times. Women don't care how much it costs to make them look lovely, if only the desired effect is attained.

My beauty parlor prospered from the start and I think what put it over in the beginning was the atmosphere which I designedly created—an atmosphere becoming to women.

The appearance of the place suits women and of course I do all I can to make the service suit them too. The beauty parlor has a little reception room, separate from the barber shop, and its own personnel of workers trained to make plain women attractive and beautiful women more beautiful, just by skilful attention to hair, complexion and hands.

Besides managing and keeping the books for both barber shop and beauty parlor, I keep on with my manicuring. I have never been a clock-watcher, and now I work harder than ever. It's nine a. m. to eight p. m. every day. On Saturday night I work till after eleven straightening out the takings on the heaviest day in the week. On Sunday I put in four or five hours on the pay roll and am at work on it again by six o'clock Monday morning. I have even scrubbed floors and brushed ceilings, when my cleaner did not show up, for I have a horror of having my place look the least bit run down.

The responsibility sometimes seems terrible but my business is increasing all the time and on the whole I never was as happy in my life. You see, I can't help being thrilled when they tell me that I'm the only woman owner and manager of a big barber shop and beauty parlor in the whole world!

Anyhow I'd rather die than fail!

WHAT would you do if a woman in the thirties tried to marry your son not yet out of college? That was my problem. You'll admit that alone was enough, but when she tried to vamp my middle-aged husband, and seemed to succeed, my troubles were almost more than I could bear. My story in SMART SET for September about "The Cradle Snatcher" will tell you what happened to her and me.

Do You Support Your Husband?

(Continued from page 39)

of months she adjusts herself to her new position. On Saturday afternoons she cleans house. On Sunday morning she dyes curtains. Her darning and sewing are done in the evening while her husband is reading his newspaper. Sooner or later she is going to feel like rebelling. If she is a valiant person she will hide her rebelliousness but it will be there, inside, gnawing.

Quite likely the next thing that arises will be the problem of friends. The wife will have her own friends, and some of them will be men and women whom she has met through her business activities. She won't want to give these up entirely. There isn't any reason why she should. And the man, if he is the right sort of fellow, will have his friends, too, and sooner or later there is bound to be a clash about this.

IF THE wife weren't working, these quarrels over two sets of acquaintances could never arise for the husband is usually able to adapt himself to his wife's neighborhood friendships but is seldom able to accept those made in the business world.

The subject of money will come up sooner or later. Even if the financial arrangement is seemingly satisfactory to both parties, there is bound to be some sort of misunderstanding. The husband should feel himself the head of his home, and he realizes that he isn't. He has got to agree to things that he once thought he couldn't agree to. He finds himself one half of a business partnership instead of head of his own home. This isn't what he thought married life would be like.

With an economically independent wife, it is increasingly difficult to have children. Oh, I know there are hundreds of self-supporting married women who are mothers. You needn't tell me about them for they are numbered among my best friends, but I know how difficult their situation is.

First, there is the problem of having the baby, of taking time off, the lessening and actual stoppage of the earning capacity. Then, after the baby comes, unless the woman is engaged in some artistic work where she can spend most of her time at home, she must leave the baby in the hands of a nurse. While there is no reason why a nurse shouldn't be as efficient as a mother, the results are not as good as logic points out that they should be.

More quarrels arise out of this. However, the family that does have babies, even though they cause some domestic inharmony, is not nearly as bad off, socially, from the point of view of behaviorism, as those who have no children at all, who "can't afford to have a child." Such a couple, apparently waiting in good faith each year until such time as a rise in salary will make it possible for them to have progeny, gets in all sorts of psychic difficulties. Their barrenness in no way brings them closer together.

I don't recommend children as a dear and wonderful way of bringing back a dying love, but I do say that a normal family in which there are children is far more apt to survive than the artificial "family" consisting of two young business people who have married just so that they may be together.

This isn't all. The little woman who doesn't work has all the best of it, quite outside of the economic conditions. I look around and see the women of my own acquaintance who don't have jobs and I see how lucky they are. Most of them are

married to men able to support them in a fairly comfortable state. Most of them have maids, at least a maid apiece, to run their small and well-ordered homes.

Their days are almost entirely free from manual labor. The wife at home gets up in the morning as late as she pleases with a clear conscience, knowing that the maid has cooked an adequate breakfast for her husband. She spends a leisurely morning bathing and dressing, has a pleasant luncheon served for her, spends an afternoon in pleasurable pursuits, goes to a matinee, plays bridge, gossips with friends, or goes on a shopping tour. If she does her own marketing she feels that she is being quite a brave and useful little person.

When she gets home, at night, she is barely in time to see if the maid is getting the dinner ready according to the plans of the morning when during a five-minute consultation they decided on steak or chops, "with what vegetable, ma'am?"

After dinner, when the woman who is employed is pretty tired out, the little wife at home is sitting back unperturbed, rested, content, sometimes she is content, that is. Oh, yes, the woman who doesn't work has all the best of it. She has proved her cleverness in the beginning by marrying a man able to support her.

"You have drawn pictures of two different social spheres," you will tell me. "In one, the couple barely has enough to get along on when they both work, and the husband of the second couple is not only able to support his wife but to supply luxuries, too."

Maybe you are right, but I am not awfully sure that you are, for I have seen several things in my life and one of them is that the husband who makes good is the husband who is driven to making good by his wife.

The selfish little woman who wants to sit home in idleness and, without even sewing a fine seam, sit on a cushion and eat mid-winter strawberries, should be punished in some way if things worked out correctly. But life isn't like that. It isn't the little checker board of good and bad or right and wrong that we thought it in our youth.

There is Clarabelle and George. Clarabelle never liked to do anything useful. Then on the other hand, I don't know of anything useful that Clarabelle could possibly have done. She is awfully nice, inclined to be a bit over-fat these days which makes her a trifle awkward when she gets around, but who cares about that? Clarabelle's wants have never been simple, but luckily she has always been able to attain them.

WHEN she first married George he had a good job on a newspaper as a sports writer. Clarabelle didn't want George to do newspaper work—it gave him such awfully inconvenient hours—so she urged and urged and pouted and pouted until George threw down a lucrative job and made a connection with a fight promoter whom he had met during business.

Things were all right for a while but again Clarabelle pouted. This wasn't the social connection she would like to have in a husband. Once more George obliged and changed to a Wall Street firm he had become acquainted with through the fight promoter. Here he made more money but Clarabelle felt that he could do better. By

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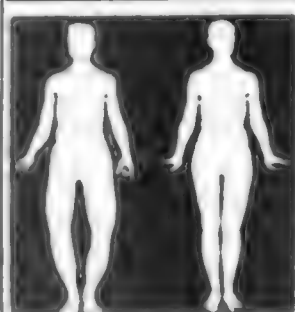
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many urgings, by little needless extravagances that had to be paid for, George was hurled into success, commercial success, anyhow. Today George is making around thirty thousand dollars a year and if he were writing a story for one of the success magazines he could truthfully say that he owed everything he has done to his wife.

The other side of the picture is not nearly so pretty. Jack and Florence were married when they were both young, both ambitious. Because Florence had an excellent position as millinery buyer in one of the large department stores, Jack felt a bit free to try his hand at things that interested him. He tried everything from radio salesmanship to motion picture directing, stopping at half a dozen way stations in between. He tried to promote a new drink. He was interested in souvenir programs. He felt that there was a fortune in curious realty developments.

There was nothing wrong, fundamentally, with Jack. If he had had a wife and a couple of babies, who needed his support, it is quite likely he would have buckled down at his first job, or one of the first six anyhow, and made a go of it. Above the average in good looks, attractive, strong, there was no reason why he couldn't work, except that he didn't have to.

Jack is still piddling along with this and that. Florence is still working hard. She is competent, energetic, ambitious. Jack is none of these. Of course, you could tell me that she is the more masculine of the two or she is the type of woman who shouldn't have married, and let it go at that. I am not at all sure. I think that if Jack had made good Florence would have been very eager to quit her job. She doesn't like to get up in the mornings nor hurry home in the crowded trains at night. She doesn't know that Jack might have made good if she hadn't made good instead, and there is no use telling her.

The experience of Caroline and Richard seems one of the most enlightening to me. Caroline is an interior decorator in a small shop. Richard is an architect. Richard never seemed to get ahead. If he had worked harder he might have done something, but how that boy hated work! Their jobs sandwiched nicely together. They were able to hand each other all sorts of opportunities.

If Richard had felt the necessity for work he might have been able to accomplish something. As things were, he would spend weeks over competitions and the competitions would close before his drawings were ready. He would talk largely of designing public buildings, and did six-room stucco bungalows instead. When he did get a commission he did it without inspiration. He could design a house of any period, according to rules, and they were always a bit alike. If he had been asked to do a cathedral, it would have looked either like every other mediocre cathedral in the world or like a six-room bungalow.

CAROLINE was a conscientious girl. She was a bit too earnest perhaps, but she was extremely popular, tactful and just. She was the type of a girl who, if she hadn't had to work, would have enjoyed neighbors, women's clubs and all sorts of outside activities. Her house was always in apple order. What happened? I wish I could report a tale of continued connubial bliss. I can't.

Because of Caroline's efficiency, Richard grew careless. He didn't have to earn money so he didn't earn it. Then he fell in love with Delia, and Caroline, thinking she was doing a noble deed, went to Reno and divorced him. Richard married his new love. Delia was idle, lazy, a bit shifty and undependable. There were vague rumors about her past. All of their friends, know-

ing the situation, predicted a sudden downfall for Richard. He had left lovely, worthy Caroline for a woman who had nothing, an oily creature who lacked, seemingly, all of the virtues. Did Richard go down? You'd be surprised at the way he didn't.

Delia demanded things of him. She was satisfied neither with the money he earned, nor with the state in which he had lived with his former wife. She herself had earned money, but she wasn't at all eager to continue. Occasionally she would get a job, keep it for a few weeks and stop again.

For the first time in his life, Richard found himself with responsibilities. The house was always dirty and unkempt. He had to make enough money to furnish an adequate servant or he wouldn't have been able to live in comfort. He had to take care of the bills himself where formerly conscientious Caroline had done all this for him. He was devoted to Delia. He saw in her a thousand non-existent virtues.

SO THAT she might be looked after more carefully he applied himself to his work. He got away from artistic ideas, but developed a line of hideous commercial dwellings which, of course, found ready buyers. He met some up-and-coming real estate men who gave him complete charge of a new development at more money than he and Caroline had ever made together.

Delia is entirely responsible for Richard's success. There is no doubt of it. She drinks a little too much, but Richard really approves of this. It was awfully hard to have to sneak out and get a drink alone every time you wanted one and Caroline was so disapproving.

Caroline had all sorts of curious ideas about neatness and about integrity. Luckily, Delia isn't bothered with these things. If her house gets untidy, there is always a maid to clean it. If you put something over on a person, so much the worse for him. That's Delia's theory. Richard's life may be on a different standard than before, but from ninety-nine viewpoints he is far more successful than when he was married to a successful woman. Certainly he is far happier and curiously enough, Caroline, who is without the husband she thought necessary for her happiness and for whom she had sacrificed so much, is happier, too.

Ronald and Bertha are different. Ronald seemed a success while he was married to her. It was only after they separated that folks found out that Bertha had kept him full of seeming prosperity and sleekness and that left alone he was a pretty poor sort of a person. Bertha had to keep on working after the separation, but then, she had always expected to work.

Julie and Howard couldn't get along and were divorced and now Julie, married to Frederick, who makes a living for her, has two babies and a charming home.

So there you are. These and a hundred more examples I could quote do not really prove anything. According to science, you must present the results of a thousand experiments before credence may be given to a thing. I haven't the room for a thousand here. I don't know that many, anyhow, but I do know dozens.

There is Lawrence and Lucille who both work and fight continuously because Lucille is always tired and nervous after her day's work is over. There is Roberta and Frank who didn't get along at all, were almost ready for a divorce, when Roberta became ill and had to stop work. Maybe her illness made Frank realize how dear she was to him. Maybe the new responsibility is what turned the trick.

Anyhow, Roberta was not able to go back to work. Frank buckled down, worked harder than he had ever worked before, got more salary and now they are getting along splendidly together. Of course

there are innumerable couples who work and who are happy. I'm sure of it. As I said, it's hard to prove anything but I'm still inclined to think the wife who works is just a bit foolish.

The artistic woman who is fairly successful has even a more difficult problem than the working woman. Her husband, unless he is especially generous and unless his mind is an exceedingly good one, is apt to get an inferiority complex, which will come out in the form of a bad temper, a seeming superiority or a complete loss of personality. He hardly ever is able to survive the effect of having a wife who is more prominent than he is. If he really has anything, of course he will succeed on his own.

There are dozens of cases where both husband and wife are equally successful along artistic lines, but then the man possesses very real ability and strength, too. Many a man who, married to an ordinary woman would achieve happiness, falls by the wayside when married to a woman who is artistically or creatively superior. He feels that his wife's friends think she is the more important of the two and she usually is. He feels himself inadequate. He feels that every other man is a sort of a rival for her affections, even though they only find her entertaining or amusing because of the qualities that have made her a success.

Remarried to a less talented woman who is able to appreciate or pretend appreciation, the downtrodden husband often comes to with a vengeance and, king in his own little realm, is a good husband and father. Though he was not quite big enough to make the grade as Mrs. Star's husband, he is quite adequate as the dominant half of Mr. and Mrs. Blank. Sometimes, of course, artistic women attract weaklings, because of their very strength, and their husbands would be failures under any conditions.

IS JEALOUSY a sign of real love? Do you believe a lack of jealousy on the part of a husband could bring a wife to the point of death? That was the strange case I, as a physician was called upon to treat. My story of "The Man Who Couldn't Be Jealous" in September SMART SET will tell you what I did to save a life in this strange case.

Eight Years in a Steel Jacket

[Continued from page 33]

Well, those six boxes of stockings lay in the top drawer of my wardrobe trunk for a long time. I had written to the few friends I wanted to know my circumstances and told them about the stockings, but many of them were out of town and the rest were busy working and rehearsing. I began to think I'd have to return the stockings. I'd lie in that room of everlasting twilight and I'd almost pray God to send someone to buy a pair. I said to myself: "Do you suppose anyone will ever come?"

They did come, though, and after a while a stranger or two would drift in. They'd heard about me. They wanted to help me. So they bought my stockings. One of the biggest thrills of my life was when I sent in a re-order to the Gotham people for more stockings.

Then Christmas came along and I wanted to remember all those who had helped make life a bit more bearable, but I didn't have any money for gifts or even pretty cards. So I sent my friend out for some blank cards and I wrote a different verse or greeting on each one. They didn't look very Christmassy so I drew some holly leaves and berries up in one corner and colored them. I'm not an artist, of course, and I guess those cards were rather pathetic looking, but while I was doing them I got the

Don't think for a minute that I am urging artistic women to stop creating. Nothing could be farther from my own views. In fact, I am not urging anybody to do anything. I know, however, that unless an artistic woman is able to marry a man with strength and superior judgment and understanding, she and her marriage and the man will suffer.

Nor do I think that women should not earn money. I think that a woman should, if she is single, or if she is young and is willing to take a chance on wrecking her marriage. Not that the marriage is sure to be successful if she doesn't, but it seems to me that there will be a better chance for success if only the man is employed.

THE married woman who wants to be economically independent is the biggest fool in the world! There is no doubt about it. I say this with the full knowledge that some women I know well are most happily married and earn money, too. I know an editor, several writers, an artist or two, but weighing them against the unhappily married independent women I know, I stick to my theories.

To be sure, we independent women do like to feel that our souls are our own, we like to feel that we are not "beholden" to anyone for the bread we eat, that, in a way, we are justifying our existence. Fools that we are to have such grand thoughts!

If we had any real wisdom, the wisdom of the cat, the wisdom of the little woman who stays at home, we would realize how much easier and simpler it would be if we would find husbands to support us. Economic independence for a married woman is perfect in theory. In practice it seems to me impossible, except under certain extraordinary conditions. In general it is merely an amusing ideal.



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that I called the "Sunshine Apartment." I was able to release my kind friend from her weary duties and engage an experienced nurse to take care of me.

Every few months I'd add something more to my stock, perfumes, silks, powders and all the other dainty accessories that women love, until the apartment was loaded with things. I had paid the original fifteen dollars back to Father Leonard, of course, and when the manufacturers saw that I was honest and ambitious they were only too ready to extend me credit. My goodness, but I felt important when those bills would come in every month and I'd sign checks for them. And it was a long time before I got over being terribly excited whenever I sold a box of cards or a pair of hose.

Well, that's the story of my early struggles. Here's the sequel to it:

A year ago I moved to a beautiful apartment at 316 West 72 Street where I live now. And just a little way down the street is a cunning shop called the "Dorothea Antel Sunshine Shop". My shop! And I have there several thousand dollars' worth of stock and I employ a number of salespeople. Beside my bed is a switchboard that connects with the store and I direct the business from my room. The telephone company had to lay a special cable for that wire, but it seems the whole world wants to do things for me when they see me trying to help myself.

That's how I got the shop. When my friends of the theater saw me struggling against such terrific odds and winning slowly but surely, they arranged a benefit for me and with the proceeds I was able to open the "Sunshine Shoppe". They say theater folk are always loyal to their own, but I think friends the world over are loyal if you give them a chance and don't scare them off with groans and complaints.

I sleep till about ten o'clock in the morning and then Miss Gallagher, my nurse, dresses me for the day's work. If it's a dark or rainy day I say: "Get out my brightest jacket and cap, Miss Gallagher, the yellow or the green one." And if it's cold or snowy I ask for the warm pink one. Somehow bright colors make all my cares fall away. Then I'm all ready for my busy day.

I usually have appointments all day until about five o'clock with the different manufacturers and salesmen who bring their wares right to my bedside. And often in the evenings the French importers come and bring their sample trunks to my room and I buy for my friends and for my shop.

Oh, I have my business worries, too. Sometimes people are careless or forgetful and they don't pay their bills on time or maybe not at all and I hate to dun folks for money, but sometimes I have to. I guess it's all part of the game!

THERE now, that's the story of what happened when I refused to give in to black despair. It's been a hard and bitter struggle and I'm not through yet. Lots of people ask me why I don't take it easy and accept some of the offers of help that are proffered me. Not I! I wouldn't dream of taking charity unless my business went to smash or I got too ill to run it and there wasn't any other way. I don't mean to be little charity. It is a very beautiful and noble thing, but I just don't happen to feel entitled to it.

I don't want you or anybody to feel that I'm bragging and holding myself up as a shining light for all the world to follow. I've had help, lots of it. If I hadn't I couldn't have built up my little business, and I'm not entirely self-supporting even yet. Mr. E. F. Albee, the president of the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit has given me this wonderful apartment that I live in, but I hope before long to be able to pay my way all the way. When word reached me of his gener-

osity I was dumbfounded. Why, out of all the stage people who have met with misfortune, had he singled me out to help? The only explanation I can offer is that I did not appeal to him for aid as so many do but tried to get along by myself.

And I find that I am continually helping other people, too. Why I have hundreds of people who come in here and tell me their troubles because they know that I know the meaning of sorrow. A young man came to see me not long ago and confessed to something that would have made all kinds of trouble for him if it were known. I do not think he would have told his own mother, and yet I was practically a stranger to him. I didn't preach to him but I did try to help him just as I do everyone who comes to me in trouble.

AND the other day I had an amusing and somewhat uncomfortable experience. A man came to the door and presented a note saying that he had read my little weekly column in the Billboard, a theatrical magazine, and wanted to see me. The note went on to say that he was deaf and dumb, "and I have epileptic fits about every hour."

Miss Gallagher was doubtful about admitting him, but the poor man had come a long way. When he had seated himself at my bedside he could neither talk or hear anything I said to him and I kept wondering how much time had elapsed since his last fit. I can't say it was a mutually agreeable visit, but he went away apparently satisfied, and thank goodness he didn't throw a fit before me.

I ask nearly all my visitors to write in my guest book and I found the other day that I had filled five books. Sometimes on rainy days I don't have many appointments and then I get my guest books out and I read all the beautiful things people have written to me and I remember where they sat and how they looked and what we talked about. It's practically impossible for me to get lonely.

And I don't get tired of my surroundings, either, because I'm forever making and changing the lamp shades and curtains. Some of my curtains are made from my old stage costumes and they help keep alive the beautiful memories. I guess if I lived in an attic I'd have a few geegaws about even if they were made of tissue paper. As a matter of fact, some of the things in my room right now are made of tissue paper. I cut flowers out of paper napkins and the borders of crepe paper tablecloths and Miss Gallagher pins them around the edge of the curtains and on the lampshades.

And sometimes it's really quite gay in my room. My friends of the theater have never forgotten me. They come up here and bring motion pictures to show me. We stretch a curtain in front of my bed and have a movie show all our own. Sometimes I even see the pictures before the public does. I have a piano, too, and when my friends come they play and sing. I'd love to have them dance, too, but I couldn't stand the vibration.

You see, the sciatic nerve on my left side that runs the entire length of the body was injured by the fall and they've never been able to find out where the trouble is, so I feel every little thing. When the sheets on my bed are changed Miss Gallagher has to give me an anesthetic, the pain is so terrible. And I have to warn people not to touch my bed when they come into the room. I'm particularly nervous when a man comes to call. Men are such dear things, but they can't ever understand why I'm not tickled to death to have them rush up and give me a grand old handshake. I guess one of those handshakes would just about finish me.

A few months ago they were blasting across the street and I can't begin to tell

you how I suffered from the vibrations. But even the foreman of the gang was my friend. He'd come out in the middle of the street and give me a special signal with his red flag so I'd be prepared for the shock. But a strange thing happened once. I gripped the bed so tight that when the shock came that in some way I fractured my wrist, and now I have it all done up in a clumsy bandage. I'm glad it wasn't my right wrist because then I couldn't write or sew.

I just wish every one of you who reads this article could see my little apartment. It's so beautiful, and nights when the pain is so bad I can't sleep or even read, I look around and I can see all the little bits of furniture that I love. And in the daytime all I have to do is turn my eyes out the window and I can see life scurrying up and down the street. And I can see the boats steaming up and down the Hudson River. Some of them have to go against the current, too. So why not I? Anybody can float along with the tide and take the easiest way, and if I wanted to I could just sit here in my bed for the rest of my life and let other people worry and take care of me. I just don't happen to want to.

Neither do I want to commercialize my affliction. I conduct my business on a purely business basis. That's another reason why I have a shop separate from my room. People can go in there whether they know me or not and buy just as they would in any other store. I want my business to pay only because I give good value and have good merchandise. Sometimes business is good, sometimes not, but I don't ever get gloomy about it.

MAYBE you think I'm brave and maybe you think I've just been lucky in my business affairs and in having good friends. I imagine there's a lot of truth in all that. But to my mind I share the honors for bravery with another person—the man who loves me and is still waiting. I do really believe that he has suffered through all this more than I, for mental suffering after all is the keenest. He has consulted with all the doctors who have been to see me. When an operation seemed advisable, it was he who had to break the news to me. For eight long years he has stood by me in my fight for life and independence; usually it is only in books that you read of such true love.

Last Christmas eve I put on my engagement ring for the first time since I tried to release him, and I called him into the room and held out my hand for him to see. He just looked at it for several minutes and then he bent down and kissed my hand and when he raised his head there were tears in his eyes. And there were tears on my hand. When he left I said to myself, "I'll never wear it again unless I get well."

I've used up nearly all the linen I had in my hope chest; the bedroom set I embroidered before I was injured adorns my dresser, chiffonier and bed and it's beginning to show signs of wear, but there's never a minute I'm not hoping that some day I'll walk again. Hope! I guess that's the thing that keeps us all going, but if you could see me you'd shake your head and look sad and say: "Poor thing, it's so hopeless." But don't you see I've got to be that way?

I'll tell you, one becomes a philosopher after eight years in bed. A lot of things that were hard to understand before become simple. You begin to wonder how material

things ever seemed important. You hear that people somewhere are squabbling over money and that other people are almost killing themselves to get it. You know, of course, that you must have enough to live, but anything more than that doesn't seem important somehow.

You realize how absurd worry is, too, and fretting about things you haven't got and can't have, and you come to know that your religion, your faith, your philosophy, whatever it is, is the thing that gives you your grip on yourself and life.

FATHER Leonard comes to me once a week and we have a very beautiful and simple service in my little room, so you see I live on a very spiritual plane. And through my faith I've come to believe that maybe there's a reason for all my suffering. Maybe the doctors will learn something from me that will help other sick people. Maybe I do more good sitting here in bed and having people go away appreciating the things they have than I would by making them laugh or cry from behind the footlights.

And maybe it makes them a little bit kinder toward the whole world. It's made me that way, I know. I used to have likes and dislikes and say unpleasant things about other people just as everybody does. But now I'm just filled with a great love and deep understanding of humanity, and I really believe that life means just loving and being loved. I try to do all the good and kind things I can, the things I was always wanting to do when I was well. But I can say this much, that if I had my life to live all over again I wouldn't live it one bit differently. I don't believe that I ever did anything I was ashamed of and I don't believe I ever intentionally hurt anyone.

And I've got my blessings, too. I've got Miss Gallagher, the best nurse that ever lived. I've got my four canary birds who give me music all day long. I've got the most wonderful friends in the world. I've got my two hands and my youth and my memories of the places I've been. I traveled all over Europe before my accident. And I've got love; a love that has withstood every test to which earthly love could be put.

And so I say again, "I love life." Only since my illness have I gotten really close to it and known its strength and weakness, its beauty and its horror; its hope and its terror; its meaning and its futility. My little room is throbbing with memories of the hundreds of people who have been to see me and left some little part of themselves behind. I have learned about life, yes, and love, too, from those people.

Please don't think I'm one of those bothersome Pollyanna people who are naturally optimistic and have marvelous dispositions. I'm not. It took me quite a while to evolve my philosophy. I hate to preach, but I really believe sorrow and suffering bring out the best there is in a person. And if any of you who have just read my little story are sick or crippled or discouraged or lonely, please read it again and see if you can't find something in my experience to help you bear your own suffering. Try to help yourself and you'll find the whole world ready to lend a hand. Smile through the pain and don't talk about it and you'll have all the friends you want. If you really want to, perhaps there isn't one of you who couldn't do what I've done and perhaps more. But, oh, how you've got to want to!



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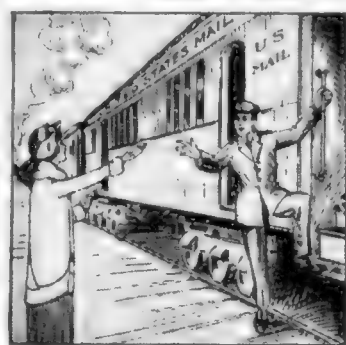
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Romance for Two

[Continued from page 45]

I hadn't really thought much about him until now. Of course he was good looking and I liked the way he dressed and he had perfectly lovely teeth and a winning smile, but I wasn't so curious about him. I guess I was too excited to get serious about anything.

He was waiting for me out on the veranda and when I first saw him I started a little; he looked as handsome as a movie actor. He had changed his clothes too and wore a light gray suit with stunning sport shoes. His hair shone like bronze in the sunlight. When he saw me he started to walk toward me and I felt very proud. There were a lot of people sitting about and I knew they were watching us. For a minute I got an awful thrill out of pretending to myself that he was my husband and we were on our honeymoon.

BUT when he held out his hand and said quite formally: "Good afternoon, Miss Miller," I got awfully fussed and led the way to the end of the veranda where there were only a few people.

For a while we stood and admired the view which is really marvelous. The hotel is very high and looks down on the lake. There are broad winding marble steps leading down to it and at night these steps are lighted by pale blueish-white lights, like moonlight. Everybody who goes to Lake George stops at the Grand View if they can afford it.

"How long are you going to be here, Mr. . . ." I blushed as I realized I did not even know his name.

"Wouldn't we start a scandal, though, if these people knew we hadn't been properly introduced," he said. "My name is Bronson, Everett Bronson, of New York."

"Why, I'm from New York, too," I blurted out and could have bitten my tongue off the next minute. The last thing the operator who was running the board while I was away had said to me was:

"Be beautiful but dumb, Betty. Don't tell any of your business unless you have to. The less they know the better off you are."

"Well, that sort of gives us a right to be friends," Mr. Bronson said, and I could have hugged him for not prying into my affairs like most strangers would have done.

We went into the dining room then and when the waiter had taken our order we sat back and looked about the room. It was really more wonderful than I had any idea it would be. I had never seen such beautiful women or such beautiful clothes. It made you forget that just a few miles away were ugly cities and dusty streets and slums and miserable people. But when I saw a little girl about ten who looked like my little sister, Marjorie, a big lump came up in my throat. How could I have been so selfish as to come to a beautiful cool place like the Grand View when Marjorie had only a public playground to play in!

"You look unhappy, Miss Miller," Everett Bronson leaned forward and he looked quite distressed.

"I guess I'm just a little homesick," I said. "I was thinking about my little sister."

"Is she ill?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "I was just wishing she was here. You know, Mr. Bronson, I've never been to Lake George before. I had no idea it was so beautiful." I wanted desperately to change the subject.

He seemed to read my thoughts.

"But you haven't really seen it yet. Wait till you've hiked a mile or so up the lake. There's a narrow path that runs close to

the water all the way around. In some parts you'd think you were hundreds of miles from civilization. I wonder if you'd like to go this afternoon? Or are you too tired?"

"I'd love to," I said. "I want to do everything there is to do while I'm here because it may be a long time before I come back. And anyway," I smiled, "I'm not a bit tired. That's one nice thing about being young."

"That's just the way I feel about it and I'll make a confession to you. I've never been here before, either!"

"But you seem to know all about the country," I said.

"I went for a long walk along the lake this morning. You see, I may not get back for a long time, either. Maybe never." He wasn't smiling when he said that and I wondered if he was unhappy about something. And then I laughed.

"What funny people we are," I said. "You just asked me a minute ago if I was unhappy and I was just going to ask you the same thing! What's the matter with us, anyway?"

"We haven't put the city far enough behind yet, I guess," he said. "But how soon after lunch do you want to start?"

"An hour? And dare I wear knickers?" I looked apprehensively about. There wasn't a knicker in sight.

"They seem to be taboo in the dining room," he said, "but I met some girls this morning with them on. Do please wear them. They sort of make it easy to be friendly, if you know what I mean, and we haven't such an awfully long time to get acquainted in. I'm only going to be here two weeks."

"Me, too," I said glumly. "I'll hate to leave." Wouldn't I though!

"Why leave then?" he asked.

"Oh I have to," I said. "I have very important things to do, things that can't wait. But why must you go?"

"Oh, business," he said. "You know how it is. If you stay away from the office too long the whole place goes to pot. At least, my people take advantage of my absence."

A BUSINESS man. With a big office force! He must be successful, too, to come to a place like the Grand View. He probably had his own tailor, and had all his clothes made to order. I admired again his fine broad shoulders and the splendid fit of his gray flannel suit. I liked his hands, too! And his nails were carefully manicured. You knew the minute you looked at them that they were the hands of a gentleman. I liked his voice. It was jolly and friendly and sometimes almost musical. I wondered if he sang.

Before we finished lunch I had found a great many other charming qualities in Mr. Everett Bronson and I decided that he was about the nicest young man I had ever met. A couple of times the future rose up as a warning, but I closed my eyes very tight and pushed it away hard. I would not think about it. I was going to live only from day to day in the present.

I was ready and waiting in my knickers when Mr. Bronson came out. He had on knickers, too. White linen ones, and a white shirt open at the throat. He seemed so awfully tall as we went down the steps to the lake, that he made me feel like a little girl. Or maybe it was the knickers. I'd never worn them before and I had to keep a tight hold on myself so as not to act childish and spoil everything. I wanted

As we were passing the boat landing I got a sudden idea.

"Sure," said Mr. Bronson. "It's a beautiful day and the lake looks like glass. It's fun, too, when it's rough, but it's dangerous then."

"Storms come up in just a few minutes on this lake," he said. "Didn't you see the notice up in the hotel telling guests not to go far from shore?"

I tried to act as if a canoe ride was nothing new to me, but I guess I looked a little scared when I felt it tipping and wobbling underneath me. You can bet I didn't waste any time sitting down. But for all my scariness, I didn't forget to sit the way the girl in the picture sat, with my back to the bow, facing the paddler. The boatman gave us a shove off and Mr. Bronson began to paddle. I was surprised to see how fast we went and how easy it seemed for him.

"Here's a good place to pull in," he said suddenly. "That nice sandy beach ahead, like a little cove." He swung the canoe around and a moment later I heard the pebbles scraping the bottom.

I didn't think that was so terrible. In fact I thought it would be rather a lark, but I didn't say so.

We came to another little sandy cove like the one where we had left the canoe. "Let's sit down here for a minute," I said. "It's so cool and peaceful and pretty."

"Do it. I have a big handkerchief you can dry your feet on when you're through."

"I wonder if I'll ever meet a girl who's different, who does things she wants to

"I'm different!"

"Where's the handkerchief?" I said. "Or must I wave one foot around in the air until it gets dry?"

"I suppose I shouldn't say a thing like

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off to the right where we could just make out the mainland.

"Everett!" I cried. "Is there any danger? Is that a storm coming up?"

Even as I spoke little choppy waves began to dance along the surface of the water and a stiff breeze swung the canoe almost about.

"Yes!" he said. "We'd better paddle for land, hard!" I felt the boat skim over the water from the force of his strokes. Land was getting nearer all the time and I paddled so hard that my arms and shoulders ached and I wanted to cry out in pain. But the choppy waves were getting bigger and the dark clouds at our back cast their menacing shadows across the water. It wasn't deep blue now, but an angry grey, capped with little spurts of writhing foam. Big drops of water began to fall. They were coming from behind but soon my hair was drenched and the water streamed down my face and almost blinded me.

"Harder! Faster!" I heard Everett shout from the rear. "The storm's going to break loose in a minute." Just then a vivid flash of lightning streaked across the sky. There was a clap of thunder that sounded like a revolver shot. I could just make out the shore through the blinding rain, but I heard a big tree go crashing down and I got so terrified I screamed and put my hands to my ears and shut my eyes and dropped the paddle!

THE boat still shot forward under the drive of Everett's strong arms.

Suddenly a huge wave lifted us high in the air. I opened my eyes at that and turned frantically to Everett. His face was drawn and tense and he was making mad motions with the paddle to keep the boat headed for shore.

Everett was strong, but the waves were stronger and we were suddenly twisted around sideways. I saw one more huge angry wave rolling toward us. It seemed to leap up from the rest and then I heard Everett's cry: "I'm coming, Betty. Hold on!" But he didn't get to me in time and the next instant a rush of swirling water swept me out of the boat and raced over my head. I had a terrible choking sensation and then everything went black.

When I woke it was still raining. I was shivering and Everett was holding me very close to him. I didn't open my eyes right away because I thought I was having a terrible dream, but when a loud clap of thunder crashed through the woods I screamed a little and Everett began chafing my wrists.

"Betty! Betty darling," he cried, and there was real anguish in his voice. "Open your eyes, darling, tell me you're all right. Oh, Betty, open your eyes and speak to me." He almost sobbed those last words, so I lifted one hand to his face and murmured weakly: "I'm—all right—Ev—"

"I thought you were dead. I thought I'd killed you," he sobbed. "Oh, Betty, darling girl. Say my name again."

"Everett, dear," I whispered and he smiled at me.

"The rain will stop soon," he said, lifting his head. "The clouds are breaking up in the west. Are you sure you're all right, Betty?"

"Just a little sick and dizzy I guess," I told him.

The storm died down almost as quickly as it had come up and the sun burst through the clouds. It shone right in my eyes so I tried to sit up, but I was so weak Everett had to help me.

"What happened, Everett?" I asked. "I saw that terrible wave and then I don't remember anything."

"It was a beaut, all right," he said. "Must have been ten feet high. When I

saw you sailing out of the boat I thought you'd gone for good. You went down and I hung on to the canoe till I saw your head bob up a few feet away and then I made straight for you. We really weren't far from shore but I didn't know it then. By the time I'd caught you the canoe had disappeared and there was nothing to do but swim for it."

"With me? How could you?"

"Only because you were unconscious," he said, "otherwise we'd probably have gone down together out there."

"Oh, Everett," I sighed, "you must be a wonderful swimmer."

"I had to be, didn't I? Weren't you drowning?"

WE DID finally get back to the hotel about the same time the others were returning from the tennis match. Everett and I hurried up to our rooms as fast as we could go. You can just imagine how we looked in our sun-dried clothes. I looked ruefully at my ruined shoes and the bedraggled dress, but it might have been much worse.

That night was very terrible and very beautiful. Everett was all broken up, although I didn't see why he should be. It was our last evening at the lake because the next night we were taking the midnight sleeper back to New York. Our vacation was over, but Everett had every reason to think we'd see each other back in the city. And yet he hardly touched his dinner. When we danced he held me very close and I was so busy wondering why he felt so badly that I almost forgot my own unhappiness.

"You've never told me where you live, Everett," I said after dinner as we walked for the last time down the blue lighted steps to the lake. "And you've hardly told me anything at all about yourself or your family or anything like that."

"Maybe it's because there's nothing interesting to tell," he said. "I told you before I'm just one man among men, just one of a mob."

"Silly! I think you're marvelous," I said. "But what I really meant was that you've never talked about when we get back to New York. You'd think we were going to spend the rest of our lives up here."

"If we only could!" He spoke the words so fervently, that I wondered what was troubling him. And then I knew, or at least I thought I did. I had to cram my little lace handkerchief into my mouth to keep from crying out. Everett was probably ashamed of the way we'd behaved and perhaps he was afraid his family would find out and make a fuss if he wanted to keep on seeing me. According to the standards of his friends I had acted rather badly, I suppose. But Everett ashamed of me! It was a terrible thought.

BUT worse than that was that if he knew the truth about me he would have every right to be ashamed.

I shuddered and Everett looked at me anxiously: "You should have brought a wrap or a scarf—"

"I'm not cold, Everett, really," I told him. "Just nervous and fidgety."

We didn't take the lake path because I had on light slippers and the storm had made the path muddy. We just sat down on the boat landing for a while and looked at the water and held hands in the dark. There was no moon.

"Tomorrow night is the end," Everett murmured.

"Tomorrow night," I repeated, in a whisper, and I really believed it was the end if Everett felt it must be.

I looked back once over my shoulder and saw that nearly all the lights in the hotel were out; a few people had been sitting

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on the landing when we came down but even they were gone and I thought everybody must be in bed.

"It's awfully late, I think, Everett," I said.

I didn't really care how late it was but I was getting so miserable I didn't want to stay there and cry and make a little fool out of myself.

"Does that really matter when it's our last night? Don't go up yet, Betty. Let's be together as long as we can."

It seemed to mean so much to him that I said, "All right." I tried to remember all the pleasant things we had done together. I tried to console myself with the thought that Everett returned my love in full measure. But all inside me, it seemed, was one great big ache and I simply could not push the truth away any longer. It was, indeed, the end.

WHY, day after tomorrow all this would be just a beautiful dream. Life would have to be faced again; the only life there was for me; "Hello! Number please. Alhambra Hotel: No. 710 does not answer! Boy, page Mr. Fisher!"

"I'll never wear these clothes again," I thought, "they're too full of beautiful memories that hurt. I'll put them away and when things get too terrible I'll take them out and look at them. They will help me remember that it wasn't all a dream. Even the white dress I'll keep, just as it is—wrinkled and soiled. Everett saved my life in that dress."

Saved it! For what? A little sob caught in my throat then and Everett quickly gathered me into his arms.

"What is it, kiddy?" he asked.

"Just that it's all over, our beautiful time up here. I'm just beginning to realize it. I feel as if I knew you were going to die tomorrow."

"You funny little thing!" he laughed, but there was no happiness in that laugh. I tried to smile but I know it was only a pitiful grimace. I wanted to cry. I wanted to tell Everett all the torturing thoughts that were running around in my head. I wanted to tell him everything, and because I knew that I would do it if we sat there another minute, I jumped up and said:

"We must go up now, Everett, really!"

"I suppose so," he said, and got slowly to his feet.

At the foot of the steps he put his arm about me and I slipped mine around him. I guess it took us a terribly long time to get to the top of those steps because every so often Everett would stoop and kiss me or we would turn and look back over the lake. We couldn't really see anything, of course, and there wasn't a sound but the gentle lapping of the waves on the shore. But every little thing was filled with significance that night. It was the end.

The next day was a busy one, of course. There were tickets to be bought, clothes to pack, the hotel bill to settle, a thousand little things to make the day fly. Everett was awfully busy, too, and we didn't see much

of each other. But by dinner time everything had been attended to and we had the whole evening free until train time.

After dinner Everett asked me if I'd like to walk up the lake path. "It won't get dark for an hour yet," he said. But I said I didn't want to get my grey slippers dirty. I really didn't care about the slippers but I thought we'd better stay around where there were other people so we danced all evening, and I purposely avoided going out on the veranda between dances. It was a cool night and almost everyone was inside.

At eleven o'clock Everett said we'd better get our bags downstairs as the bus was leaving shortly. But when the boy had taken my bag and the key to my room I turned out the light and stood there for a few minutes in the dark. I could hear the music downstairs and people laughing and talking but their happiness only made my own grief more poignant. It took every bit of will power I had to tear myself away from that room and when I had at last shut the door behind me I felt as if I had left the best part of me on the other side.

I dragged slowly down the stairs and when Everett saw me he came hurrying over. "I thought you'd never come," he said, "and the bus is waiting."

It was so late when we got on the train that our berths were all made up, so after Everett had stowed our bags away we went out and stood on the platform.

"Oh, Everett!" I cried when the train started. "It's all over!"

JUST then the conductor came out and we handed him our tickets but when we were alone again Everett drew me over to the window and caught my hand in his. He held it lovingly against his cheek. "It's all been so lovely, sweet. Let's not spoil it now."

"You've been lovely!" I told him impulsively. "You've been perfect. Just the sort of man every girl dreams of. You say just the right things, do just the right things. You're good and honest and wonderful! Oh, I love you, Everett darling, but I almost wish I'd never met you." I turned my face away and pressed it against the window.

"Don't say that," he said quickly. "It's been a very wonderful experience for us."

"Why do you say, 'has been'?" I demanded. "Why don't you say something about how much it's going to mean to us? The future. I mean."

"You might not like me in the city," he said. "It was easy for an affectionate girl like you to fall in love up at the lake, with the moonlight and the birds and the woods and the water, I'm just not game enough to take the chance of your changing. And you would!"

"Don't say things like that, Everett," I reproached him. "I'm not a little flirt. I've never been in love in my life before. I guess you'd be the one to change." I said the last words so low I thought the roar of the train had drowned them, but Everett heard and laughed derisively.

And because it came to me in a rush just at that moment how much I really did love him, I had to fight to keep back the tears.

"I've got to tell you something, Everett," I said while the train rattled and swayed as if to drown my voice. "I've got to tell you even though you'll hate me when I'm through."

"Betty, darling!"

"Oh, don't stop me," I pleaded, "or I may not say it. I've just got to tell you! I'm not a rich girl and I don't live at the Alhambra Hotel like I told you I did and I don't travel around from place to place."

"And I'm poor. Horribly poor. If your mother was to meet my mother on the street she'd probably turn up her nose or feel sorry for her. My mother is worn out and sad looking and her hands are all knotted from washing and ironing and slaving for a big family. I've never been to a summer hotel or had any pretty dresses or anything before. If you want to know the truth, I'm only a telephone operator at the Alhambra Hotel. I'm a faker. A cheat. Now how do you like me?"

I BIT my lips savagely and dug my nails deep into the palms of my hands. Anything but to break down and cry like a weakling! I wasn't going to cry no matter what Everett said to me. But when he looked up and actually began to laugh, I was dumbfounded.

"Betty!" he cried. "You darling girl! I'm glad you told me that. Glad, do you hear?" He had grabbed both my hands and I could only gasp.

"Glad? How—Why—"

"Because, darling," he said, "it makes you mine. Mine for always. Mine to love. Mine to take care of. Mine to marry if you'll say yes."

"But Everett," I protested, trying to pull away from him. "You couldn't marry me. Why, you couldn't afford to be seen with me. Think of your friends and your family."

"I haven't any!"

"But your business associates, all those people in your office. Think how they'd laugh at you if they knew you were in love with a girl like me."

"Haven't any business associates, either," he laughed, "or any office. All I have is a job at \$35 a week and I wish I had a mother like yours and a big family to go home to instead of a little hall bedroom where I have to cook my own breakfast on a smelly gas plate."

"I'm poor, Betty, don't you understand? Poor just like you and your people. I've been saving two years for this vacation and it nearly broke me getting the clothes and things for it. Look here," he said, drawing out his wallet and holding it up in the dim light. "There's a five dollar bill. I've about fifty cents in change in my pocket. Outside of that five dollars and fifty cents I haven't a cent in the world and won't have until a week from Monday. Now do you still love me? Now will you marry me?"

I guess you know what my answer was.

Find Your Mate in the Stars

[Continued from page 20]

someone who did not stimulate his jealous possessiveness, but rather soothed it.

Before I said anything I examined the astrological influence affecting this girl whom I had not even seen.

Her birthday was February 23. She was therefore in the period of Pisces which affects those days and nights between February 21 and March 20, a time ruled by Nep-

tune, ruler of the subconscious, mystical and pessimistic!

Pisces people are emotional, sympathetic people, not often well understood by those closest to them.

George Washington was a native of this sign, and astrology would declare him a man of an intense love-life, who could find romance and beauty everywhere. The na-

tives of Pisces are able to care for many people, and they must mate only with those who can understand this, and who can understand that this largeness of feeling does not denote disloyalty. George Washington married wisely.

M. Joseph Caillaux, the great French statesman, born on March 3, is likewise under the rule of Pisces. His career has been

long and eventful, and in my reading of him, I found that a successful marriage was one of the most important factors which led to his success. He found, what all Pisces people must seek as the first requirement—a true and great understanding.

As an example of a Pisces person, I can name another great statesman, George Washington. Modern historians are waging their wars of words in the endeavor to discover the true character of Washington, one school declaring that his character has been misinterpreted by untrue traditions and prim stories. Washington's character to the astrologer is that of a man of an intense love life.

The natives of Pisces can love many people, without disloyalty to any one. There is no doubt that Washington's successful marriage was due very greatly to the fact that he married a woman whose planetary chart shows her to have been wise, understanding and above all things, tolerant.

SO, IN this case I am setting down here, I realized that a jealous and possessive man had fallen in love with a woman whose ability to scatter her abundant sympathies might lead people to call her fickle.

For a moment this seemed the very worst possible match. The next instant I realized that this was one of those interesting exceptions which make life so rich, so varied, so impossible to define!

For I suddenly read that my client's deep love was not only heightened by his jealousy, but in his case almost dependent upon it! I realized that if the jealousy were once removed, he would probably grow indifferent! Fate and chance had made him select the one type which, without actual disloyalty, would be bound to keep him in emotional ferment as long as he was with her!

Jealousy, which so often is a force of evil alone, here contributed good; and a certain kind of fickleness, which causes so much pain and misery, was here the torch of love.

I told him he could not have fallen in love with a better mate. When I explained to him how to cope with her tendencies, he left my office, smiling, hurrying off to the girl, a devoted and jealous lover. I have not heard from him since.

Not always, of course, do I find a loophole like that. Often and often I discover people who are utterly unsuited to each other and who have been drawn together by a sudden flare of brief and perilous attraction, an attraction that cannot last, and from whose ashes can arise no new thing.

I have before me now on my desk a letter from the West. It is a pitiful and revealing letter, describing unconsciously enough a marriage which began with high hopes and which has gone on the rocks and now can never be saved.

The woman tells me she was a teacher. Her birthday is August 7. She is therefore within the scope of July 21 and August 20, a period under the sign of Leo and affected by the Sun, ruler of individuality, ruled by their heart first and always until experience teaches them the practical side of life.

Ambitious, stoical, long suffering are these Leo people, with a capacity for large executive work, an inability to be ruled or twisted out of their own determinations by others. So much is this so that they must take particular care not to dominate entirely, and to allow others some freedom of thought.

This woman on a trip to the city to visit relatives met a young lawyer and promptly fell in love with him. She describes him to me: "Enthusiastic, intolerant, nervously anxious to get everything done at once, impatient of what I do or say. He no longer likes me. At times when I have seen his eyes resting on my face, I think he hates me."

She fortunately gave me his birthday, April

12. I had already guessed that he must have been born between March 21 and April 20, under the sign Aries. Those born under this sign have just what she discovered for herself: intense enthusiasm and activity, a desire for quick co-operation, intuition and brilliance.

But they are also impatient; they demand the utmost from those they love. They insist on complete rule. They are sensitive in the extreme, and often combine great gifts with qualities which make living with them very difficult.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is under the influence of this sign, for example, and while he may have been unfortunate in his marriage, yet in fairness it must be added that his chart reveals a nature that requires the greatest degree of self-sacrifice from a mate. Perhaps this is why the famous comedian has failed twice in the rôle of a husband, and why it would seem that he is not likely to meet with success unless he finds someone utterly willing to sink her personality, her aims, and her very ideas in his.

So when I studied the charts of this idealistic woman who had written to me for advice, I saw that she of all people should never have chosen the mate she did. Aries and Leo are each signs that desire to rule. Thus in this marriage we see two strong wills, two leaders, two generals—and the end can only be disaster unless as I have rarely found they have complete understanding. They would however make splendid business associates.

I have listed these few instances to make a little clearer the problems that are present to the astrologer, and the astrologer's viewpoint on them.

There are questions which I am frequently asked regarding celebrated persons of the theater, finance, the arts, or society. Perhaps it may not be amiss in this article to mention one or two, and to attempt to answer the questions that are most frequently asked regarding them.

Why was Valentino always searching for his true mate and searching, it would seem, in vain? The great lover of the screen excited more speculation than almost any other man.

Valentino's birthday was May 6. Since I am writing in this article of general indications, again I shall leave out the particular manifestations of his year of birth. But the birth date brings him under the influence of Taurus, the ruling sign of those born between April 21 and May 20.

TAURUS people are dignified, secretive, and strong willed. They have sympathy and are easily influenced. Their dispositions are excellent, but when anger does come, it sweeps them like a storm and burns everything in its path.

To this intense type belonged Rudolph Valentino. He sought for a woman who would be almost more than human, so high was his ideal. And at the same time, his realistic intellect and keen mind made him read only too acutely the truth about the very people he was anxious to idealize. For Valentino, life was indeed a seeking and a hunger, even in his all too short career which ended so tragically.

The question of Valentino automatically brings up the woman screen star often associated with his name, Pola Negri.

Pola Negri's birth date is January 3. She is thus under the influence of Capricorn who rules all those born between December 21 and January 20.

Those whose sign is Capricorn are diplomatic, fond of honors, willing to plod and persevere for a desired goal. They have tremendous latent power. There is a tendency in them towards selfishness which, however, it is within their grasp to curb. They live deeply in themselves.

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It was under this sign that Abraham Lin-

110

Sweetheart of the Regiment

[Continued from page 29]

brought Germaine back with him as his bride. Now, a widow, she was about to wed another one of our men, this time my best friend Jethro. What was old Todd thinking about?

Then Germaine came out on the porch, helping old Mrs. Jethro to her chair. Germaine was a magnificent young woman, vigorous, handsome, kindly. I could imagine the difference she'd make around the farm and began to understand why everybody liked her.

"This is Mrs. Humphrey, Germaine to you, John," Todd said simply. "John Woods is an old crony, a buddy, Germaine. I hope you'll like each other."

"We're already acquainted, Todd," she replied, with a soft, throaty laugh which sounded nervous to me. "This is the gentleman I met the other day when I was returning with the children. I told you."

EVIDENTLY Todd remembered and the moment passed successfully. But the shock of my discovery set all my nerves tingling like sore teeth. My bad leg pained horribly. My head began to ache.

"Our acquaintance extends farther back than the other day on the orphanage road," I reminded the young woman at the first opportunity.

Germaine touched her lips with her forefinger and hurried to fetch a shawl for Todd's mother.

Todd was to drive her back in his flivver. He declined my invitation for the pair of them with a sentimental grin which was unlike my hard-boiled sergeant. So I said good night and left the lovers to themselves, but before I drove away I managed to let Germaine understand that I wanted to talk to her alone.

Almost as if she welcomed the opportunity for a heart-to-heart talk Germaine came over to my house that same evening, walking all the way from the orphanage. It was ten o'clock, but she explained the late hour by saying she couldn't leave until all the children were asleep. No, it wasn't one of her many duties to stay in the dormitory. On the contrary, it was against the rules. But they knew she was waiting, listening, outside the door, and she knew when the last tot had dropped off to sleep. How?

"That's one of those things a woman just knows, m'sieu," she said.

"Germaine," I said abruptly, without losing further time, "I don't understand your being in Coningsby at all. The last time I saw you—"

"Was at the Jethro farm, five hours ago," she said.

"I recall another occasion," I said, "at a little house on the outskirts of Chateau Thierry."

"That was ver', ver' long ago," she said. Her accent became more marked under stress.

"Does Todd Jethro know?" I persisted, ignoring the appeal in her eyes.

"But you are his good friend," Germaine challenged me. "Ask him."

Her big, capable self, standing there at my mercy, reminded me of a wounded deer at the mercy of a yelping dog. But Todd was my friend; I owed my very life to this silent, likeable fellow. I couldn't stand aside and watch him go blindly into a union he might come to regret. Sentiment was all very well, but what of friendship such as ours?

"Of course you married Humphrey?" I said suddenly. "There's no mistake about that?"

Her expression softened and saddened at once.

"No mistake. Poor Bert! He was ver' good and ver' kind, one big man, m'sieu. He understand. I first meet Bert at my little house, down by the canal, but after we marry and come to America, to Coningsby—that is never mention' again. I was a good wife. I am one good woman now," Germaine pointed out with dignity. "I work hard, a man's work, but I like it. I love the children and they love me. Soon I will be a good Mrs. Todd Jethro and make everybody happy, that is, if m'sieu is generous."

Her simple dignity touched me more than I cared to admit. If her fiancé had been any other man than Todd—

"Then he doesn't know, of course!" I said. I was unnecessarily sharp with her.

"Ask him," was all the satisfaction I got. She spoke more in sorrow than in anger.

Next day a friend of mine arrived from Boston. Paul Sands had scarcely aged a day and he looked like the successful corporation lawyer that he was. Jethro had been his sergeant too and when we got to talking over old times together, Sands expressed a desire to see Todd once more.

"He's going to be married soon," I said. "Todd Jethro? You mean his grandson, don't you?" Sands returned.

"Well, he's probably your age, or a year younger," I said.

"Good Lord, you don't mean that kid's getting married!" Sands countered, at which we both laughed long and loudly.

Deliberately I drove him over to the Jethro farm by way of the county orphanage and luck was with me, for Germaine was outdoors with the children as I turned into the road. They recognized me and came running into the driveway. Germaine kept in the background, but she raised her eyes to smile and Sands got a good look at her.

"Who was that woman?" he asked, plainly puzzled, as we drove on again.

"That's Todd Jethro's fiancée," I answered. I was watching him closely.

"Don't know her." He actually seemed relieved. "That wasn't a ready-made family for our hard-boiled sergeant, was it?"

"No, she is employed there at the orphanage," I explained. "She's Bert Humphrey's widow, if you happen to remember Humphrey."

"THAT'S it! Germaine!" he cried. "Of course, Germaine 'Toot Sweet.' Now I remember! Good Lord! She's like gas, you know, Jack, and you never quite get gas out of your system, they say. How about it?"

"Never was gassed," I said.

"And she's going to marry Jethro!" Sands said. He was frowning, as if it troubled him. "Jethro was a good sergeant and belligerently speaking I'm strong for him, but Germaine! Stunning figure! See much of her?"

"At the Jethro farm or as we've seen her today, with the orphans in the road," I said. His question annoyed me.

"What a girl!" he said. "Only a peasant, maybe, but she's got the blood of Cleopatra, DuBarry and Trojan Helen in her veins. What are you made of, man? With your wealth and opportunities! What history she'd make in Paris, driving in the Bois, or at Ciro's, on the boulevards and she is doomed to spend her best days on a bleak New England farm! Why, Monte Carlo and Deauville are waiting open-armed to welcome a woman like Germaine!"

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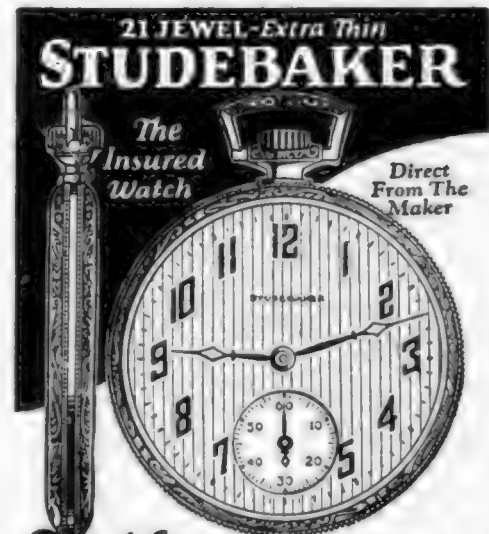
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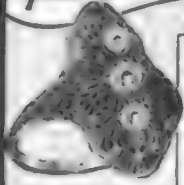


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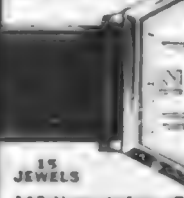
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I hated his words, yet there was truth in what he said.

If anything, Paul Sands merely strengthened my belief that Todd ought to know about Germaine's past before their marriage. And as days went by I was more strongly convinced that I had made a mistake in asking Sands to visit me. Evidently he liked Coningsby, for he was in no hurry to be gone.

Long before I had absolute proof of it, I suspected that it was Germaine who kept Sands under my roof. He drove out too much alone; he was too interested in the telephone. If we motored over to the Jethro farm, Paul insisted upon coming home by the orphanage road. And his wink at my unspoken questions, as if he didn't give a hoot for what I might be thinking!

Then one evening, most unceremoniously, Germaine came through the French window into the library where I was sitting alone with my book. My guest was out on entertainment of his own, but when I saw Germaine I guessed where my roadster had carried him. She was flushed, breathless, and for a moment she leaned against the window frame, one hand over her heart. Never had she looked more lovely. In the strict sense of the word, she wasn't, of course, beautiful at all, but there were strength and vigor and a regal air about her which made her seem magnificent indeed.

"M'sieur Woods," she said at last. "I have come to ask you to send Paul Sands away. It is not fair. Soon people will talk, and people have never talked about Germaine in Coningsby. Whatever I have done, I am ver' good woman now. I am betrothed to Todd Jethro and everybody knows that. Yet this Paul Sands, he pursues me."

I suspected as much, but it wasn't pleasant to hear her say it.

"You're right, it isn't fair, Germaine," I said. "I—feel that I can safely say Mr. Sands will be leaving Coningsby immediately."

Her wide eyes were like a dog's, dumbly grateful. "Perhaps I shouldn't complain, but all day long—every day, every night—I shall lose my position at the orphanage. He telephones so much! And when I refuse to talk, he drives over in the car. The children don't understand; they are afraid of him. People see us together so much and I cannot get away from him. I do not wish to make trouble between friends, m'sieu, but if he'd go away and I'd never see him again, that would be heaven!"

IMADE her sit down for a moment and got out some wine myself to keep the servants away. She looked insufferably sad, there in the big chair. I imagined with what cunning Sands had pursued Germaine, until, like a cornered hare, she had run to me for aid.

"He'll not trouble you again," I said as quietly as my feelings would permit.

"No scandal, M'sieu Woods," she said. "That is it—he knows I do not wish the past raked up. Todd doesn't know and I do not wish him to know. Neither him nor his father and mother. Why concern ourselves with what happened so long ago, so ver' long ago! I am sorry and I sin no more, like the Magdalene, m'sieu. Ever since I marry poor Bert Humphrey, I am a different woman. Ask anyone in Coningsby. Germaine now is one good woman."

I felt ashamed of my guest, ashamed of the "gentleman" he was.

"I think I can promise you that Sands won't molest you again," I said. "You see, he is rather anxious to stand well in the good graces of a kinswoman of mine. We'll settle him quickly."

In her gratitude, Germaine dropped down on one knee and I felt her lips against the back of my hand. Then, before I could say

more or make a protest she had disappeared.

I was waiting up for Paul when he came in. It was not late, since Germaine had eluded him and there was nothing else in Coningsby to keep him out. He seemed all teeth, like a wolf, as he grinned at me from the door. Then, just when he was going to say something he saw the two empty wine-glasses which I hadn't removed and again that smile I had come to hate distorted his features.

"A visitor, Jack? While the guest's away the host will play. Let's hope you were more successful than I."

"Yes, Mrs. Humphrey was here," I said. "Mrs. Humphrey?" He shook his head at first. Then, "Oh, Germaine, of course! I understand now why she prefers to spend the winter in Coningsby." He winked at the empty glasses and seated himself, sighing.

"Mrs. Humphrey has told me of your persecution—for it is nothing else, Sands. I promised her it wouldn't occur again."

"Oh, you did?" he sneered. "Never stir muddy water, old fellow."

"My hands are clean," I said. "And moreover as long as you remain my guest under this roof."

Our glances met and he got up. "You win, Woods," he nodded. "Good night and good-by."

IN THE morning Paul Sands was gone and Germaine could laugh again with the children down in the cow pasture without fear of his intrusion. That same afternoon I drove over to Jethro's farm. Todd wasn't at home but the old folks, who seemed to like me, made me feel very welcome. Something wonderful had happened in the ancient, weather-beaten house. Man and wife were as excited as children anticipating Christmas. The big living room had been refurnished and was gay with homely little touches. Germaine of course had wrought these changes. She was the good fairy who had touched their lives with new interest, hope, even a pretty gaiety foreign to their natures.

"In a little while now we will have a daughter as well as a son," the old lady announced proudly.

"And maybe soon—" Father Jethro began making stair-steps with his hand; he wagged his gray head and chuckled.

"You're both very fond of Germaine Humphrey, then, Mrs. Jethro?" I asked.

They both answered at once. She was a paragon of all the virtues. She was industrious, thrifty, a fine housewife and kind to little children who were parentless. Todd was a good boy, but not too good for Germaine.

On my way home I drove past the county orphanage to tell Germaine that Sands had left Coningsby. It had been some time since I had seen my little friends and they crowded around me like hungry chicks, cackling loudly at the idea of the feast I promised them.

Smiling, Germaine came up and gave me her hand. "Thank you, my friend," she said. "You are ver' good to me. If the time comes when I can convince you I am worthy of your buddy, that will be paradise!"

A few hours later, the frantic clamor of the bell sent me hurrying to the telephone and listening. I heard Germaine's voice, weak with fear.

"M'sieu Woods?"

"Yes, yes; it is I."

"Paul Sands—" she gasped.

I endeavored to speak calmly for her sake. "What has happened, Germaine?"

"Paul Sands, he has not left Coningsby, m'sieu. He has left your home and gone to the Putnam House, that is all. A short while ago he telephones to me and he says—

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Her voice died away.

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"I'll go to the Putnam House and interview Mr. Sands," I said.

But she didn't want that; she couldn't stand a scandal.

"He has commanded me to meet him in Chapelgate road, at the old church, at ten o'clock," she said. "Come there, please, m'sieu."

Physically I was no match for Sands, although I would have fought him to the finish for his treachery and deceit. My sympathies were entirely with Germaine who battled so bravely for her happiness and suddenly I knew that were I in Todd Jethro's shoes I'd be a very proud man. You had to admire her, for her high courage as much as her beauty.

There was a moon and in the frosty air voices and figures would be quite distinct. I left my car in the road and walked toward the church. When I smelled a cigarette I knew that Sands was there before me. Germaine, too, had arrived.

CONCEALING myself behind a tree, I listened a second to their voices. Paul Sands, of course, didn't know that Germaine had communicated with me, and it was he who was talking.

"Wait, listen! I love you to madness. I want you, Germaine." I heard him say. "I can't let you bury yourself on a New England farm. You were born for something else, something more. Paris, the Riviera, the world's admiration. Germaine, you must come away with me. You'll never regret such a step."

In the moonlight she was as white as a lily, with a tenseness as of death.

"I have told you," she said. "It could not be, even if it were not for my Todd Jethro, m'sieu Sands. And I am betrothed to him—"

"A close-mouthed, tight-fisted peasant!"

"I am a peasant, m'sieu, and Todd is the man I love."

"So were Nell Gwyn, DuBarry, half the superwomen of history peasant girls. Peasant or duchess, I want you, Germaine. Never mind your clothes; we have time to catch the 11:10 to Boston, where you can buy what you need at once. Then, tomorrow New York. Next week Europe. How about it?"

"No!" She was like a cornered wild thing, listening, watching for me. But I had to hear this thing out. For the sake of my friend, Todd Jethro, I remained silent, waiting.

"You know what it means if you refuse?" Sands asked. "I am not a boy. I warn you, I usually get what I want."

Still she held her ground, making me think of her own poilus who had upheld the tri-color so courageously under gun fire.

"Better come, Germaine," he added. "If it's the money you want, I will settle a sum on you sufficient to make your future independent and secure. Otherwise, I must go to Jethro, you understand that?"

She understood him, and shuddered, though I am sure it was not so much through fear of Todd as from loathing for Sands.

"The officials of the orphanage, too, they should be interested in your past existence, in . . . Germaine 'Toot Sweet.' I don't want to seem unduly harsh, but—"

"But you're ready to break that which

you say you love," Germaine cried in low, tragic accents. "M'sieu, you who are so big and good and wise—have you, then, never heard of the Magdalene? It was One bigger than you who said 'Go and sin no more.' And so I find hope and strength to carry on. I find comfort, I even find love. You cannot mean that I must be wicked again for one man's saying so, when I try so hard to be good for many, many people's sake. I will not; no, I will not do what you ask, m'sieu. All your threats to tell my Todd, to tell the matron and officers at the orphanage, I prefer to die. I have looked on death, for your boys and mine, m'sieu, and there are many things harder than to die. It would, for instance, be a thousand times harder, to have to go away with you."

I could stand no more. Fighting mad I started towards Sands, with uplifted cane. But a man's hand gripped me from behind and I swung around to face Todd himself. Then, so perverse is human nature, I suddenly discovered myself wishing that my old friend in some way might be spared. I, who had been so insistent all along that he must know everything! But she had convinced me, even against my will, of her soundness. In Todd's place, I'd been a proud and happy bridegroom.

"No, no!" I said. I tried to get between Jethro and the picture of that tragic woman and Paul Sands out there in the moonlight.

For a second Todd gripped me tight and I knew plainer than words could say the depth of his feeling for me.

"My good friend, I have heard everything," he said. "Thanks for your help, but this is my affair, John."

FOR one glorious moment he held himself erect, like a setter scenting game. Then, with head forward and face grim, he charged forward. He was my sergeant again. I had seen him this way in action. A business to get done, unpleasant, perhaps, but necessary! He was quite businesslike now with Sands. If she hadn't loved him dearly before, Germaine would have adored Todd now, as he fought in defense of her name.

Really, it was no contest. I found myself feeling a little sorry for Paul, as a man must feel sorry for another man whose folly has brought him to a ridiculous plight. Todd made a good job of it. No stolid New England farmer now, he was as colorful as a hero from Victor Hugo, a man to win any woman's heart and keep it for all time.

"And there's one for good measure," he cried, with a blow to the chin, when Sands muttered. "Enough!" Todd addressed a last few words to him: "You hurry and catch the 11:10 for Boston. And if you ever as much as show your face in Coningsby again or breathe the name of the lady who is to be my wife—But you understand. Now go!"

White, trembling, yet confident as women are in the face of a great love, Germaine waited for him to come to her. And his kiss, given there before me, wiped out all the past. Words between them were superfluous. I was stealing away, leaning a bit heavily on my cane, when Todd spoke my name. I stopped and arm-in-arm we three went, not to my car, but to Todd Jethro's old flivver waiting in the lane.

I WAS only a chorus girl and Larry was the son of rich parents—rich and snobbish. But we loved each other. Still love doesn't always see clearly and there was a chance that my man wouldn't understand. It was all the fault of Larry's father who was trying to save his son from making a mess of his life. He trapped me—the father did and all the world was dark. It all depended on Larry and you know love is blind. I tell you the truth about myself and these two men in my story "The Big Lonely Kid" in September SMART SET.

If My Wife Had Only Loved Me

[Continued from page 41]

through? I devoted more than twelve years of my life to one woman. It took me nearly three years to put the memory of her out of my life. The process threw me off my mental and physical balance for half of that time. I am not going to worry about women any more. I am going to let the women worry about me. Selfish way to look at it! Granted. Tit for tat.

Why shouldn't my wife have been a good cook, a good dishwasher and a good housekeeper? She had to eat and she had to have somewhere to live. I did my part of the job by furnishing plenty of food, a comfortable home and many luxuries. She always had better clothing than the average woman. She had as good a home as she had before she married me.

BUT I don't regard that as all of the marriage partnership. I wanted something else. I wanted the affection other men got. I am not the type of individual to be contented eating, sleeping and working. My heart is full of romance and sentiment. Maybe I am unusual in that respect but I don't think so. I think most men are that way. But in my home when I wanted a caress or a kind word or a kiss, that was different. If I wanted her to sit on my lap the dishes had to be washed or some other household task demanded attention. If I wanted to hold her in my arms and display toward her that affection it is every husband's right to give and should be every wife's desire to have, she would erect a wall of dignity between us.

I shall never forget one incident when my wife had been away on a vacation for several weeks. I was employed as a reporter on a newspaper in Sacramento, California, at that time and my salary was not large. I had worked hard and had made numerous sacrifices to achieve for her this holiday which meant spending the summer in the delightfully cool climate of San Francisco. I remained in the Sahara heat of Sacramento, working the long hours enforced in newspaper offices. The day my wife was to return I went to the train to meet her, as eager and happy as a boy. I was lonely and heartsick for her companionship. When she stepped from the car, instead of accepting my embrace and returning my ardent kisses, she said, "My, how hot and sweaty you are and what a horrible hat you have on."

No woman whose birthday had been forgotten or no wife who ever waited in vain for violets or bon-bons could have been more rebellious than I was on this occasion. I felt as if life wasn't worth while. I was tempted to dump her bags on the platform and let her get home through the heat and the dust the best way she could. But instead I excused her selfishness and lack of consideration with the thought that the train journey had tired her. I escorted her to a taxi without displaying my real feelings, but I pondered that incident many times in the years which followed before our final separation. I wondered if I had been too kind.

As I look back over our life together I can remember only one instance when she voluntarily embraced me or manifested a desire for me to pay her the attentions, without which no marriage can be successful. Shortly before we were married her little brother was stricken with diphtheria and we were together with him in his sick room.

He asked for a drink of water and as he sat up to take it from my wife's hands his little heart stopped and he collapsed, dead, in her arms. When she comprehended what had happened she ran to me in a hysteria of grief and begged me to hold her tight. She sobbed in my arms until her mother took her to her own room and put her to bed.

Men are only boys grown up, but there comes a time in a boy's life when he reaches out for and must possess feminine love which is not expressed in the maternal warmth of his mother's kisses or in the chaste caresses of a sister. Grown up boys want wives. I do not hold women on any pedestal of sanctity. They were created by Nature to be the sweethearts and wives and mates of men and in such capacity the marriage relationship should be maintained.

The lack of such a spirit and such a feeling in my home was what made all the difference in the world to me. I don't care how beautiful a woman is or how well she can cook or how charming she looks, if she has the nature of a marble statue. I can hire cooks and housekeepers and I can see beautiful women on the streets or statues in the art galleries but money can't buy the loyalty and love I shall require from my next wife.

I have envied the affection I have seen other men receive from their wives and sweethearts until it has become almost an obsession with me to have my ideal kind of home or not to have any home at all. I find myself quite comfortable now, living in a boarding-house, where I receive excellent food, the friendship and companionship of intelligent people and the utter freedom to go and come as I please.

But I frequently see the sweethearts and wives of other men lavish upon them what I would give anything in the world to have for myself—the true love, not pretended, of my kind of girl. I see these wives run to meet their husbands as if they were really glad to see them and compelled by a genuine desire to prove that gladness by embracing them and making them feel that the desire is there.

IT WAS my married lot to come home to a place which was well ordered and comfortable, as is my present boarding-house, but presided over by a household executive who was concerned only with the tasks she found about her. I got so that I even envied pictures I saw in advertisements of homes where love prevailed.

When I had a home it was a respectable home and a God loving home, where a child was being reared. I stood ready to protect it with every ounce of my strength. Yet I saw one day in a bootlegging dive something which made my blood surge with resentment because I could not have it in my home.

I was assigned by a newspaper to write a series of stories about the methods of bootleggers which were in vogue during the early days of prohibition. One of these speak-easies was conducted by a man with whom I was acquainted and while he and I were seated in the apartment where he conducted his business his sweetheart climbed into his lap, curled her silken legs beneath her and fairly smothered him with kisses as she stroked his hair and showered upon him, not simulated blandishments, but sincere affection. When this man tired of her caresses he shoved her aside with a grunt.

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How I envied this man. How I resented his careless lack of appreciation for the gentleness and warmth of this girl's nature. How it made me wonder if most women are not intrigued more by indifference than they are by devotion. How I hated his sordid, stupid treatment of her! Yet I gave him credit for commanding by boorishness and rudeness what I could not accomplish by kindness. I didn't envy him the girl because the kind of girl who consorts with crooks and bootleggers doesn't interest me, but I envied him what the girl represented.

How I wished that my wife could be made to understand the necessity for such attentions to me. Possibly there are some men who are so phlegmatic, so stolid, so unimaginative that nothing unbalances their equilibrium, but I am not one of those men. Unhappiness at home meant for me unhappiness everywhere. That is why my world was topsy-turvy. I neglected my business and lost interest in my friends. Naturally they lost interest in me.

How many things I did that I wish could be undone! What an outcast I became for a time and what a liar and a cheat, so far as my home was concerned! How many hideous things I contemplated! I look back on them now with a feeling of revulsion. I dropped my old and real friends and former associates because I was ashamed to

tell them what was troubling me and began to keep company with those I thought were getting more out of life and having more fun than I was. It was good experience but I am glad I came to my senses before I went too far.

It took me nearly a year to make up my mind to the final break, but when I made it, it was a clean one. I gave my wife divorce evidence which is effective in the state in which we lived and then put nearly seven thousand miles of land and water between us. I traveled abroad for nearly two years. When I came back to this country I created a new environment and a new circle of friends for myself.

I'll tell you what kind of a girl I want now. I want a girl who is with me, win, lose or draw, fair weather or foul. I want a girl who won't pout and show her claws if she gets a coonskin coat when she wanted a sealskin. I want a girl who will speed me on my way in the morning with a kiss and who will welcome me home at night with open arms. I want a girl who will leave it to me to bring home the bacon and will leave it to my judgment what kind of bacon to bring. I want a girl who will pet me and praise me and boost for me. She must do that or I don't want her. I want a girl who is my girl day and night.

Now you may ask what I have to offer

this ideal girl I am seeking? What girl would want to marry a man of my kind? What girl would trust her life and happiness to a man with such ideas of woman-kind as I have? I'll tell you.

It isn't any fun to lead the kind of a life I lead. No real fun! No real happiness I might better say. I just make the best of dangling around at loose ends and get a certain kick out of giving the girls back the same as they give me. But if I ever should find the kind of a girl I am looking for she would find me the squar-est shooting husband she ever heard about or read about.

I have learned by experience what things really count in life. I have been pretty close to the top of the heap in my profession and I have been nearer to being a tramp than I care to be again. I have learned that the greatest happiness to be found in this life is to have a few friends you can trust and who can trust you, and one girl who is with you in rough going or smooth, to cheer for you when you need it.

But above all I'd like to have an opportunity to talk to an audience consisting of all the women in the world who think they should stop fussing over a husband as soon as the honeymoon is over and tell them what a difference it would have made in my life if my wife had only loved me.

DO YOU girls like married men for friends? Some do, some don't. In September SMART SET you will get both sides of the question, *Are Married Men a Menace?* Each side is presented by a young woman who claims to know what she's talking about. Read what these girls have to say and then see what you think.

Me and Him and the Girl Friend

[Continued from page 63]

"Mr. King, I do think you're the most perfect gentleman I've ever known. Lots of fellows would have made some awful scenes if they'd been irritated as you've been. I think it's just perfectly splendid of you to have respect for our feelings and not lose your temper."

The two boys and I got a great laugh out of that.

Feelings! If I hadn't promised myself I'd stay clear of a jam I'd have slammed that freshman and that surly waiter and that half-shot taxi driver if the blows broke the hearts of every queen in the world! Feelings!

We sit around in this second joint for awhile and nothing happens but a lot of laughter and a little light petting. We dance and have some wine and the party promises well. I figure to myself that my temptations to break the peace had come all in a bunch and are probably over for a time. I'm thinking that the road's clear ahead of me for the next two months for me to do things that I can remember and thrill about when my great grandchildren have to walk ahead of me and carry my beard.

Then I look up and see Spud Horgan!

I DON'T know his name. I don't know anything about him except that he's sure got one of those faces that made me want to start studying sculpture and begin right away by doing a remodeling job.

Nothing about him to attract attention. He was medium height and medium weight and he had a face that was just a face to every one but me. It was browner than most from plenty of sun and wind but otherwise there was nothing in it out of the ordinary. Blue eyes and kind of thin light hair.

It wasn't a face to me. It was a dare. Mind you when I first saw him and felt this way about the matter he hadn't even

looked at me. He didn't know I was in existence. Not a case of a mean look that set the old goose flesh rippling up and down my spine. Just the sight of that face did it.

There was a guy I wanted to hit. I didn't know why. I don't know why to this day.

I started to get up. No thought about it. Just strong instinct. Then I remembered. I was going to stay out of trouble. I sat back in my chair and I give you my word that was the hardest job of my life.

He was dancing with a little brunette. They circled close to our table and then away. Still he hadn't seen me. He must have been fifteen or twenty feet away when he happened to look over his girl's shoulder and catch my eye.

I don't know how I looked. Maybe I was scowling. Anyhow the sight of me must have hit him like an oath shouted in his ear. He stopped dancing and stared at me. His partner looked up at him and then at me. I couldn't hear what she said but she evidently asked him what the trouble was. He answered her by sweeping her to one side with a movement of his right arm. Then he started walking towards me.

I got up from my chair and waited for him. There wasn't a word said. When he got within hitting distance he swung at me. I ducked and popped a left to his eye. Then we were at it. Knees, feet, elbows, fists and heads! What a battle! All over the place! We upset tables and chairs. China and glassware smashed on the floor and we rolled around in the debris and got cut by the fragments. Slug and wrestle, strain and pant! Up and down. On the floor and on our feet. Over tables and under them. What a fight that must have been to watch.

Waiters clawing at us. Others slamming at us with bottles, table legs, anything they could lay their hands on, trying to knock one or the other of us out so the damage would

stop. Police whistles shrilling. Women screaming. Men yelling. Then a rush of heavy feet and I had a flash of a brass-buttoned bluecoat over me. I saw a stick rise, fall on my antagonist's head. He went limp in my arms. I loosed hold of him to defend myself but I had no chance. I saw the nightstick coming but it was too late to duck. It seemed as though a ton of dynamite exploded in my brain and that was the end of that affair.

I CAME to life in a hospital. Familiar stuff. A white-coated doctor patching me up. When I was all stitched and pasted together they took me to the booking office and then stuck me in a cell. After a little the boy who'd told me his father had influence showed up with a bail order and the money to back it. As we went out I asked the sergeant at the booking office window about the man I'd tangled with.

"He's here," the sergeant told me.

"Locked up?" I asked.

"If he ain't locked up then an Eskimo in a fur parkay is Adam naked," he said.

I asked him the man's name.

"Don't you even know his name?" the sergeant asked. "Say. If you two ever get introduced there's going to be one of the classiest double killings this town ever saw."

Then he told me the fellow's name was Horgan. I told him I stood ready to bail Mr. Horgan out.

"No," said he. "You ain't going to both run loose in this town again till you've talked with the judge."

I went outside with the boy who'd furnished my bail.

"What was the row about?" he asked me.

I told him all I knew about it.

"I didn't like his face," I explained. "He caught me looking at him and came for me. That's all there was to it."

Smart Set's Word Makers

Prize Winners in Big Contest

SMART SET started something when it announced, in the May issue the Word Makers Prize Contest.

As you remember the idea was to see how many words could be made out of the letters in the title "SMART SET." No abbreviations were permitted, no proper nouns, no duplication of letters except those duplicated in SMART SET, no prefixes or suffixes unless words in themselves, no foreign words unless generally accepted in the dictionary.

It sounded interesting to us and we thought you would like it. To say that you did like it would be putting it mildly. The flood of entries that poured in on every mail—many thousands in all—was proof of that. And the entries were so good that it took weeks to tabulate them and determine just which of so many excellent ones were the prize winners.

WHEN we started it looked as though we would have to give a prize to everybody—they were all so good. Some lists contained many thousands of words. But in many cases rules of the contest had been violated and the thousands came down to less than three hundred legitimate words.

The surprising thing about it was that so many people, using apparently the same kind of dictionary, could send in lists of such different length.

Those who most closely followed the rules of the contest and their dictionaries, had the best lists—and most of you did both.

There were many lists that missed winning a prize. Special mention is due to other lists which, although not numerically large, were cleverly and artistically arranged. One was a SMART SET book, each page containing a single word, illustrated in a novel manner. Another was a portfolio, also beautifully done, while still others were just as interesting. We only wish we could award a prize to them all.

But everyone seemed to have a good time and lots of fun and that's about the best part of any contest. SMART SET has cash paying contests each month and now that you have got started, probably you will want to try again. It's fun for all and many of you find it distinctly profitable fun.

most without exception, capable of making really impressive lists.

SMART SET editors were not surprised at the character and attainment of its readers. They already knew, in general, what a high class of citizenship and culture you represented. They were, however, surprised and delighted by the enthusiasm with which you entered into this contest. It can mean only two things:

First, that you like to think and are capable of thinking—a faculty not so prevalent as you may have been led to believe.

Second, that you like SMART SET and approve of the kind of magazine the editors are building for you.

This is distinctly encouraging. It will act as a stimulus to drive the editors to make for you a magazine that is as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. Perfection cannot be reached. The next thing to perfection, however, is possible. With your help and with your approval, that is the thing at which the editors are aiming.

THE contests that each month appear in SMART SET are intended to serve only one purpose. Namely, to bring the editors and the readers into closer touch with each other. To a large extent these contests form the closest tie between those who make your magazine and those who read it. They go far towards telling the editors what manner of people you readers are.

Also from these contests you readers get a fairly clear idea of the nature of the men and women who are building your magazine.

So the contests go on, month after month, and it is the intention of the editors at present to continue them.

There are several contests in this issue. Turn to them now and you'll be surprised to see how they appeal to you directly as an individual.

Prize Winners in the Word Contest

First Prize \$50

Wm. C. Elseroad, Baltimore, Md.

Second Prize \$25

A. C. Bernahl, Dolton, Ill.

Third Prize \$10

Mrs. W. S. Brown, Hoquiam, Washington

The following fifteen get \$1 each:

Donald C. Sparks, Baltimore, Md.

F. E. Cuddy, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Leona Sieglinger, Stillwater, Okla.

Mrs. H. B. Ritchie, Athens, Ga.

B. Londun, Colmar Manor, Brentwood, Md.

W. E. Bostick, Columbia, Tenn.

Mrs. C. B. Johannsen, Sandusky, O.

Mrs. Chas. Wilsey, Binghamton, N. Y.

A. J. Tooke, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ethel S. Greene, Malden, Mass.

Joseph N. Finn, New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. H. H. Golay, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Harriet M. Nerone, Bristol, R. I.

C. A. Morris, New Orleans, La.

Alfred Brunsch, Queens Village, L. I.

It was a surprise to us to see how many words could be made out of those two words, SMART SET. After all, there are only two vowels with which to juggle. That, of course, very greatly reduces the possibilities.

IT IS a high tribute to the ability of the contestants that they were, al-

Watch Next Month's Smart Set for Another Big Contest

"You'd never met before?" he demanded. "Never," I told him.

This kid shook his head. "Mr. King," he said. "You've given me an interesting evening. I'd like to see more of you but I figure you're too expensive a luxury for a young man who's ambitious to live long enough to get old."

"You're welcome to any reasonable amount of my money you may need or any influence I can swing for you to keep you out of San Quentin; but I'll have to deprive you of my company from now on. You ride too fast for my heart action and the way you turn corners on one wheel without putting out your hand is bad for my blood pressure. I'm going to bid you good-by and wish you all the luck in the world. I'm sure you'll need it."

HE WENT away and left me and I went back to the hotel and eased into bed for what was left of the night. But I couldn't sleep. This guy Horgan was on my mind. I lay there wondering why I'd hit him and fair burning to hit him again.

He was on hand when I showed up in police court in the morning. We stood up together while a cop told the tale and when the judge asked us if we had anything to say for ourselves we both shook our heads.

The judge fined us one hundred smacks apiece. I paid mine. Horgan said he'd serve time. I spoke up and offered to pay his fine as well as my own.

"Nothing doing," he growls. "I'll rot in jail for the rest of my life before I'll go on the nut to you."

I stepped close to him and whispered:

"What's the matter? Rather stay in jail than take what I'm going to give you when you get out?"

He whispers back:

"I'll let you pay my fine just for a chance at you now instead of waiting till my time's up."

I pay for the both of us and we walk out together. When we hit the sidewalk he stopped and looked at me.

"Put up your hands," he said. "Let's get it done."

"Just a minute," I said. "I'm as anxious as you are but when I start working on you again I don't want to be interrupted. If we let fly at each other here we'll get in about a sock apiece and then the police'll throw us back in separate cells and it'll be all to do over again. Let's go to a gymnasium and hire a boxing room where we can finish this up."

"No gloves," Horgan says. "I don't want anything between you and my knuckles when I get at you again."

"Don't fret," I said. "We'll get a room and go into it stripped to fighting togs. Then we'll lock the door from the inside. When we start there'll be nothing barred but outside interference."

"That's a good idea," Horgan said. "I hate to admit that because you thought of it, but I won't let pride stand in the way of my fun. Let's go."

We went to a gym and hired a boxing room. The fellow we got it from was an old ex-pug. He looked us over and got the play right off.

"If you gentlemen will leave me come in and have a look at this argument I won't charge you a cent for the room," he says.

We told him we'd go it alone.

"I'd sure like to see this thing," he said wistfully. "I'll bet it's going to be good."

I'll say it was good! We stripped to fighting trunks and shoes, went into the room and locked the door from the inside. There weren't any preliminary ceremonies. The instant I had turned the key in the lock I whirled around and whaled away at Horgan and he whaled back. After about three minutes of the wildest bare knuckle fighting I ever experienced he caught me with a left hook to the pit of the stomach and then

whipped his right up to my chin and down and out I went. I don't know how long I was cold. Must have been near a minute I guess. When I opened my eyes and sat up Horgan was standing in a corner watching me.

"Got enough?" he asks me.

"Enough!" I says, getting up. "I ain't warm yet."

"I'll heat you," he says, and came for me.

Another two or three minutes and I nailed him. He didn't move an eyelash for at least two minutes. Then he stirred, opened his eyes, got to his feet and we went at it again.

The thing must have gone on the better part of an hour. We were both down time and again. He was cold twice after that and I went by-by once more before the grand finale.

We were both staggering when the finish came. I saw an opening you could have driven a horse and wagon through and I summoned every last bit of energy I had left and shot one. A right. It landed. He went down and lay where he lit without a quiver. I stood over him, swaying, and all of a sudden everything went black. When I came to my senses I was lying across Horgan. I tried to get up but I couldn't. The gym attendants were hammering on the door. I couldn't speak. Couldn't move. After a little they broke the door in and carried us out. They laid us on cots in the dressing room and called a couple of doctors who stitched us up and put bandages on where they were needed.

FINALLY they had us both fixed so we could sit up. I sat on the edge of my cot and looked at Horgan. He looked back at me. All of a sudden he grinned. I began to laugh. We sit there and have hysterics laughing at each other. When we're so wore out we can't wring another giggle out of our systems the proprietor of the gym says:

"What was this battle about?"

"That's what we're laughing at," Horgan says. "Neither one of us know."

That started us off again and we have more hysterics.

I took Horgan up to my hotel with me and we broke out a bottle of Scotch and talked. He'd been following mining here and there. Just in from a venture over in Nevada. He'd lost his shirt on it and was under his last hundred.

"There's some country up in Alaska I'd like to prospect," he told me. "Up in the Kuskokwim. I think there's some stuff in there, but I'll have to go to work now and scrape together a grub stake."

"I got money that ain't going to do any better than buy me a headache if I lay around here," I told him. "I'll throw that in for my share and you furnish the brains. We'll go take a look at this Kuskokwim."

"Want to?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Suits me," he says. "How much you got to invest?"

"Anything up to five thousand," I told him. "Enough?"

"With some left," he says. "When can you be ready to leave?"

"I've got to a lot of things to pack," I says. "I couldn't possibly get set to go short of twenty minutes."

"You'll do," he says, grinning.

"By the way," I says, "what is this Kuskokwim? A mountain or a lake or a territory or what?"

"It's a river," he says. "We'll prospect the country along its course."

"What are we going to look for?" I ask him.

"Gold," he says, looking at me funny. "Didn't you know?"

I explained that I didn't know a thing about prospecting or mining; didn't know whether we were going for gold, silver, diamonds, copper, lead or oil.

"Just going blind on my hunch, huh?" he says.

"Sure," I told him. "Why not? Must I give a sensible reason for wanting to go?"

"Not to me, kid," he says. "I like 'em crazy."

We bought tickets for Seattle on the night train and started. A little more than a year later we came back from Alaska, stony broke but still together. From then on for four years we played it fifty-fifty. What he had I had and what I had he had. If ever two fellows were friends we were. It seemed as though all the minor irritations that mar an ordinary friendship had all been smelted up in that first crazy battle. The war came on and we hooked on with the same outfit, got to France together, fought in the same squad and were hit during the same engagement. Luck played with us and we were taken back in the same ambulance to the same hospital.

There for the first time since we met in that cabaret in San Francisco and tore into each other without waiting for an introduction or a reasonable excuse for a fight we got split. I was much worse smashed up than Horgan and by the time he was ready to be sent back to the front I was still in bad shape, with the promise of many a week yet to come in bed.

When Horgan was sent back he came to my cot and told me good-by. On the surface it was all very casual.

"See you when this fuss is over kid," he said. "When you get back to the States and get shook of this uniform go to Arverne, South Dakota. My folks live there. If I'm not there yet wait till I come. They know about you and they'll be glad to have you around. If I get back first I'll go there and wait for you. By!"

"So long," I said. "Keep your head down, Spud, and don't forget to duck when the big boys whistle."

I didn't do so good after Horgan left. Some trouble about bones healing. Instead of a few weeks in bed I put in months. They moved me from one hospital to another and finally, long after the armistice, shipped me home and stuck me in my final port of hospital call on this side. There was one operation over on this side and soon after that I was discharged.

I hit for Arverne, South Dakota, like a homing pigeon on the way to its own coop. I wired the Horgans I was coming and when I stepped off the train there was good old Spud in civies waiting for me.

Funny how we knew things about each other without any words passing between us. The instant I laid eyes on him I knew he'd gone for a girl and that our old happy-go-lucky hither-and-yon partnership was just something to remember.

I SLIPPED it to him with the first handshake.

"Congratulations, Spud," I said. "When's the wedding?"

"Who told you?" he asked.

"That Irish map of yours I guess," I said. Then I had another hunch and played it. "She don't think much of me, does she?"

Spud had been blushing. He went white, though, when I hit with that one.

"You give me the creeps," he said as he walked with me towards his car. "It's uncanny the way you grab things out of the air."

He took me for a drive and told me about it. He'd been home about two months. Met this girl the first week he got back. Engaged within a week. Talked about me to her until she got sick of the sound of my name and decided I'd been a bad influence in his life.

"She ain't going to split us, kid," Horgan assured me. "I think she'll change her mind when she meets you."

"Well, Spud, we had a lot of fun," I told him, "and nothing in this world lasts for-

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ever. I'll say hello to your lady and meet your folks and then drag my freight. No use kidding ourselves. We were fifty-fifty buddies and we could never go eighty-twenty. We'd get no kick out of that and I'd only be a worry to your girl if I hung around. I'm the symbol of your free traveling bachelorhood days and those days are done."

"Sometimes I almost wish I hadn't met her," Spud says. "Of course I'm happy. Happier than I've ever been in my life. I'm crazy about her, Dave. But when I stop to think that you and I can't take a notion to start for Timbuctoo one minute and be on our way the next like we used to—oh, damn it all! How come everything is so complicated?"

I WENT and saw his folks and gassed I with them for awhile and then it's time for me to go and get myself looked at by the future Mrs. Spud Horgan.

We drove up to the gal's house and went to the door. She opened it and we looked at each other. If I'd done what I wanted to do right that instant I'd have turned and run and kept on running till I was so far away it would have cost me a thousand dollars to send a post card back. Everything that was on the cards to come was clear in my mind in one flash. Clairvoyance I guess they call it. Anyway I knew. The girl there in the door was Spud's girl and she and I were due to fall for each other like ten million ton of brick! There was no ducking it. I just knew it was on the card and it made me sick all through.

Her name was Mary Ellen. She was one of these smashing blondes. Light blue eyes. High color. We sat in the parlor and talked. At least she and I talked and laughed and looked through each other and poor old Spud sat there goofy with delight because we were getting along so well together!

I was dippy about this girl. Real sure enough dippy. After I'd talked with her for ten minutes I'd have stayed on and taken her away from Spud if it killed him! That's the way I felt. It wasn't that my sense of loyalty and honor and all that sort of thing was gone. I still had a conscience and my conscience hurt but no hurt that would come to me was strong enough to free me from the compelling force of my infatuation for that girl.

She told Spud how much she liked me and laughed with him about how mistaken she'd been in her pre-conception of my character and the poor kid just glowed with delight!

"I told you she'd get things straight when she met you," Spud gloated as we drove away. "We three'll get along all right, kid. Stick around. I can get you a good job if you want to go to work here."

"All right, Spud," I said. "I guess I'll stay and see what happens."

I'd already seen what would happen. It did! Within a month! I found a note from Spud under my bedroom door one morning. It read:

"Dear Dave:

I'll be well on my way by the time you read this. I didn't mean to snoop but I saw you and Mary in the summer house at the dance last night. Don't worry about how I feel about it. What happens happens and no one can help it. Good luck to both of you from now on and from now on, to both of you, good-by. Spud."

I went to her immediately with the note and read it to her. We both felt like the devil of course, but it didn't prevent our planning to duck out within the week and be married.

The night before we were to duck Mary and I walked out to a little park on the edge of town and sat talking. I asked her when she first realized that she loved me.

"Long before I met you," she told me. "Some things Spud told me about you convinced me that you were the man I was going to love."

"Poor old Spud!" I said sadly.

"Oh, stop it!" she said sharply. "I'm tired of wasting sympathy on him. He brought it on himself. It's too bad he got hurt, but after all he was just a boob."

I stood up. "You can't say that about Spud," I said. "Not to me you can't."

She began to laugh. Almost had hysterics. Finally she explained.

"It's so funny!" she said. "I said something about you once. Before I met you. Spud and I were sitting right here. I said something cross about you and he got up and said those same words. The ones you've just said. 'You can't say that about Dave,'" he said. "'Not to me you can't.' Isn't that funny?"

"Do you think that's funny?" I asked.

"Oh, now Dave!" she said. "don't be ridiculous."

The infatuation for her that had gripped me vanished as completely as the figures of a nightmare disappear when you wake up. I walked away and left her sitting there. I think she called after me. I don't know. She was out of my mind and out of my heart. I was thinking of Spud.

I was at the railroad station before I realized that I'd been walking in that direction. There was a train west due in eight minutes. When it pulled out I was aboard with a ticket for San Francisco in my pocket. Not even a toothbrush for baggage. I'd just walked down there and bought that ticket and climbed aboard.

I GOT to San Francisco in the morning. I went to a hotel and stayed in my room all day. At about eight-thirty that night I went to a cabaret. As I walked down the steps leading to it I saw Spud's back. He was just ahead of me. It was the cabaret in which we had first met and fought. He walked in ahead of me, went to a table and sat down. I followed him.

"Lo, Spud," I said as I sat down.

He didn't even jump. Just looked at me.

"Lo, Dave," he said. "I had a kind of hunch you might drop in here tonight. What are you drinking?"

It was just as ordinary as that. Not a word about Mary. No wash-up explanation. Just sat there and had a few drinks. Then we got to talking about an oil strike in Texas. The next morning we started for there. We cleaned up in oil, came back to San Francisco and started in business together. We're still at it and going fine.

Neither one of us has ever mentioned Mary Allen. I don't know why. That's just washed up without talk.

Funny. Maybe neither of us was in love with Mary. We both thought we were. We're both in love with our present wives. Perfectly happy. I don't know whether our friendship for each other was stronger than our love for Mary Allen or whether neither of us ever really loved her. Anyhow that's the way the thing broke. It's a funny game.

I WAS the luckiest bird in the A. E. F. Anyway I thought I was until I saw Francine riding with the Colonel. Then I got into that apple pie scrape and Paris, Francine, even liberty went glimmering and I faced a fine chance to be court-martialled. You'll have to read my "Hot Apple Pie" story in September SMART SET to see whether or not my luck held.



Beauty Reflects Health Health is Strength BOTH MEN AND WOMEN Heed the Principles of Nature

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A Bribe for Love

(Continued from page 17)

which tempts a woman's affectionate hand. A sunniness of temperament at which people warmed themselves.

How would he regard this affair of Henry Storm?

I considered the matter with genuine curiosity. It was the first time such a situation had arisen in our lives. Men had always obeyed the invisible sign "No Trespassing" and neither Jim nor I had ever dreamed of such a crisis as Storm had now precipitated.

HOW would Jim take it? Would he fly into a rage and go down and punch Storm's head?

For all my anger, I smiled at the idea of easy going, quiet Jim flying into a rage over anything. Nothing ever disturbed his wonderful good temper except the danger of his having to assume responsibility. Jim couldn't bear that. When Streeter, partner in the real-estate firm to which Jim's most important contribution had been his father's name, had decided to move to more expensive offices, Jim had been almost sick with worry over the matter.

He shied away from every deal in which there was the slightest possibility of risk. A new tract of ground had been opened for a residence district not long before and Streeter bought heavily, over Jim's protest, as a speculation. Jim stopped eating, walked the floor nights instead of sleeping, and was so acutely miserable that I was glad when Streeter bought out Jim's interest, even though it meant the loss of possible profits.

But this business of Henry Storm was another matter, a highly personal matter. Jim loved me tenderly. I knew that. He would bitterly resent this man's unlawful feeling.

I was almost home before I decided not to mention the matter at all to my husband. It was a decision which characterized my attitude of twelve years. I told myself I wanted to spare Jim useless unpleasantness and that Storm was going away in a day or two anyway. Really I feared to test my husband's aggressiveness.

I drew up before the house. What a shabby place it was, I thought suddenly. It needed paint badly. There was a board on the front porch that needed replacing. The front lawn ought to be re-sodded. And we really ought to build a wall to support the terrace for the dirt washed down with every rain.

Inside I glanced from the faded wallpaper in the hall to the cheap, veneered furniture of the living-room. We had bought it cheap purposely when we started house-keeping because we were so sure of its being just a few years before we could afford the best. I had done what I could with low bookcases filled with my father's books; with wicker fern baskets and chairs covered with bits of tapestry bought as a bargain. It was a homelike room but I sighed as my eyes went from the worn seams of the rug to the net curtains at the windows. I wanted soft silken curtains and small Persian rugs on a polished floor.

I spoke to Jim about it that evening.

"The house is running down terribly, Jim. The enamel of the woodwork upstairs is marred in lots of places. Nora won't be careful when she moves the furniture, no matter how often I tell her. And our gas bill this month was twice what it ought to be because of that old stove. It was second-hand when we bought it, you know."

Jim looked up from his paper, instant unhappiness in his eyes.

"I know, honey, I know. I'm doing the best I can. There's just so much money and you have the spending of it."

It was true. Jim was open-handed with what he had. His salary and commissions, with the smallest possible sum reserved, for his personal use, went for household expenses. I reminded myself of that fact when I grew discontented. Usually it made me feel ashamed. Tonight for some reason it failed to affect me.

"Must there be 'just so much' money, Jim? I hear the Streeters have bought the Linton place. It's one of the best houses in town. They have children, too! He's your partner, Jim. How can he afford such a house and we have to pinch and scrape as we do?"

Jim looked uncomfortable.

"Well, honey, you see, Harry cleaned up about twenty thousand on the Blane addition. It's having a regular boom!"

"The Blane addition! Oh, Jim!"

"I know," he told me penitently. "I guess I ought to have gone in on that with Harry, but honest, Sally, I was afraid to. You never can tell about these new additions. Sometimes they go like hot cakes and again you have them on your hands for the rest of your life. I made a mistake that time, all right."

He always admitted his bad judgment and his timidity. He never attempted the slightest excuse, but that didn't keep him from making the same mistake the next time.

USUALLY I soothed him back to contentment. Tonight I felt a bitter desire to prolong his uneasiness.

"We need about five thousand dollars in ready money, just to put things in shape around here. I haven't enough bed linen to keep the guest room supplied when we have company. The water coils in the furnace will have to be replaced before we start a fire this fall. You told me last summer the garden hose wasn't worth keeping, so I sold it to the junk man and now we'll have to buy another."

"I know, honey, I know."

"And the car, Jim. We've simply got to have a new one, or go bankrupt on repairs. We've had it in the garage twice this month."

"How could we pay for a new one, Sally?"

I sighed and gave it up. That was all it ever amounted to—Jim's regret that he couldn't give me more; a regret entirely devoid of ambition to do so.

At four o'clock the next afternoon he telephoned me.

"Sally? I'm in a big hurry. I'm bringing Henry Storm out to dinner with me tonight. Just called to tell you."

Henry Storm! My head whirled. Why should Jim be bringing Henry Storm out to dinner? He had never been in our home.

"Jim! Wait! You'll have to make some excuse—you can't—"

"Sorry, honey. I've already asked him. He said he'd like to come. Tell Nora to put her best foot forward, won't you? Got to hurry now. Got an appointment with a prospect. Good-by. See you at six-thirty."

By the time I got the office number again, he was gone. I hung up the receiver, my mind a tumult of angry bewilderment.

How had Henry Storm dared to do such a thing? To go round to Jim's office and fish for an invitation to our home! He had known I wouldn't tell my husband of our last interview or he wouldn't have risked an affront at Jim's hands. Or did he read Jim more truly than the average acquaintance? I dismissed the thought as being too great a tribute to Storm's analytical powers.

What his object was in forcing himself upon me like this I did not know. That he

had some reason I was very sure. He was economical of speech and deed, employing them only to forward his interests. Six weeks' constant association with him had taught me that he made no idle moves.

How should I treat him? That decided itself. The cool, impersonal attitude I would adopt toward any business acquaintance of Jim's would be my manner toward Henry Storm.

It was four o'clock and my housewifely thoughts leaped to the kitchen. How much reconstruction of the dinner could be accomplished in two hours and a half?

Half way across the dining room, I halted. Henry Storm would eat exactly what we were going to have for the meal, with none of the little frills usually added for a guest. Steak, mashed potatoes, tomato salad, cottage pudding. None of Nora's fluffy rolls which it was not yet too late to make. No button mushrooms to serve with the steak. The crystal mayonnaise bowl, the engraved goblets, the pretty salad plates which usually came forth from the bottom of the buffet should stay right in their places. I even removed the lovely arrangement of ferns and sweet peas from the center of the table and went out into the backyard and gathered a handful of sad-colored petunias which I thrust into a purple china abomination, Nora's Christmas gift to me.

I stopped, as I came through the kitchen, and surveyed Nora. Here was another compromise between Jim's ambition and his efforts. I had done my own housework at first but after the baby's birth and death had left me somewhat delicate in health, Jim engaged Nora.

"Just temporarily, honey. I'm going to get you a first-class maid very soon now."

"Nora, you needn't change your apron this evening. Set the table for one more, but come in as you are."

"Yes, ma'am," Nora answered stolidly. Not even this relaxation of one of my most stringent rules moved her to wonder. Nora in a shapeless "bungalow" apron, her waist overflowing her checked apron strings, was a discredit to any housekeeper. I hoped Henry Storm would notice Nora.

As I went up to put on my oldest dinner dress I wondered why I was at such pains to make a bad impression on Storm. Why did I want him to see my surroundings in the worst possible light? I didn't know unless it was a desire to underline the difference in our financial circumstances and at the same time emphasize the difference in social and cultural attainment.

HE CAME in with his usual air of cordial friendliness. I tried to avoid his hand but with Jim standing by it was impossible. Jim looked at me wonderingly. He had never seen me inhospitable before. And to Storm whose generosity to the Music Club I had praised so warmly!

Storm was so effusive in his enjoyment of the dinner that I suspected him of seeing in it an effort to disillusion him; but then I decided he was incapable of so much subtlety. His method of progress was of the steam-roller variety. The force of his will and the power of his money overrode most of the obstacles in his path.

A sudden delightful sense of exhilaration possessed me. I had the upper hand. Here was one time that his money had no power. It was not a vulnerable councilman with whom he had to deal now; nor a bribable vestryman, but a woman who knew her own amused scorn of him and his resources. I dropped my air of hostility and did my best to be charming, watching Storm's heavy be-

wilderness with gay malice. Jim looked relieved at the sudden thawing of the ice.

After dinner we went into the living room where Jim immediately added the glare of an overhead fixture to the soft sidelights I liked. I sat down in a corner of the davenport. The two men drew their chairs to opposite sides of the narrow, magazine-strewn table. My over-alert perception instantly showed me the reason for that.

"They're going to talk over something. Storm always sits at a table to do that. Jim doesn't know it, but Storm's got some definite plan he's going to propose." That is what I said to myself.

I knew I was right when I saw Storm lay his cigar on the table, its lighted end carefully beyond the wood. I had learned to know that this gesture usually preceded what Storm called "getting down to hardpan."

"Don't know anybody who might like to buy my car, do you?" he inquired of Jim. "I bought it for use here and don't want to bother to take it east. I'll sell it cheap."

"That Pace roadster?" Jim said enviously. "Lord, I wish I could buy it myself. It's a humdinger."

"Oh, no," Storm assured him comfortably. "What you want is a sedan, for Mrs. Cramer to drive. A roadster is too cold for winter use in this climate. There's a new Vidor out. Saw it in the show window today. Pretty thing! Complete as you'd ask for. Why don't you get that?"

JIM laughed shortly. "Yes, I saw it in the window, too. Also the price tag. Why don't I get it for Sally? Just a little matter of a few thousand dollars, that's all that prevents."

Henry Storm picked up his cigar and took a few slow puffs, then laid it down again. My tension tightened. Now he was going to show his hand!

"Cramer, I wish you'd let me get that car for you. I spoke to the Vidor people and they say they can have it before your—before the purchaser's door any time tomorrow. I hate to think of Mrs. Cramer's riding around in that open car of yours all winter while my chauffeur trundles me about in a limousine."

The part of my mind which constituted critical audience to this scene gave a sniff of contempt. This was too crude. I was disappointed. Storm's successes had led me to expect more artistic handling.

Jim was staring at his guest in frank astonishment.

"Why, it's mighty fine of you to consider Mrs. Cramer's comfort like that, but it's out of the question, of course."

"Why is it?"

Jim grinned frankly. "Well, old man, why should you buy Sally a car?"

Why indeed? My glance flickered mockingly to Storm. That question, asked in good faith and with a thousand implications behind it, effectually closed Storm's lips unless he dared. Would he dare? Oh, he would! He was going to! I knew it with sudden panic, seeing the cigar laid once more on the table. What would Jim do? What did a man do when he learned that another man loved his wife? What a fool I had been not to tell him myself! Now Storm was speaking.

"Friendship, Jim. You and Mrs. Cramer will never know how I've appreciated the kindness you've shown me. Take your asking me here tonight. I guess you think such invitations are common with me. They're not. When I'm asked into people's homes it's usually because they've got an ax to grind. It's all right. I'm not complaining. I know I'm not up to their social level. But when folks like you and your wife take me right in and treat me like you've treated me tonight, I tell you it means something to me!"

He leaned forward, presenting for our con-

sideration the portrait of a self-made man, regretfully cynical on the subject of his wealth, a trifle emotional over our kindness to him. Noblesse oblige on our part, touched gratitude on his. Very well done.

I accorded him derisive applause. But how about that little scene in the office? It hardly fitted into this scenario of friendship. Didn't he realize that a word from me would destroy the structure he was building so skilfully?

"Jim, I want to make a confession to you. I tried to tell Mrs. Cramer yesterday what her companionship has been to me all these weeks—my first real contact with an aristocrat! I guess I shocked her a little. You'd have understood, though. You'd have known with what reverence and honest feeling I spoke, even if I did lose my head a little. I'm a sentimental old fool, underneath the business bluff I put up. You're broad-minded, Jim, and a good judge of character. I saw that at once."

I frowned. He had touched Jim's pet vanity.

"Now here's the situation. I've got more money, Jim, than I could spend in two lifetimes, and not a soul even to leave it to. My brothers and sisters are all wealthy. I'd like to get a little pleasure out of my money while I'm alive. I'm hungry for friends. Not toadies and bootlickers, but real friends that'll be glad when luck's with me and sorry when it's out. And when a man finds such friends, Jim, he sort of hankers to return their beautiful kindness in the only way he can. I'm putting this badly. Can you understand what I'm driving at?"

Oh, sure, Jim who was such a good judge of character understood perfectly. This was a rather pathetic person, inarticulate, a bit wistful, longing for the heritage of culture which all his money could not buy. I could read all this in my husband's face and when his eyes drifted to the rows and rows of books he straightened a little and nodded affably.

"I believe you do, Jim," Henry Storm went on. "I honestly believe you do. So I'm going to get right down to brass tacks with what I have to say and not beat around the bush. If I don't say it exactly as I should, it's because I don't know the right words. You'll make allowances?"

AGAIN Jim's nod, indulgent of the blunt, good-hearted fellow. I wanted to laugh outright. I felt as though I were watching a farce, acted by amateurs.

"First I want to give Sally that car. I may say Sally? Sally and Jim? The car—it's nothing but a favor to me, Jim. Please believe that."

Jim cleared his throat. "Well, I don't know about that, Henry. Look rather queer, won't it? You buying a car for my wife?"

Henry Storm's glance reproached him. "Now you see—the very first thing I say? And it's really part of another proposition I've got for you—a business proposition which you needn't hesitate for a second to consider. I kinda hoped it could all be put on a friendship basis, but never mind, if you'd rather not."

"We want you to feel we're your friends, Henry. Don't we, Sally?"

Storm's glance met mine for the first time. The expression on the big face was inscrutable.

"Don't ask Sally to commit herself until you've heard me out. I told you she hasn't forgiven me about yesterday. This is the proposition, Jim. Your partner, Streeter, came to me yesterday about getting a loan on those gas fields. It seems he can get the fifty thousand he wants—but he has to pay pretty high interest. He thought maybe I'd let him have it at a lower rate."

I told him I couldn't see my way clear to letting him have it at all, but I didn't tell him why. You'll know why in a min-



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ute. I couldn't help his telling me how things stand in the office, Jim. He says he bought out most of your interest in the firm, a little at a time. That you haven't much in it now besides the name and good will."

Jim's eyes dropped. All the gracious patronage was wiped from his face. He looked anxious and miserable.

"Streeter's going to get that loan and lease the gas fields himself unless you'll agree to shoulder part of the loan. And if you don't agree, he's going to dissolve the partnership. That right, Jim?"

I gave a sharp exclamation. "Is that true, Jim? You never told me! But what right has Mr. Storm to be probing our affairs like this? Tell him—"

"Please, Mrs. Cramer! Let me finish, Jim understands, don't you, old man? It's purely a matter of business."

"Go on," Jim said.

I had an odd little shock of surprise at the way in which my husband, who was usually all deferential attention, now put me aside.

"To get that loan you and Streeter will have to mortgage every security you have in the world, as I understand it. Your house, your furniture, even your life insurance. The roof over your head. A pretty big risk, Jim!"

How shrewd he was, I thought, with a sudden pang of fear. No words he could have chosen would have held such menace for Jim.

"I won't agree to it—the loan. If Streeter makes it, he'll do it on his own security. I told him so."

"Yes, he said you did," Storm remarked dryly. "Forgive me, Jim, but what will you do in that case? At your time of life it isn't easy to form new business connections without capital."

I saw my husband sink lower and lower in his chair as though each of Storm's sentences had been a blow to push him down. I hesitated whether to rush to his defense or wait to hear how far Storm's insolence would take him. My amused scorn was gone. I had glimpsed the incredible audacity of the man and I knew that audacity, sheer brute ignoring of obstacles, sometimes conquers where intelligence fails. I was fast acquiring respect for my adversary's methods.

"Now, Jim, here's where I come in. Here's where your friend, Henry B. Storm, comes in. I wouldn't lend that fifty thousand to Streeter at any rate of interest, but I'll lend it to you at none at all. We'll call it a loan so you needn't feel under the least obligation to me. But if the experiment turns out to be a failure, why, it's my experiment, see, and you ain't out a penny."

INSTINCT told me that that "ain't" was no slip but a carefully calculated appeal to Jim's sense of superiority.

"You mean you'll lend me fifty thousand without security?"

"Security be damned! Security don't mean a thing to Henry Storm when it comes to a matter of friendship. I want you to get your share of those gas field profits and I believe Streeter knows how to go after them, if he has the money. Tell him tomorrow that you'll carry the loan and he can do the work. You two can fix it up your own way. It's none of my business how you arrange it. What do you say, Jim?"

Bluff, hearty sincerity. Simple friendship, incapable of meaning offense. The open-hearted proposition of a big man, carrying its obligation of equal generosity of reception. I conceded its convincingness.

"It would only be on one condition I'd consider it, Henry. Strictly as a loan. I'd want to feel that I was able to pay it back when I could."

"Oh, sure, Jim!" the great man said casually.

"And I admit Streeter's right about those fields. A blind man could tell there's gas there, by the smell. But it needs money to get it out."

Storm's fountain pen was busy.

"There's your money, Jim, and thank you! I don't know when I've had anything make me so happy. You're wonderful folks, you two!"

Actually there was a film of moisture in the chestnut-colored eyes. I almost allowed myself to believe for an instant in his disinterestedness. Then I saw his eyes trace the white outline of my arm lying along the back of the davenport and my momentary softness vanished.

Jim was very gracious.

"We want you to feel we're your friends, Henry, Sally and I. I suppose a man does get mighty lonely, traveling around as you do. I hope that you'll always feel you have a warm welcome waiting for you here. Tell him so, Sally!"

Again Storm intervened, this time with a suggestion of haste in his manner.

"No, no, don't make her tell polite fibs, Jim! Give her time to get over her resentment of my meddlesomeness. I know she thinks I've been officious. May I say how much I've enjoyed being here, Sally? I won't see you before I leave, I expect. I'm going early in the morning. Good night, folks!"

My voice arrested him half way to the door. Anger lifted me from my place on the davenport in one swift wave.

"Wait a minute," I commanded. "Wait a minute, Mr. Storm. Aren't you going to take your property with you?"

"My property? My hat and gloves are in the hall. I think."

"I don't mean your hat and gloves. I mean me—the woman you've just bought. Hadn't you better take me with you?"

"My dear Mrs. Cramer!"

"Sally! For God's sake, Sally!"

"Fifty thousand dollars and a Vidor car. I brought a good price, didn't I? Or is that low on the market for other men's wives?"

STORM'S shocked eyes reproached me. Storm's pained voice spoke soothingly.

"You've misunderstood, dear lady! Jim will explain. Jim will tell you!"

"Jim!" I tore at the word, all my forced composure gone. "Jim! How can Jim explain? He doesn't know himself that he's sold his wife!"

"Sally, be quiet."

My husband's face was darkly red.

"I don't know what makes her talk like that, Henry. Unless she feels that we should have consulted her about that loan. Honey, say good night to Mr. Storm and let him go. You don't realize how wildly you are talking."

"Good night, Mrs. Cramer."

"No, wait! You shan't go until I've had my turn. I sat and listened while you made this charming arrangement. Now it's my turn to speak. Did you think I would let you put it over, Henry Storm? This beautiful little play you staged, this very realistic performance? Oh, how frank and honest and simple-hearted you were! How lightly you touched on that sentimental emotion of yours in the office! But you thought it wiser not to mention that what you asked for then was not Jim's friendship, but the love of Jim's wife, didn't you? You forget to say that you put your arms around me and begged me to leave him for you? That was all part of your sincerity, your touching desire for friends!"

Storm put up an involuntary hand as though blow after blow were being rained on his face. Jim sprang from his chair, wild-eyed.

"What's this? What's this you say, Sally?"

"Jim, old man, don't get me wrong. I explained how it happened. I'm a rough fellow, Jim. I was a showman once. I don't always remember to behave conventionally. I apologize to Mrs. Cramer, even though I can't help thinking she misunderstands me somewhat. Just keep on believing that I'm your friend, Jim, that I mean nothing but kindness to you and everything will come out all right."

He was backing toward the hall with his last words and almost at once we heard the screen door bang. By a common impulse we waited until the sound of his footsteps had died away outside before we spoke.

SALLY, was it true, what you just said? Did Storm make love to you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought he was going away today. I never dreamed of your bringing him here."

"He's going tomorrow. I don't suppose we shall ever see him again."

I waited. He picked up the check and scanned it absently. Something in the quality of my silence caused him to turn. He took my hand in his, pressing his lips to it.

"It's been a rotten deal all round, honey. I wish I'd known sooner that the fellow spoke to you so. Still, are you sure he meant it quite as you took it? He's a primitive person, you know. He doesn't understand the finer shades of expression."

I freed my arm. "Very primitive," I agreed. "Almost Biblical I found him—in stating his emotions. Jim, are you going to tear that check up or send it back?"

The clock on the mantelpiece ticked a full minute before he answered me.

"Honey, it's over now. Storm understands exactly how you feel toward him. He's sorry and ashamed. Sending this money back would hurt him awfully."

"Hurt him? Hurt him? Is it his feelings you are considering? Are you blind? Deaf? Crazy? Didn't you hear me when I told you he had made love to me? Didn't you see what he was here for tonight? Fifty thousand dollars! Do you think he goes around the country offering fifty thousand dollars as proof of his friendship?"

I knotted my hands in front of me, insistent eyes on Jim's face.

"That isn't what matters, Jim—Storm's making love to me. I can, I did defend myself. What matters is how you took it. You my husband! I watched you tonight, fooled by his plausible lies, and I was hot with shame for your credulity, but it didn't hurt! What hurts is that I've told you he made love to me, not sentimental, friendly love, but man love, Jim! And you don't even resent it. You talk of keeping him from being hurt! What about me, your wife?" Angry sobs gathered in my throat but I fought them down.

"I do resent it," Jim said dully, but even as he spoke he lifted the check from the table again and studied it. I made a quick resolution.

"Jim," I said sharply. "Send that money back to him! Call a messenger and send it to his hotel now, tonight!" He opened his lips to speak but I swept on. Into my sick heart came the conviction that he would temporize, compromise unless I delivered my ultimatum at once. "If you don't, Jim, I shall leave you! I won't live with you on another man's money. Choose, Jim!"

I watched his gaze creep from the bit of paper to the shabby furnishings of the room. I could even follow his thoughts to the battered car in the garage. I knew what ease of living, what freedom of responsibility that check meant to him. It could be given only to another wife to fathom the bitterness that filled my heart.

"Choose, Jim!" I said again.

His face whitened, his lips trembled. He was facing in imagination the long strain of



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worry which his new venture with Streeter would entail. He caught me in his arm, hiding his face in my neck. I had an overpowering impulse to press his head against my breast. This was my husband. His weakness was inherent. How far was he to blame for its growth?

But I wasn't weak, nor was Henry Storm! "I—" He licked his dry lips. "I—it means hell to me, Sally! Just plain hell. Worry, the eternal cheese-paring, going without."

"Or comfort," I said bitterly, "on Henry Storm's money."

He lifted his eyes to mine. In their depths I saw the dawning of that reproach which I would encounter at each miserable crisis of the future.

Slowly, with eyes lowered now in stubborn evasion of my look—he handed me the check. I could do as I liked with it. That was his attitude. Even in surrender he shifted the burden of decision.

In my turn I fingered the significant bit of paper. To send it to Storm tonight savored of the theatrical yet I felt that I could not endure its presence under our roof while we slept. And Jim must send it. Upon that I was grimly, inexorably determined. He must go through the motions of taking the initiative, though it was only a travesty of conjugal defense. I gathered myself for one last effort. I was tired, so tired. The forces against which I fought: Storm's determination. Jim's weakness were undisturbed. Against them I had only my will, a woman's will. I roused my flagging forces with that reminder.

"Jim, when we were married I gave you love, a girl's first ecstatic love. The years have tarnished the fine metal of that gift. But there is affection left and a remnant of respect—foundations on which to build our future happiness. Must they too be blackened and corroded by contempt?" I licked the check at his feet. With voice

almost too low to be heard I put my envenomed question: "Are you going to accept my lover's money, Jim?"

He snatched it from the floor with a violent exclamation. A moment later I heard his voice at the telephone summoning a messenger. I leaned back in my chair utterly spent. Jim had yielded, under the lash of my words. Yielded! Not acted! Jim would always yield to the stronger will. And mine had been stronger than Henry Storm's.

Jim did not return to the living room until after the messenger had come and gone; then it was only to bid me a dull good night. I heard his feet on the stairs clogged with their new weight of worry. Across the town, I know, a man's busy brain was plotting, planning. Tomorrow, or next week, or next year, the struggle would begin anew.

Fatigue inexpressible overwhelmed me. Tears poured down my face as I stumbled after my husband.

Love Lasts Longest

[Continued from page 37]

half amused. "I don't know the man."

Gertrude smeared rouge on her lower lip and lifted it daintily until both lips were an even red. She gave me a naughty smile from the mirror.

"You never know any man till you marry him," she said.

Les had worked me mercilessly that day, holding me in one pose half an hour at a time. He wanted to take me to dinner, poor boy, but he only had fifty cents left. I was hungry, and dinner alone at the sandwich shop downstairs didn't tempt me. So I dressed in my one evening dress, white chiffon with a flare of net around the hem that made me very demure, and went with Gertrude.

Bostwick, the millionaire play-boy of Broadway, was the sad-eyed judge who had helped me win the contest at the theater.

He rose from the café table when we came in and almost smiled. Gertrude laughed unmercifully at my astonishment.

"Sorry I had to play this trick on you, Miss Cameron," he said, "but I've been eager to meet you ever since that night at the theater. Your friend helped me play my cards."

HE HAD a trusting way about him. Still, he didn't seem to be happy. Toward midnight, while Gertrude danced with the friend Bostwick had brought along, he told me something of his life. Hardship from boyhood. Life in the Alaskan fisheries, slitting salmon and half frozen by the icy salt water, every day through his early teens. Then, the inland mines, where he got control of a deserted mine that burst unexpectedly into millions.

"I'd never seen a theater until I hit this town," he told me simply. "That's how I made a fool of myself and got into all the papers. Somehow, I'd like to get back to the canyon and the mine. Gee, it's great there in the canyon, evenings! Snow on the mountain tops and the air like icicles between your teeth."

His eyes looked like a lost dog's when he talked of Alaska.

And Gertrude had expected me to make a fool of this man! Instead, I found myself listening with a deep interest to his stories. My small cup of black coffee grew cold and bitter but I drank it anyway, listening.

Two nights later Bostwick came, humbly, to our apartment.

"Gertrude, you have to help me entertain him!" I wailed, for Gertrude had caught

up a magazine and was dashing for the kitchenette.

"You're amusement enough for Bostwick!" she giggled back and I heard her little heels clatter as she scrambled up on the marble kitchen sink, where she sat nobly, smoking, reading and half frozen, the entire time Bostwick was there.

He came into the room as apologetically as ever. His eyes were unusually mournful as if he, this powerful millionaire from the Alaskan mines, were begging me, little Yvonne Cameron, not to hurt him!

"You've a nice place here," he said as he sank down into Gertrude's selection of silk cushions sniffing the sachet. "It's like you, kinda little and sweet."

I knew he hadn't come to discuss the rose velour chairs and shirred lamp shades of our apartment, so I folded my hands on my knees and sat looking at him. The strange thing was that I seemed to know, word for word, exactly what each of us was to say!

Suddenly Bostwick was staring at the lamplight in my hair like a man drowning in its light. He got up and walked over to me slowly and laid both his hands on my hair. He was saying in a heart-broken way: "Yvonne, I'm years older . . ."

"Oh, don't!" I cried, for I couldn't bear to hear him pity himself so.

But he went on talking in that wild, despairing way.

"I've made a fool of myself on Broadway, Yvonne. They say every man gets one more chance, and that's all I'm asking of you! It's all up to you! Either it's back to the canyon and the mines for me, or it's you!"

I was staring up into his sad, burning eyes, hypnotized and trapped through pity for him.

Bostwick was offering his life to me. He was so tragically, so shamelessly lost in his own despair.

"Yvonne, this is your chance to bring a man back to life! You will have everything on earth to work with. I'll give you everything. You'll have the finest house on Long Island, all the clothes and cars and money you want and all I ask of you is to make me happy. Please try, Yvonne! You're the only woman on earth who could make me want to live again."

Then he was standing there with his hands outstretched, offering me the last shattered hopes of his life.

"Yvonne, will you do this for me? Give

me a chance to find out again if life is worth living?"

I cannot tell you how terribly it shook me, to find Bostwick the millionaire, the play-boy of Broadway, begging of me. I felt that a great duty was confronting me. Bostwick's piteous love fell on me like a burden and I could only bend my head and take it meekly as I said:

"Don't be sad any more then, for my sake. I'll try to make you happy."

He bent over then and I felt his lips in the palms of my hands. Then he slipped something on my third finger that had been ringless since I was born, but I couldn't see what it was. I was crying, for I felt I had given my life away to a man whose sick heart needed it more than I.

I heard the click of the automatic elevator as Bostwick left our apartment floor and I lay back crying in the big chair among the scented pillows. Gertrude came hurrying back from the kitchenette, limping comically from her long chilly rest on the marble sink. My left hand hung over the edge of the chair and Gertrude lifted it with little gasps of excitement.

I looked at my hand through tears and the flashing of the magnificent four carat diamond hurt my eyes.

"You got him!" cried Gertrude and flung her arms about me. "Oh, Yvonne, you were born to luck!"

I wore the stone to Les's studio the next morning. Being an artist Les noticed everything although at first I had thought he didn't. He glanced up to meet my eyes and search them, a thing he did so seldom.

"Going to be happy?" he asked.

IF I only had forgotten the shy sternness of Scottish ancestry! If I had flung back my haughty pride and cried out to Les in that moment:

"Les, he's good and kind and he's never had any fun, and he has millions and needs me to teach him how to be happy! But I'll throw all that away if you ask me, only to stay here and pose for you and open cans of soup each noontime. I'll keep this cursed beauty for you only."

Would life be fairer for women, if we could say words like that?

Les glanced at me casually, cynically, as he put his question. His long, clever face appalled me! I couldn't tell him of the silly love of a girl who had nothing but prettiness to offer.

For Les was sick of pretty women! He

was obliged to paint them every day of his life. He complained that America wouldn't look at advertisements where the model wasn't brainlessly pretty.

So I dropped my eyes before his casual flashing glances and all that day, posing in a gossamer-thin negligee for Les, I stole glances at the diamond on my hand for consolation.

It was amazing, the way I had grown accustomed to posing in anything Les might ask of me. At first I had felt myself choking with blushes and unable to speak when I stood on the little wooden dais and allowed Les to adjust me to the pose of the day. That had become part of the impersonal studio routine, but I couldn't have felt that way with any man less an artist than Les Darnell. He was so wrapped up in his work, he made me ashamed of my own shame!

Bostwick was a strange fiancé. He wanted piteously to be happy. He wanted the youth he had never known. He wanted to return to the canyon and the mines, yet he clung to the White Way. He loved me, because I brought back the eager freshness of life he thought he had lost forever.

IF BOSTWICK brought me gifts it was to see my eyes sparkle. We went dancing to amuse me. To shows, that he might enjoy my laughter. I had to be always amused, always laughing. Sometimes I felt more like crying.

Bostwick was always watching me, his sad eyes drinking in everything I did or said. Yet nothing seemed to make him really happy. I felt at times as if he were devouring me.

Every night in the week we were out together. Bostwick and Gertrude and some other man and I. Those nights of entertainment are a blur to me now. I felt like a puppet on a string, laughing and dancing and joking in a glitter of light and music and sound.

Yet every morning I was in Les's studio and sighing with relief to be there. Coming into the barren, sunlit room with its bright paintings everywhere, always gave me the sense of being at home. It was a peaceful, hard working atmosphere, and I was not going to leave it until the last minute. Les showed no interest in my impending marriage, but he neglected his work with the advertising firm to paint one last picture of me.

There were no more soup dais to pose on now, for this last picture was not to be for advertising. Les could not offer me lunch any more but posed me up and then sent me away. His long clever face grew gaunt and his eyes more satirical than ever.

I knew Les was going to paint this last picture of me. At Bostwick's long course dinners something would catch in my throat when I thought of Les, and I couldn't eat.

Yet I was glad Les was doing this! It proved he was willing to sacrifice everything for an ideal. Les had that to suffer and go hungry for, but I had nothing. Nothing but a beauty that would pass before I was thirty!

What was there better for me than to marry Bostwick?

One thing puzzled me. Les would not let me look at the picture he was painting. I had given my word not to peep. And, trusting me, he never covered the canvas but left it facing the easel where I might easily have seen it.

"When are you going to marry me, loveliness?" Bostwick demanded one evening.

"When the artist I'm posing for finishes the picture he's painting."

"You're working too hard for him," Bostwick said. "My little girl mustn't work so hard or she'll lose all her beauty."

I had posed too long that day and I was

weary. At those words I lost my temper.

"I'm sick of that word! I don't want you ever to mention my looks again."

"Don't you care if I love you?" he asked.

"Wouldn't you love me if I were ugly?" I demanded. He said, "of course," but I knew he didn't mean what he said.

Then he told me he was buying a Long Island home for us and asked me to go with him the next day to select the furniture and hangings. He thought that would please me.

But I felt as if a veil had covered my eyes for eighteen years. Suddenly my ideas were very distinct. I looked upon life as coolly as Les himself. I knew at last I wanted something finer and more enduring than the Bostwick millions.

I knew that pretty clothes are only a passing satisfaction and that the swiftest motor cars can not leave sorrow behind. I wanted a happiness more lasting than millions could buy.

Perhaps I asked too much.

Saturday, Les finished his painting.

"You can go now," he said wearily and dropped his handful of brushes on the floor. I picked them up for him and stacked them neatly in the jar. Then I moved to the canvas.

"I'm going to look!"

"Don't! Please don't, Yvonne."

He spoke impatiently as if he were very tired. He lay back in the model's chair exhausted and put his hand before his eyes. I stepped to the easel.

"I only promised not to look till you finished, Les. I've put weeks of weary posing into this picture and it's part mine. I've a right to look at myself!"

"If you insist," he said.

His voice was cynical and cold, as I stepped around to the easel. He did not look at me nor notice the tears streaming down my face. After all the feverish weeks, after wearing Bostwick's diamond on my finger and pledging my young life to his sagging years, I could weep!

I don't know how I got Bostwick's diamond off my finger but it was like tearing off a price tag I had worn. I tossed it on the old table and buried my hot shamed face in Les's cool hands. He was laughing down on me with a tenderness worth all the millions in the Alaskan mines.

"WHY, Yvonne, little kid, you don't love old Les, do you? Why, I've nothing to offer."

"Neither have I! But, oh, Les, you've got to love me! I don't want anything else, just you."

I knew Les would find beauty in me always, when beauty passes! I knew it wasn't because my hair was a halo of gold against the sun and my eyes like swarthy flames, that Les loved me enough to go hungry while he put upon a canvas forever the soul of a woman he held beautiful.

My picture took first prize in the spring exhibit so Les and I aren't eating out of the advertising cans any more. Of course we're not floating on the top of millions and never will be, but I look in my mirror with an amused smile and see the glint dying out of my hair and soft wrinkles coming under my eyes, and I'm not caring. Not since that day when I lifted my hot face from Les's hands and pouted anxiously:

"But don't you think I'm pretty, Les?"

That narrow-eyed appraising look that still drives me wild came over his face, and even in that sacred moment Les was all artist.

"Pretty, but not beautiful, dear," he said critically. "Your nose is too short and your lips too full. But your soul is beautiful."

Yes, Les is a trial at times. It's dreadful, being married to a man who knows so much about you.

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}) [continued from page 54]

"Thank you," he murmured, "and . . . There's
nothing wrong between us now, is it? You don't
hate me, do you mean, that you no longer do?
One moment with him. Suddenly the quiet
and you know that I've already spoken
to him about you and he's willing to be
thorough with it. Why not meet him and
his language and tell it over?"

Martin's terror made me realize I would have to manage the situation, and I didn't dare to get nervous myself although I was as anxious as he to get the thing over with. I opened the suitcase that contained only a pair of pajamas and tossed them to him.

He should have pretended to be dreadfully angry at the intrusion and ordered them from the room and here he was trying to be an agreeable host!

"Certainly," I said. If I hadn't been so hard up myself I wouldn't have taken it for I never felt so sorry for any one in all my life.

He left me alone then and I went through the familiar process of taking off my shoes, but when it came to getting into the bed I

hesitated. It really seemed a crime to get under those satin covers with my clothes on. But I heard him coming down the hall so I let myself sink into the luxurious softness of that bed, feeling for all the world like a wicked story book heroine.

The wife was late, and Mr. Y—— walked restlessly about the room. His easy manner had disappeared.

"It's just like her to be late!" he exclaimed. "You'd think it was a crime to be prompt. She was late to her wedding and now she's late to her divorce. Little fool!"

It didn't strike him at all funny but I thought it one of the wittiest lines I had ever heard. Then he grew worse than impatient. He lighted cigarette after cigarette, only to toss them away after a single puff. When he threw them on an expensive Persian rug I had to restrain myself from leaping out of bed and picking them up.

As we heard the clang of the elevator door I thought he had suddenly gone mad. He rushed to the bed and yanked me out by the arm.

"For God's sake," he said, "get out of bed! I'm not going through with it!"

He pushed me out of the room before I had time to realize exactly what had happened. But I'm pretty quick to grasp things, if I do say so, and I ran to the victrola and put on a record. We had just seated ourselves at opposite sides of the room when the wife and her witnesses broke in on us.

I have seen men go through these unpleasant frame-ups without batting an eye, but I have never seen anything like the poise of that artist as he rose to greet the intruders.

"Why, Ethel!" he said, "I'm so glad you have come. I was just wishing you were here to suggest a gown for Miss Johnson. She's going to sit for a portrait."

My cue was to be beautiful but dumb, and believe me I was! After the wife got over her surprise she introduced me to the two witnesses who were friends. They sat around looking like two sore thumbs while I chattered in my best drawing-room style, but I never could have done it if it hadn't been for my stage training.

I told her how clever I thought her husband was and how anxious my father was to have him paint my portrait. Oh, it was quite a conversation, each of us falling over the other in trying to be nice. I guess the wife suspected that I was really the hired correspondent, but I must say she went through her part like an old trooper.

After a while I rose and said I must go, and the uncomfortable witnesses said they must be going, too. I don't know exactly what happened between husband and wife when they were at last alone, but they evidently decided to become reconciled because early the next morning a messenger brought me a check for two hundred dollars and a graceful little note of thanks from his wife.

THE only one not pleased with the ending was my lawyer.

"What do you think you are, a Cupid?" he said. I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit. But his rage was easy to understand because he would have got twice the fee he did if the wife had secured her divorce. You can bet I didn't tell him about my check!

I had one really amusing experience that was more like a lark than a serious frame-up. The husband and wife were both known to me and for some time they had been talking of divorce. It was to be one of those "friendly enemy" affairs, they said, with no hard feelings. But they didn't know who to go to because of course it would have to be "fixed." It wouldn't do any harm, I thought, to put a little business in the way of the lawyer who got me all

my work, so I sent Harry to him, never realizing that I might have to be his correspondent.

Harry insisted that there was no sense in letting Madge know the part I was to play and I guess he enjoyed putting something over on her. I had understood that only a couple of strange witnesses would be on hand, but when I heard Madge's voice I pulled the covers clear up over my face.

Following the raid Madge and Harry gave a party to celebrate their approaching divorce and I was one of the invited guests! They all thought the frame up was a huge joke but I really had the laugh on all of them. Madge was curious about "the woman in the case" and everyone kidded Harry about his "unknown blonde."

WITH few exceptions, the husbands I have "compromised" have treated me with respect and the utmost consideration although I am sure many of them felt contempt for me; but the way I figure, that's all part of the game. There was one rotter, though, who could see no sense in playing the game on the square.

When he said he would go to the hotel earlier in the day and register to save me the embarrassment of walking up to the desk with him, I thought he was about the most considerate husband I had yet dealt with. But wait . . .

I got up to the room about nine o'clock, the hour arranged, but the minute he had closed the door behind me I saw that he had been drinking. I stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor wondering whether it was safe to go on when he suddenly clutched me in his arms, and kissed me roughly on the mouth. I was ready to scream for help when the witness knocked at the door. It must have looked like an honest-to-goodness affair because in the struggle I had mussed up his hair and my face was flushed with anger. That was the only time I forgot to hide my face and I guess they thought it was red with anger at their intrusion!

I often wonder why it is that some wives like to get mixed up in such an unpleasant affair. It is not at all necessary that they witness the alleged infidelity, but some women are just naturally curious, and I guess they do it to plague their husbands, too. But there was only one of these wives who made a scene when she saw a supposedly undressed woman in the room with her husband.

This woman, the lawyer told me, had no real cause for wanting to divorce her husband except that he was a bit gawky and far too good-natured. It was she who had arranged the place and the time, but the minute she set eyes on me, she got terribly jealous. First she accused me of really breaking up her home and then she demanded that I show my face. When I didn't do it she started hurling abusive names at the back of my head, and just at this point the witnesses slipped out.

"You shameless hussy! Home-wrecker! Husband-stealer! You blonde devil," she cried. "Do you think I'll give my husband a divorce and let him marry a woman like you?"

When she came at me with her hands and tore at the covers on the bed I was really frightened. The husband hadn't said a word, but when he saw her attacking me he pulled her away and tried to calm her.

"There's nothing wrong, dear," he kept protesting. "You don't understand."

"Nothing wrong, you beast!" she shrieked. "I don't understand? You're here in this room with a naked woman. That's enough for me!"

At that moment I threw off the covers and jumped out of bed. She stared at me pop-eyed as I casually brushed the lint from my blue serge dress.



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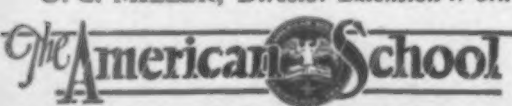
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"Here I am," I said to her, "nude as Venus."

Not until I began putting on my shoes did she regain her speech.

"How can a creature like you look an honest woman in the face?" she demanded, still glaring at me.

I learned the next day from the lawyer that there would be no divorce. Mrs. T— had suddenly discovered that Mr. T— wasn't such a bad husband after all. I got to thinking after that episode that it might not be such a bad idea if wives were made to get jealous every so often. Women always want what they think another woman wants.

THE lawyer and I both got our money because her simple-minded husband was so grateful to me for arousing her jealousy that he gave the lawyer his full fee and left fifty dollars instead of twenty-five for me. He really loved his terrible, screeching wife!

But in this business of framed up divorces it amazes me the faith husbands and wives place in the hired correspondent. Why if I wanted to I could have an awful lot of them thrown into jail and I guess I could send a couple of lawyers along with them! I know of one professional correspondent who has been blackmailing a man for two years, and it's not the fear of going to jail that makes him pay. It was this way:

The husband and wife were really very much in love with each other but were continually quarrelling. One day after a violent quarrel they decided to get a divorce. There was the usual raiding party and this girl of whom I speak was hired as correspondent. But just before the wife's suit came up in court the couple was reconciled.

When the correspondent heard about it she went to the man's office and threatened to tell his wife that the hotel fiasco was the real thing and that she had been having an affair with the man for a long while. The wife was naturally jealous. That was what had caused the trouble between them, in the first place, and the husband was afraid that she would be only too ready to believe the girl's story.

The girl offered to keep silent for five hundred dollars, and in his eagerness to get rid of her he foolishly gave her a check. She was back a month later with a photostat copy of the check which she threatened to show his wife unless he gave her a monthly allowance of a hundred dollars. He's in so deep now he can never get out!

I HAVE been a professional correspondent for six years and it's taught me two things: men aren't nearly as selfish as they're supposed to be, and women don't know what they want.

Most of the husbands I have dealt with hired me because there was no ground for divorce. Usually the wife was a vain, pleasure-loving creature who wanted to be free, or thought she did. I am not exaggerating when I say that dozens of husbands permitted their wives to divorce them solely from a sense of chivalry. Generally the wife wants to marry another man.

I suppose you feel that my profession is a distasteful one and that while I may be nice and just stumbled into it, most professional correspondents are a hard-boiled lot who have no sense of honor and are too lazy to make an honest living.

I'll admit there are pleasanter and more respectable ways of earning a living. As to honor, of course I am a party to a conspiracy to defeat the law, but I have no feeling of guilt. Believe me, from what I've seen and known about married people the real crime lies in forcing them to live together when there is nothing but bitter hatred between them.



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